June 30, 1934

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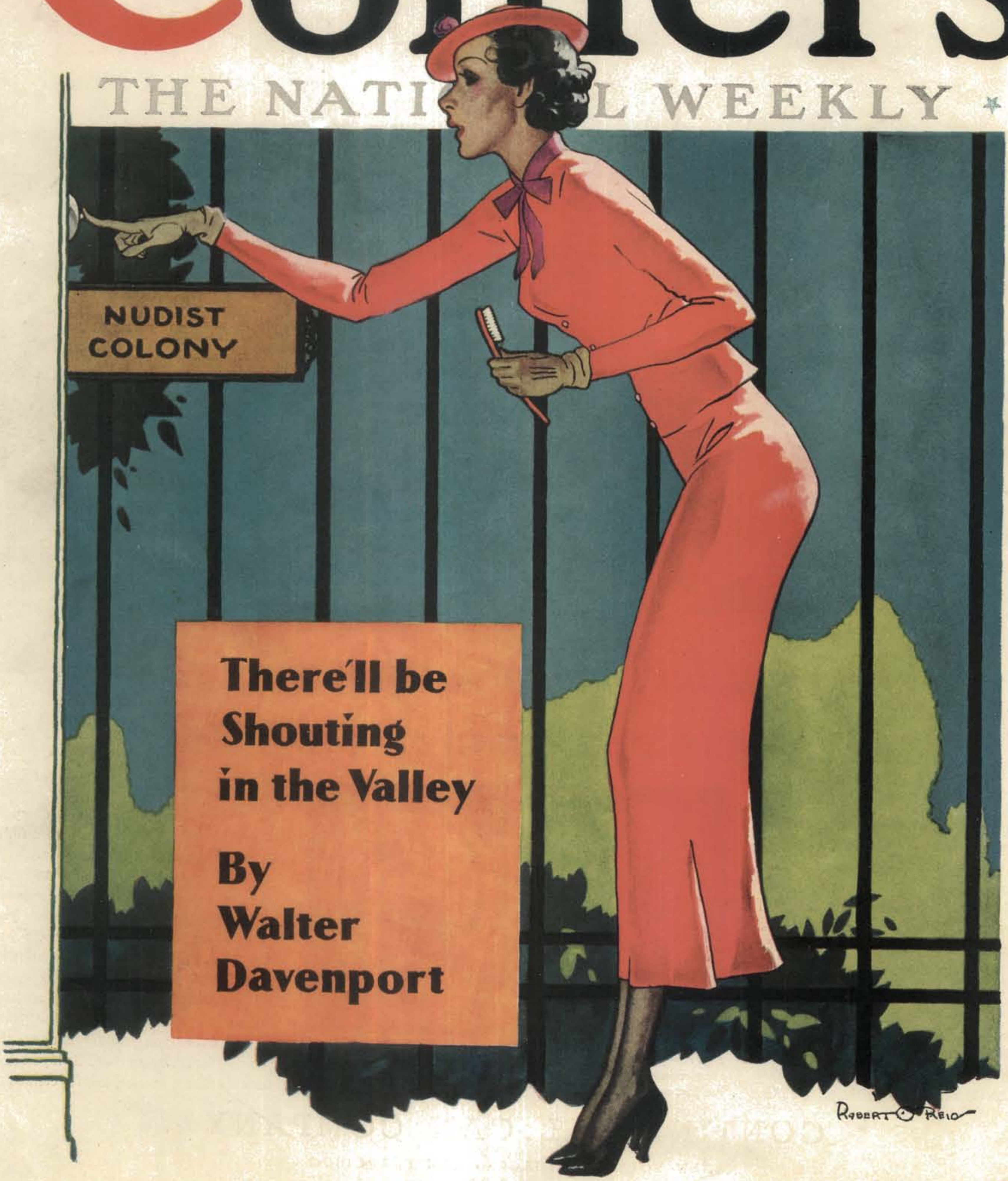
Collier's

THE NATI L WEEKLY


NUDIST COLONY
ROBERT O REID

There'll be Shouting in the Valley

By Walter Davenport

IT'S A GAMBLE . . .

When you buy motor oil for your car–

ASK FOR CANNED OIL

DOES a man really gamble when he buys motor oil the old-fashioned way? Ask the American Automobile Association. They can tell you the answer.

Their Contest Board recently checked the facts in 100 filling stations in the New York metropolitan area.

In 63 cases out of 100 they found that the motor oil offered to the public was not all it should have been.

Sometimes it was the wrong grade. Sometimes it was short measure. In other cases the motorist was given a cheaper oil; one that was diluted, mixed with inferior oils.

Before—The hermetically sealed can guarantees that the oil reaches you just as it left the refinery.

After—The punctured can is so badly mutilated that it is rendered unfit for further use.

Fortunately there is no need for anyone to gamble when he drives up to a filling station and buys motor oil today.

All you have to do to be sure is to insist on canned oil. Then you see the refinery-sealed can punctured right before your eyes . . . the oil poured directly into your engine . . . as pure and rich as when it left the refinery.

No chance for substitution, adulteration, short measure. You know you're getting *what* you pay for and *all* that you pay for . . . every time. So if you don't want to take a chance, ask for canned oil.

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

The Biggest Five-dollar Bill in the World

DURING the next few weeks, a great many people will trade in their old cars and buy new ones. Perhaps you will be one of them. If so, it will profit you to read this advertisement.

A new car is a very important investment—one of the most important that you are called upon to make. Wouldn't you gladly pay $5 more to get the SAFEST car, and the most COMFORTABLE?

That is all it takes! The trivial sum of five dollars is the difference in price between the new Plymouth SPECIAL Six Sedan with Hydraulic Brakes and Individual Wheel Springing... and the equivalent model of the very lowest-priced car on the market—*without these features.**

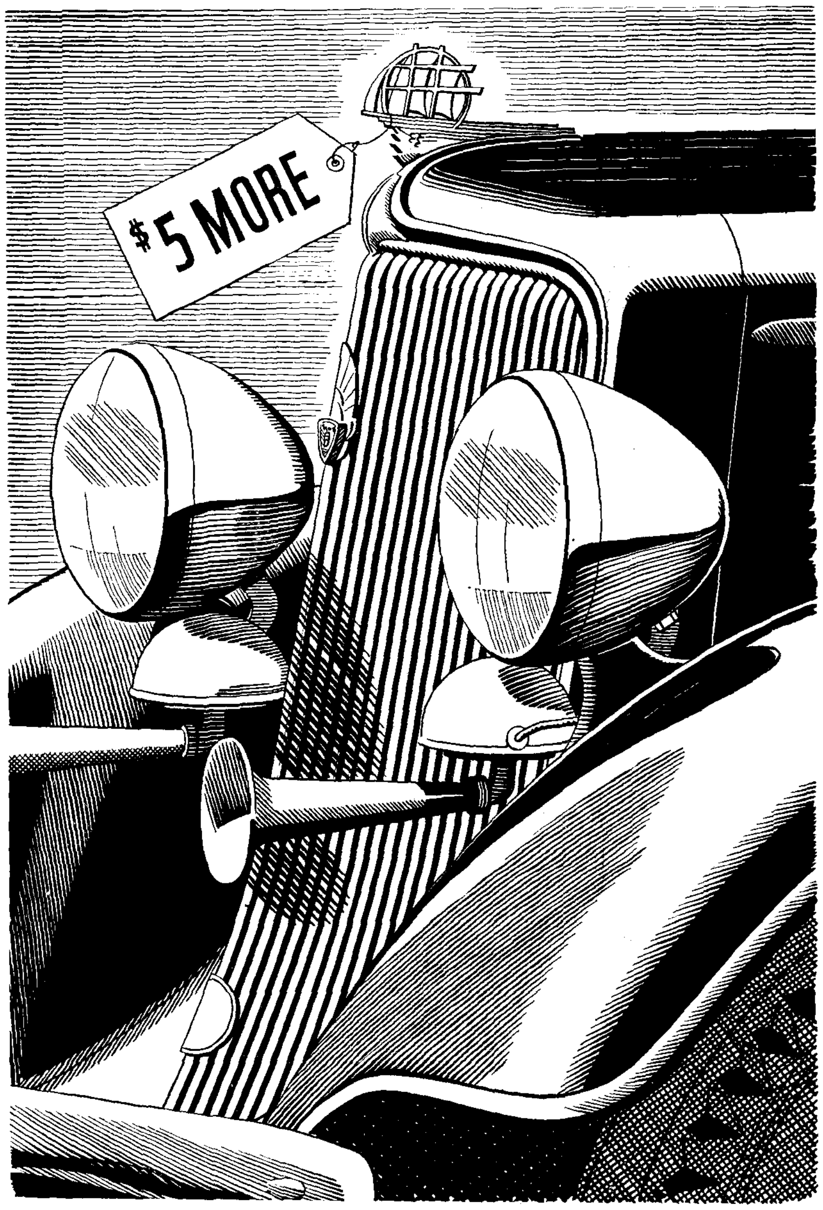
And these are only *two* of the advanced features that Plymouth gives you. There is a long list of them. You would have to be an engineer to appreciate some —such as chain-driven camshaft and T-slot pistons.

But *anyone* can see the common sense reasons for preferring a car with Floating Power. Anyone can lift Plymouth's hood and see how Floating Power engine mountings keep vibration away from the passengers and afford more restful riding.

We repeat... you get all these features in the new Plymouth SPECIAL Six for only $5 more. And this is a "luxury" model. We urge you to see it today... at any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler showroom.

---

*AT $630, the Plymouth SPECIAL Six 4-Door Sedan lists at $5 *more* (at factory, Detroit) than the lowest-priced 4-door de luxe sedan on the market. Its delivered price may even be *less* in your city. Four models: 4-Door Sedan; 2-Door Sedan; Rumble Seat Coupe and Business Coupe.



NEW PLYMOUTH SPECIAL SIX

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

EXTRA! Extra! Most dangerous man alive escapes from State Pen! Arthur Jones heard the newsboys shouting the announcement of Jake Mannion's jail break. It meant nothing to him. He was a clerk, working for the State, a timid man, an unsuccessful writer. What had he to do with Jake Mannion, who boasted no jail could hold him? They had nothing in common. But wait, there was a connection—Arthur Jones, the timid clerk, was the physical duplicate of Killer Mannion. And by that fact fate pitched Arthur Jones out of his routine existence into a tense and thrilling adventure. You can start with him next week in W. R. Burnett's short serial, "Jail Breaker."

FOR seventeen years Webb Miller has been chasing headlines in far parts of the world. Recently he came back home and took a careful look at his native land. He liked what he saw; he liked it better than anything he had seen elsewhere. In "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" he stacks us up against the other nations of the earth and gives us our measure. We cut quite a figure.

MUSIC and moonlight and charming behavior. Romance and rhapsody. A touch of hands, zephyr-borne perfume. A distillation of magic. That's the atmosphere of love. But not always. Take Bill and Betty: they fought from the word go. He was rude to her and she hit him, and they snarled and spat and behaved very badly indeed. It was love, just the same. But "Don't Send Flowers." In a gay short story Philip Wylie explains.

A MEAL in the open can be either a soul-expanding experience or just ashes in the mouth. To be sure that you get into the right camp—now that the lure of the purling brook and rustling pine makes "Eating Out" almost inevitable—Ruth Carson brings you the advice and recipes of Sally Clark, big-game hunter, whose expert touch turns a camp fire into a magic kitchen. Not that we want to tempt you to leave home.

RAY TUCKER writes about the "Court of the Last Guess," that final and highest hurdle in the path of the New Deal. Roark Bradford contributes another story of Little Bee Bend plantation. Frederick Skerry writes the Short Short. Harlan Ware tells the story of Fearless Francis, a man who was always eager to "Take a Chance," and a girl who was also pretty fond of risks. James Warner Bellah puts the final dramatic flourish to "Woman of Honor." And Sax Rohmer, Roland Pertwee, Quentin Reynolds and others bring a variety of gifts. Attention, please!

This Week

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June 30, 1934

Cover by Robert O. Reid

EDWARD SHENTON
The Hard Guy. A love story that decided the Poughkeepsie regatta. Page 7

WALTER DAVENPORT
There'll Be Shouting in the Valley. The TVA takes hold in Tennessee. Page 10

HUGH WILEY
In Chinatown. At the heart of the mystery. Page 12

DON MARQUIS
A Piece for the Paper. The editor of the Peak County Clarion writes—at the point of a gun. Page 14

KYLE CRICHTON
Limelight Blues. Franchot Tone, our new Prince Charming. Page 15

FREDERICK NEBEL
The Man Who Couldn't Spell. And the girl who couldn't cook. Page 16

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
Woman of Honor, Part V. Crisis in Paris. Page 18

MARIE BEYNON RAY
Clever Foot Work. Bare footnotes. Page 20

SAX ROHMER
The Trail of Fu Manchu, Part X. Fleurette hears the voice of command. Page 21

COREY FORD
Sea-Serpent Control. Are we to be overrun by the menacing monsters of the deep? Page 22

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Good Kids. The rising crop of fighters. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Bad Man, by Henning Lawrence. Page 26

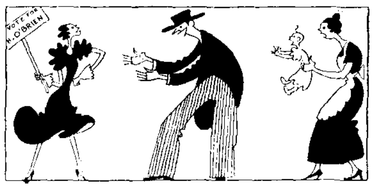
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Our fact-gatherer's report. Page 43

EDITORIAL
What's Your Hurry? Page 54

●

Any Week

MAYBE it is just as well that we don't vote in Park River, North Dakota. Our vote, we suspect, would be cast for Mr. Harry O'Brien for the legislature regardless of the equipment of his opponent, whoever he may be. For Mr. O'Brien's enthusiastic friends send us his platform and a statement of principles from their candidate and we may as well confess that it has us down. "Nobody," says Mr. O'Brien, "asked me to become a candidate; it was my own idea. I positively will not kiss any babies during my campaign except, upon request, a *limited number of female babies not less than sixteen years of age.* I will *make no* campaign promises, thus saving myself the trouble of breaking same if elected. But if you are willing to take a chance I suggest you vote for Harry O'Brien. As one of the original advocates of taking the bunk out of politics, I maintain this announcement entitles me to an appropriate reward. As a matter of fact I have received such reward as I view the enthusiasm with which the feminine voters of my district received my announcement."

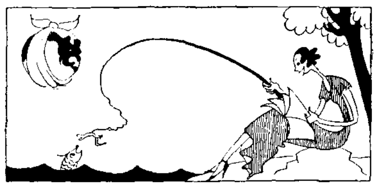


"AND you haven't any idea," reports Mrs. Mary R. Hinchbell of Terre Haute, Indiana, "how indignantly our thoroughly American politicians out this way repudiate all suggestions of war debt cancellation. To hear them insist that those European nations must pay or get off is nothing short of inspiring. But wait, just wait, until our legislatures are called upon to pay back to the federal government the money they are borrowing from the United States Treasury through the PWA. Then, my friend, you'll hear something."

MAJOR W. M. TENNEY, F. A., U. S. A., was deeply moved by our paragraph about the political omnipotence of Mr. John H. and Mrs. Katie E. Taylor in Somerset, Vermont. Writes the major: "For a number of years before prohibition, under local option, there were only three voters in Somerset. One was a rabid dry. The second was an ardent wet. The third alternated from year to year. One year he would vote wet and after a wild twelve months would succumb to his conscience and board the water wagon for a year. Having recovered he would again vote wet and Somerset would go *wild again.*"

FORTUNATELY Mr. B. M. Kitchens of Paragould, Arkansas, dropped into the local offices of the federal crop loan representative and met Uncle Francie there. Otherwise we shouldn't have been able to tell you what happened. "How much feed do you need?" asked the agent. "Don't need no feed," said Uncle Francie. "My mules sleep on hay every night." "How are you fixed up on planting seed?" "Don't need no plantin' seed," said Uncle Francie. "I carried over enough from last year. All I need is a little money to buy groceries for me and the old woman." The agent hesitated. "Oh, I can get the money all right from the bank," went on Uncle Francie, "but they don't loan less'n twenty-five dollars and I don't need but twenty and I never was no hand to speculate."

WE SEEM to have done less than right by Joanna Southcott, founder of the British Southcottians, a religious sect of considerable vigor and loyalty. Miss Southcott's biographer, Miss Alice Seymour, writes from Blockley, Gloucestershire, England, that the founder "was a woman of irreproachable conduct and never issued nor sold tickets to the millennium." And Miss Seymour goes on spiritedly to say that Southcottians were not at all shocked when in 1928 they opened the Great Box in which Miss Southcott is supposed to have deposited the materials for solving all the world's problems. That box, containing a lottery ticket, a novel, a dice box and horse pistol, was a bawdy fake, says Miss Seymour. And she has the testimony of the culprit who did the faking. Which, we hope, sets us straight with the Southcottians.



"WHEN I view this troubled old world through my little knot hole," sighs Mrs. Fred D. Main of Perote, Alabama, "I feel like doing like my little niece when she went to see Frankenstein. She slipped down on the floor and peeped at all the horrors around the back of the seat. But I can still go fishing and read Collier's and that's a blessing."

"YOUR editorial, 'Trust Brains,'" cries Mr. W. A. Johnson of Los Angeles, California, "is positively the best thing I have read in many moons. I wish everyone in this country could read it."

APPARENTLY *most of them did.*

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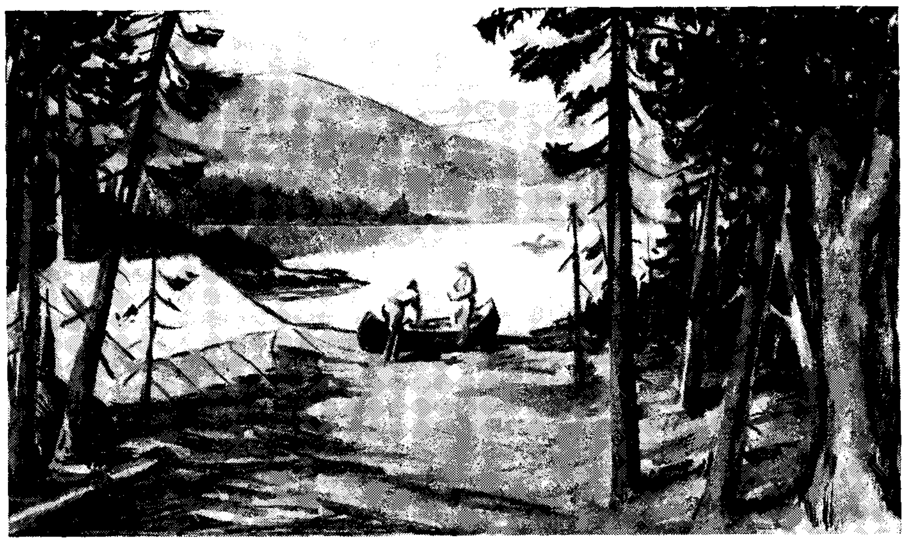
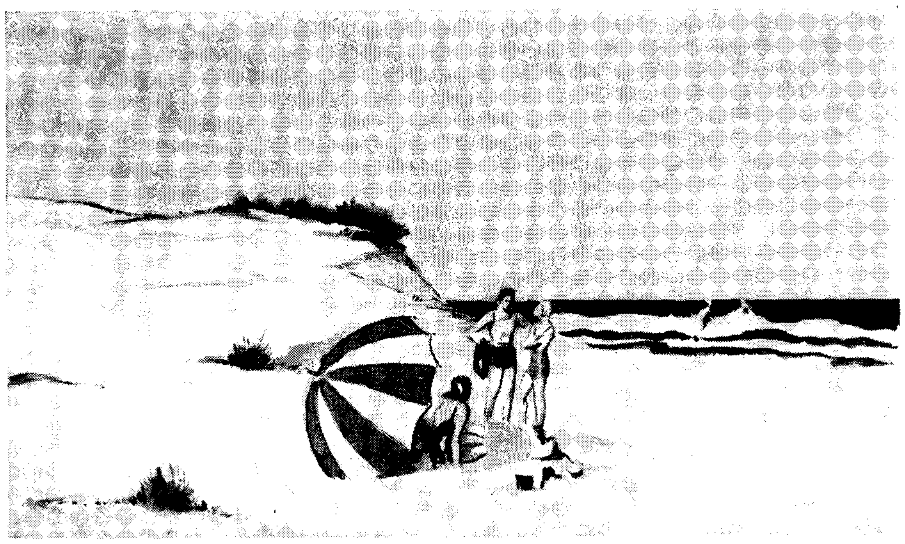




Have a Good Vacation

IF you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.

VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning.

Do not go in swimming when you are overheated, or within two hours after eating.

Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer.

Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders.

If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.

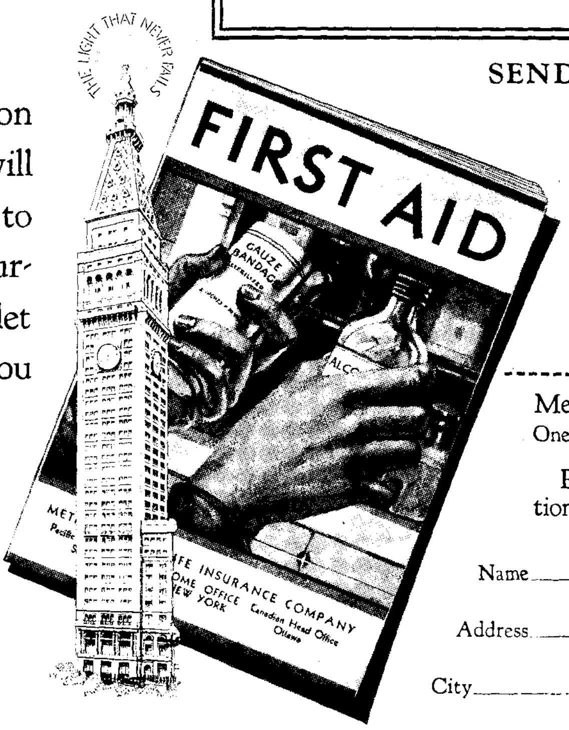
Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water.

Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Grind it out.

Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet "First Aid."

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FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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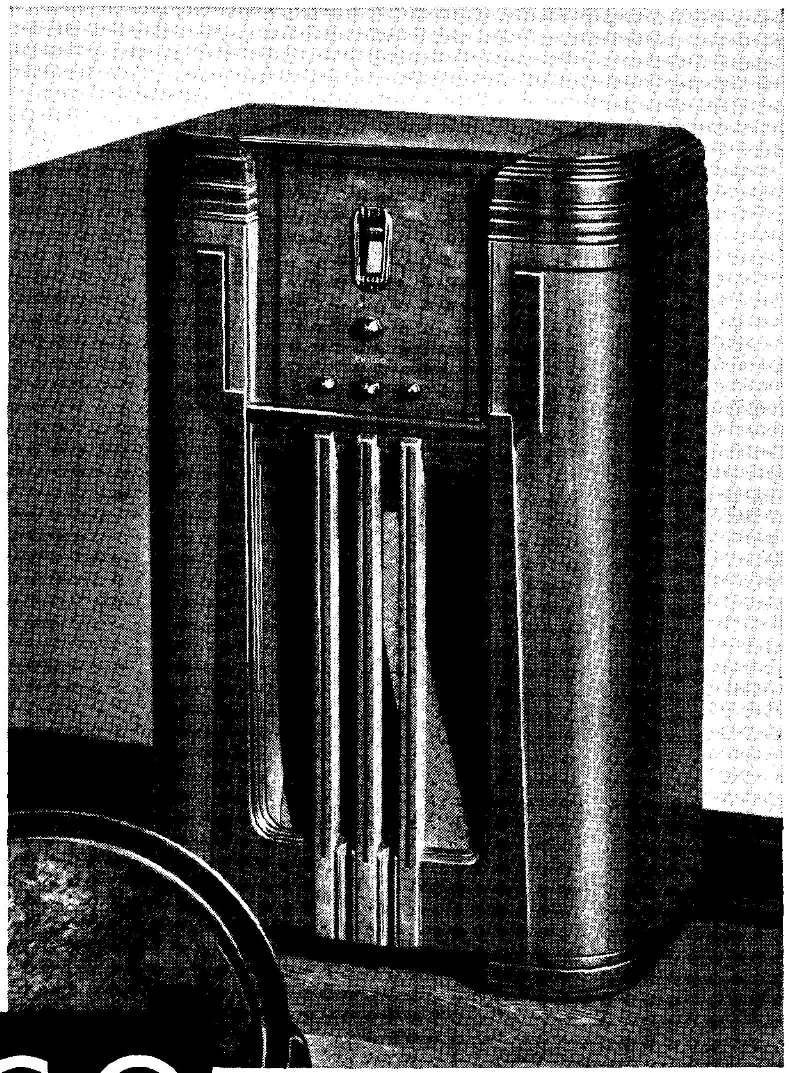
"....estação PSK
Rio de Janeiro!"

ROLL down to Rio with a new 1935 PHILCO—thrill to the brilliant Brazilian tangos and marches which follow the announcement "Station PSK, Rio de Janeiro." But don't stop here. Make your own Good Will Tour of South America—Buenos Aires, Guayaquil, Barranquilla, Bogota, La Paz, Caracas! If you prefer, go to Europe—England, France, Germany, Spain—with a PHILCO it makes little difference.

PHILCO'S engineering genius has made it easy for you to get foreign reception that was difficult even for experts a year ago. *Plus* the finest reproduction of American programs—including short-wave reception, even in the daytime, of distant American stations you could not hear at all on standard broadcast radios! The tone is glorious—because of PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board which brings the artists to you "as if in person."

Properly installed with a PHILCO all-wave aerial, a new short-wave PHILCO will tune-in foreign stations with almost the same regularity as you would expect from stations in this country a few hundred miles away! And they come in as well in summer as in winter—another reason for selecting your new 1935 PHILCO right now.

Tune-in PHILCO'S *New Program on Station* EAQ, MADRID, SPAIN
(9.87 *on your* PHILCO *dial*) *Sundays, 7 P. M.—Eastern Daylight Saving Time*



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A musical instrument of quality

NEW PHILCO 16x—$175

World-wide reception and, in addition, clear, life-like PHILCO reproduction—unapproached by any other radio. The famous PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board gives "the finest tone in radio"—

1 Its inclination directs the straight-traveling high tones up to ear level, giving brilliance and clearness.
2 Its large baffle area brings out all low tones, giving mellowness and depth.
3 RESULT: All music and speech are distinct and natural, as if the artists were present "in person."

And every other worth-while radio improvement, including 5 Tuning Bands, Bass Compensation, Four-Point Tone Control, Super Class "A" Audio System, Auditorium Speaker, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc. Superb hand-rubbed cabinet of gorgeous, costly woods.

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Choose from 49 new models

American and Foreign Broadcast Receivers	$39.95 to $600
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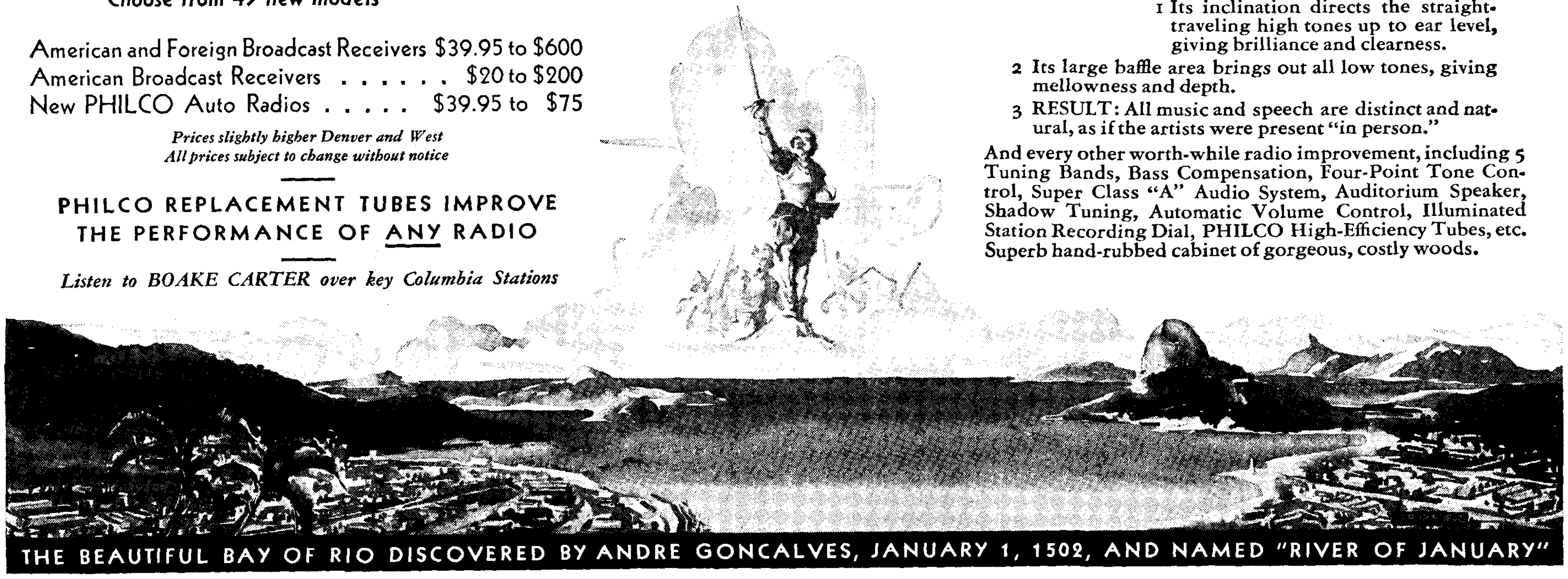


THE BEAUTIFUL BAY OF RIO DISCOVERED BY ANDRE GONCALVES, JANUARY 1, 1502, AND NAMED "RIVER OF JANUARY"

The Hard Guy

By Edward Shenton

The gun sounded, they were off down the river—Bart Justin stroking his crew, with every man in the boat hating him. His crew-mates, as you'll see, knew the story of Joe Armstrong's girl. But there was quite a bit they didn't know

THE beginning was so unexpected. There was a dance going on in one of the fraternity houses. An orchestra played Rosen aus dem Süden and the faint music accented the restless spring night.

Hearing the music, Bartley Justin stopped involuntarily, remembering Vienna, and himself, a boy of fourteen, sitting beside his tall, somber father on the terrace of the *Kursalon* in the *Stadtpark*. He stood, listening and recollecting, trapped in a profound loneliness arising from the memory.

At that moment he saw the girl. She came between the banked black rhododendrons as though afloat on the night darkness. The short sleeves of her gown were like tiny wings. Her bodice was a sheath of brilliance and, as she moved, the inverted pale blossom of her skirt swirled languidly. Seeing him, she started and put a hand to her breast. They waited, motionless, not speaking, while the music poured over them. Then, still silent, they turned away, leaving the bright windows and the music of the dance, walking over the campus, under the enormous old trees. Presently she said: "Such a heavenly night. I couldn't stay inside. I ran away from the dance. Are you running away from a dance?"

"I was walking," Bart said. "I heard the music and remembered Vienna."

"Vienna," said the girl. "How marvelous. Have you been there?"

"Oh, yes."

"And Paris, too?"

"Yes, Paris."

"London? And Spain and Venice?"

"Yes," said Bart.

"How simply wonderful! I come from Landisville, way up in New York. Do you go everywhere?"

"I've never been to Landisville," Bart said, smiling.

She considered this gravely. "You wouldn't like it," she said finally. "Not after Vienna or Paris."

"I'm not so sure," said Bart.

They reached the edge of the campus and turned back.

"Will I see you again?" Bart asked, astonished that he should be asking.

"I don't know. Perhaps . . . I shouldn't. . . ."

"Tomorrow," Bart said. "One o'clock. At the Coin d'Or for lunch. Have you a name?"

"I can't promise. You see, I'm only here for two days. As a guest of . . . someone. My name's Susan Parker."

"I'm Bartley Justin," he told her.

She stood, hesitating, looking at him from her sidewise-glancing eyes. Her mouth was wistful and curved with longing. He kissed her and the tiny wings rustled in the circle of his arms. He held her motionless, staring in a kind of dream at the upturned pale oval of her face. She said, "Oh," in a whisper and vanished, reëntering the dark hedge, returning to the frail magic of the music. He walked slowly away, his dark, hard face lowered and brooding. The loneliness had gone, replaced by a confused sense of happiness and a presentiment of disaster.

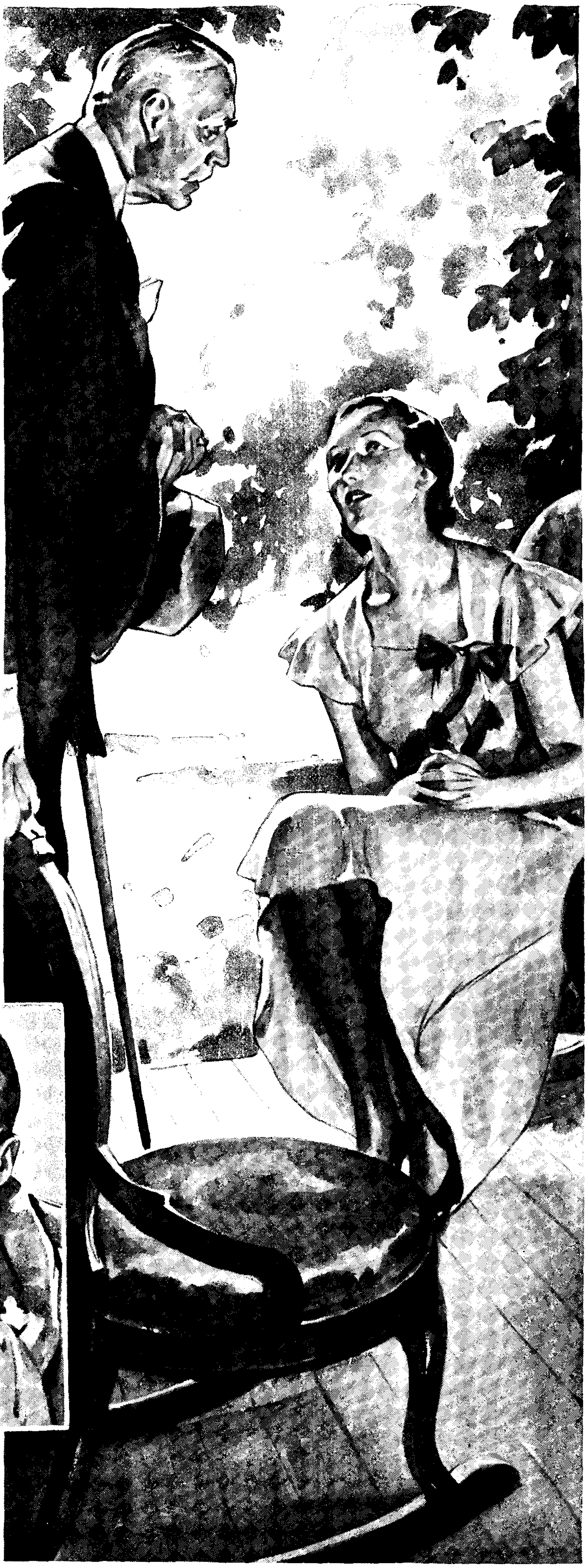
WHEN they met the next day, the first thing she told him was that she had been engaged to Joe Armstrong.

"Do you know Joe?" she asked.

"I know him," Bart said.

They both came from Landisville, she went on, and had grown up together. Their engagement dated from high school days. After she had gone back to the dance, she had returned the ring.

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN



"You don't understand," he said. "And that's the reason it would fail"

"It was a terrible thing to do," she said, "but we would never have married, really. When . . . when you . . . then I was sure."

Bart didn't answer. He leaned back, tapping his finger absently upon his cheek. His face, with its straight brows and sardonic eyes, was impassive.

"There wasn't any—" Susan said breathlessly, "—any romance."

His silence checked her. The glow went out of her face. A veil of shadow seemed to fall from the narrow brim of her hat and she retreated behind it.

"You're . . . not sorry?" she asked.

"No," said Bart.

The shadow melted. She emerged radiantly.

"You're strange," she said. "I was frightened. It's all so queer. Seeing you just twice. And feeling . . ." She put out her hand toward him, hesitated and drew it back.

"I'm *nobody*," she said. "Just a girl. And we have nothing, really. Just a small store that my father runs."

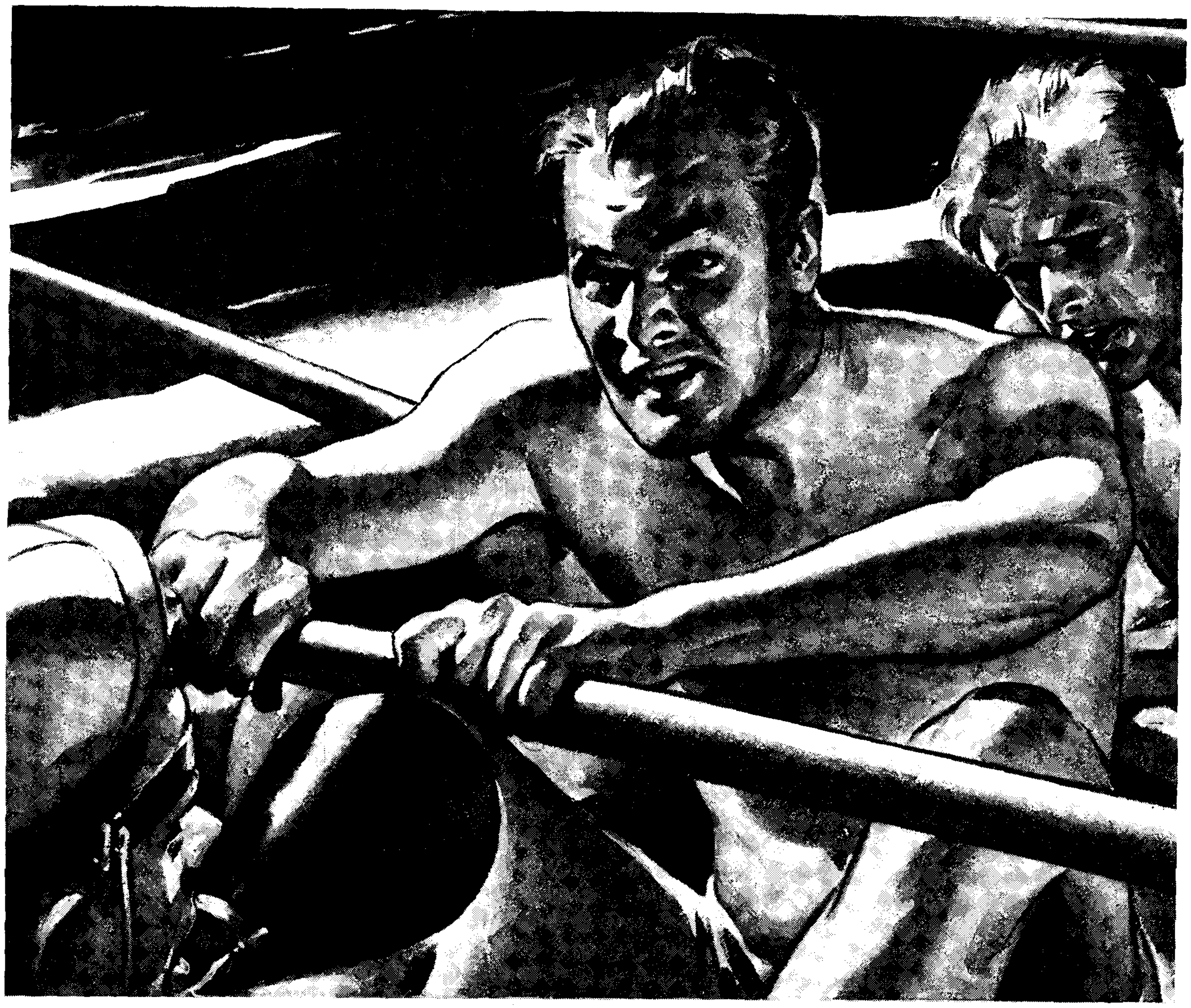
"I love you," Bart said.

The words startled him. He leaned forward and stared intently into her face. A slow flush of color stained her cheeks.

"Yes," he said. "That's right."

THE following Monday, when Bart entered the college boathouse for regular afternoon rowing practice, there was a sudden quiet. He had never been greeted very cordially, but now no one spoke to him or even looked in his direction.

The Old Man, hunched in the bow of the coaching launch, gnawed his white mustache and silently cursed all girls. He peered with unhappy blue eyes at the two shells ahead, moving side by side over the pale, smooth water. They weren't great crews, he admitted, the Varsity had none of the machine-like perfection that had come to be associated with his products. But it was the biggest crew he had ever boated, comparable in size to some of those eights from the Pacific coast. Potentially it was a crew to be reckoned with; actually, after a season in which competition had been unusually weak, he hadn't the faintest idea of what it could do. Their ability had not been tested. And now—the Old Man groaned. The Jay Vees were pulling away from the Varsity. There was open water between the two boats. In a half-mile sprint! He spoke harshly through his battered megaphone.



"Take 'em in."

Then he said to Tod Morgan, assistant coach, and Patsy Kennedy, the trainer, "Did you see that?"

"See what?" Morgan asked. "I noticed the Varsity hadn't much drive. But they've been in a slump for a week now."

"They laid down on Justin," the Old Man said.

"Oh, come," Kennedy protested.

"They did," the Old Man repeated. "Every man-jack, including the cox, quit cold. Did you see Justin's face? He knows it just as well as I do."

"But it's fantastic," Morgan said.

"Because of a girl," the Old Man went on. "Justin took Joe Armstrong's girl away from him."

"THAT doesn't sound like Justin," Kennedy said. "He's difficult but I've never heard anything to make me think he'd be underhanded."

"He didn't know about it," the Old Man said, "or so I gather. And when she'd given Joe the air, why . . ."

"His honor rooted in dishonor stood," said Morgan.

"What's that?" asked the trainer.

"Tennyson," Morgan replied.

"Tennyson or Horatio Alger," said the Old Man. "Maybe it hits the nail pretty square."

"I can see how Joe might be sore," Morgan said. "But why should the rest of 'em feel so strongly about it? He didn't swipe all their girls, did he?"

"There's more to it than that," the Old Man answered. "The girl episode just brought things to a climax."

He turned his worried gaze to the shore where the shells were being lifted, swung overhead and carried into the boathouse. Usually he kept his troubles to himself, but this problem, he felt, needed airing before it drove him completely mad.

"Nobody likes Justin," he said slowly. "He hasn't a close friend in college. He doesn't want any. He's hard. Clear through. I don't mean tough, like so many college athletes. He's brilliant, hard and brilliant—like steel."

"I've thought of that," Kennedy said. "He isn't a boy, really."

"It's the way he was raised. . . . You never knew his father?"

"Only by reputation," said Morgan. "He was a fine stroke in his day."

"Great," said the Old Man. "Great! He could do things with a crew that were like . . . like magic. I know. I rowed behind him. In '92 and '93. . . ."

"Bart's just like his father," Morgan said, "aloof, hard, with a mind free of all the comfortable illusions the rest of us need. That cold assurance rubs every boy the *wrong* way. They suspect him because he's different. They're conventional, happy, satisfied with themselves and their lives. He disturbs their comfort, tears down their egos, just by being what he *is*."

"Can't you talk to him?" asked Kennedy.

"I tried once," Morgan said ruefully. "He made me feel as though I wasn't dry behind the ears."

"He's sincere," said the Old Man. "His hardness isn't a pose. It's real, like his father's was."

"But the girl," said Morgan.

"Yes," answered the Old Man. "That's out of character. And you can see the result. They never had *anything on him* before. They thought there must be a flaw somewhere. In this they see it. So they're going to show him up at any cost."

"They won't throw the race," said Morgan. "That's not reasonable."

"Won't they? I wish I were sure. And even if they don't, deliberately, you know what feeling like that can do to a crew."

"But if you switched Joe Armstrong to the Varsity," said Morgan, "they'd row their hearts out for him."

"They'd try," said the Old Man. "But at best he's just a steady, dependable oarsman. He hasn't got what this Varsity needs if it's going to make a showing at Poughkeepsie. Bart has."

"Well," said Morgan, "where does that leave us?"

"I don't know," said the Old Man. "I dropped a note to Bart's father. . . ." He sighed and added, "The proverbial straw-clutching."

THE next two days brought no change in the situation. With practice over, Bart dressed, left the boathouse and walked slowly back toward the college town. His dark face gave no sign of the worry within him. He had made a mistake, he kept thinking. For once he had departed from the strict teaching of his father. The result was this muddle.

Into his mind came a recollection of the past and he saw again the spacious, opulent room with its enormous carved marble fireplace and the tall figure of his father, gray hawk-face tilted toward the twelve-year-old boy standing before him. Why, that was eight, nine years ago and the memory had lost none of its clarity. He could hear distinctly his father's voice:

"If you are soft, you will be destroyed. Soft hearts, soft muscles, soft heads have no place in the world. These make incompetents, weaklings and failures. Is that clear?"

The boy, the youthful Bartley, answered respectfully:

"Yes, sir."

"You must be hard to succeed. Impervious to flattery, sentimentality or criticism. Unmoved by friendship or enmity. Loyal to yourself and your own code."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you row this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did it go?"

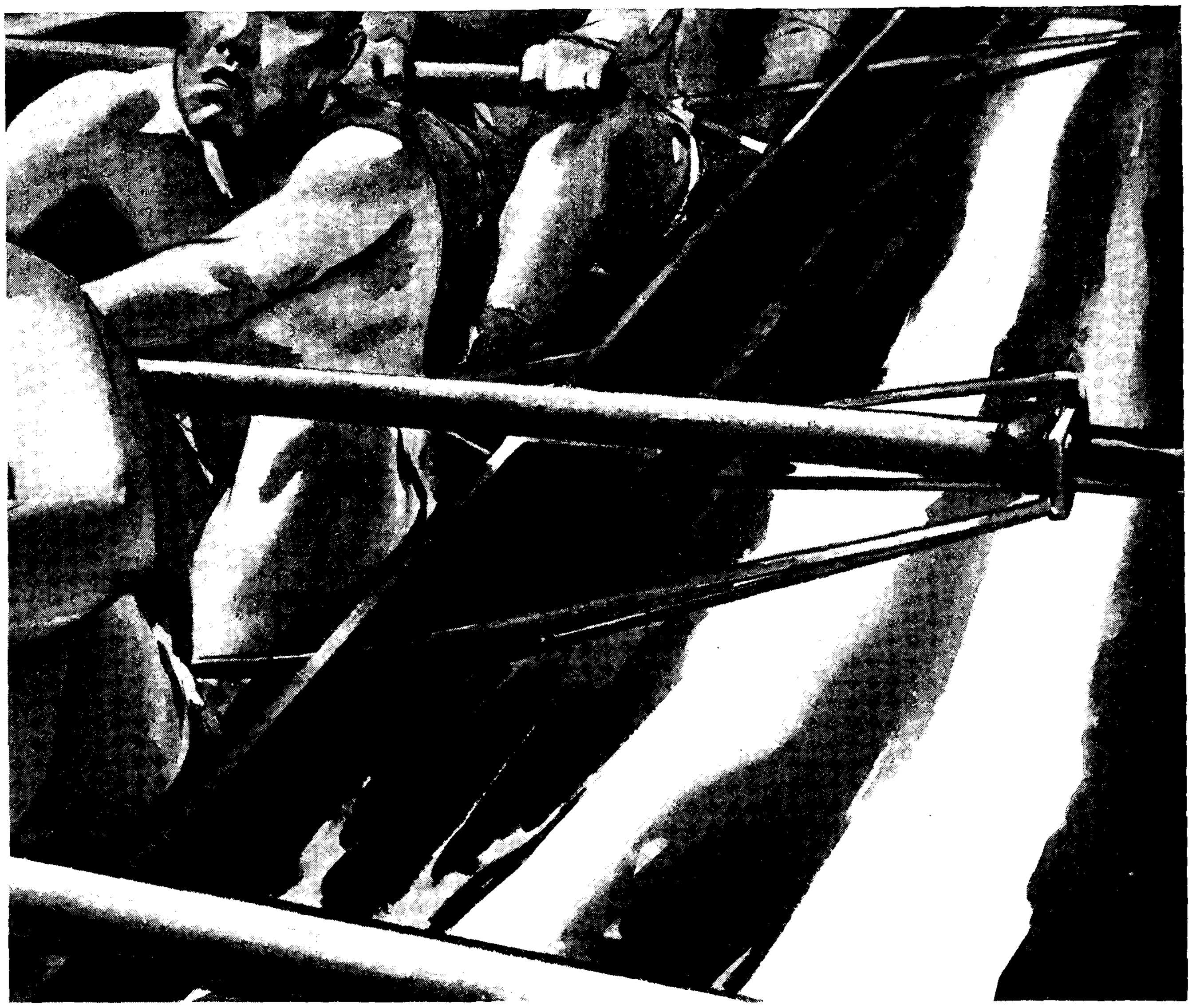
"Better. I didn't let the slide get away from me."

"Good."

The elder Justin extended his hand to his son. His smile altered the bleak lines of his face and, as always, the boy felt himself uplifted and warmed by that smile.

"We understand one another," said his father. "When you are stroking the Varsity, I'll be watching you win."

Bart passed his hand across his eyes, sweeping away the memories. His father would not see him drive a victorious crew between the finish flags. There wasn't a chance. And this thing he had longed to do for so many years was rendered impossible because he had turned soft, descended from those austere heights. Instinctively, his hand went to the pocket of his coat and drew out a letter. He didn't need to read it, every word rang clear in his mind. It said: "I love you so much, I cannot believe it. . . . How could I ever have been so lucky? . . . I think about you all the time. . . . I love you. . . ." Like a refrain, over and over, "I love you. . . ." He walked along, his head bowed, holding the letter in his hand, thinking desperately *there must be some solution* to the problem, the intensity of his desire would find it. . . .



Bart lunged forward. His face was pale and lined, like a mask hardened with agony and the will to conquer. Ten more, and they'd quit

He came to the apartment house where he lived. Because he had no interest in college life, he had chosen to live in the town. This, too, had added to the talk about him. Strange stories had been circulated about what went on in his apartment, faded for lack of proof, revived again when the present situation arose. If anyone had seen the rooms, the simplicity of their furnishing, their air of detached severity, of work and study, the gossip would have ended abruptly. But not more than two or three students had ever visited them and they were seniors who had come when Bart first came to college.

UNLOCKING the door, he entered, still carrying the letter. At the door of the living-room, he started in astonishment.

"Good afternoon, Bartley," said his father, rising.

"How are you, sir?" said Bart, taking the extended hand.

"Very well. You're looking fit. I had an hour or two and ran up to see how things are going."

Bart hung his hat carefully in the closet. He turned and smiled at his father.

"They're rotten," he said. "As you probably know."

"Yes, I heard so."

"From the Old Man?"

The elder Justin nodded.

"There are cigars," Bart said. "In that humidor."

His father took one, opened a small pearl-handled knife and clipped the end. Bart held out his lighter.

The two sat quietly in the dusky room. Presently Bart said:

"Did you hear all the story?"

"As much as an outsider could know. It was presented fairly, I think."

"It would be. Shall I tell you it again—from the . . . inside?"

"I had hoped you would."

Precisely, dispassionately, Bart went over the whole happening. He strove to keep his voice level, to relate it without distortion, suppressing his own emotion. His father smoked, listening, nodding occasionally.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," Bart said.

"You think, then, that you really love this girl?" his father said slowly.

"Yes, sir."

The elder Justin arose and went to the window, staring out into the fading evening. Over the trees, sharp on the pale green sky, was the gray, gothic tower of the chapel and the weather-worn slate roofs and stone chimneys of the college buildings. With a slow gesture toward them, he said:

"Nothing changes."

After a moment he turned away from the window and stood looking down at Bart.

"Nothing," he repeated. "Least of all, human beings."

"I want to tell you something," he continued, "that I never intended to tell you. It's about your mother."

Bart lifted his head in surprise.

"You have always thought she was dead. That's not true."

"Not . . . dead," said Bart. "Why, then. . . ."

"I married your mother a week after graduating from this place. I had known her scarcely more than a month or two. I was deeply in love with her."

Bart stared at his father in amazement.

"She was the daughter of a farmer, over in New Jersey. They were honest, hard-working people. My father, your grandfather, opposed the marriage. But I went ahead. . . ."

"Naturally," Bart said.

"After a little while we were reconciled. Your mother took her place in our family. I entered the business. You were born. . . ."

He stopped and glanced over his shoulder at the scene framed in the window, as though seeking, in the unchanging vista, the recollections of that past time.

"I don't want to make this sound unfair," he said, "but it was a failure from the start. Your mother had no training, no experience, no heritage for the position she had to assume as my wife. She did not understand the responsibilities of wealth, or the obligations of society. The management of servants of a large establishment, all the complicated machinery of our lives, annoyed, frightened her, made her miserable."

HE REACHED out abruptly and turned the switch of the table lamp. The sudden glow struck up across his face, revealing its harsh contours. Bart saw, with a quick twist of his heart, that his father was old.

"It was my fault, of course," the elder Justin said. "What I thought was sweetness, simplicity, was merely a softness of fiber, an inability to cope with any new or different mode of life."

He lifted his hand in a gesture of finality.

"She couldn't stand it. She ran away. I knew by then it was hopeless, and we were divorced. She received, of course, a settlement, more money than she would ever need. Eventually she married a farmer, a man she had known from childhood. They have three children. She has been happy. . . ."

His cigar had gone out. He laid it on a tray, selected another and clipped it with precise movements of his thin, carefully tended hands. Bart lit it.

"Thank you for telling me this," he said. "Will you be able to stay for dinner?"

"No, I'm sorry," his father said, "I have to be back in town." He took his hat and cane from the chair where they lay, and went toward the entrance to the room. Bart stepped before him and opened the door. Justin held out his hand and smiled.

"You're all I have," he said. "We understand one another."

Bart released the door and stood aside. His face was hard, impassive; the face of the older man unmarked by time or suffering.

"You know, sir," he said, "I'd do anything . . . possible for you."

"And this is . . . not possible?"

"No, sir," said Bart. "I'm sorry."

His father nodded absently.

"Good luck to you," he said.

Bart closed the door and walked across to the window. Night had fallen and the square tower of the chapel was an unsubstantial shadow in the darkness. He took Susan's letter from the table where he had laid it and passed his hand lightly across it. Now, if ever, he must not be soft.

SUSAN was closing the gate in the white picket fence before her home as the gray sedan drew up. With her hand on the latch she watched the chauffeur open the door and the tall, immaculately dressed man descend. She recognized him, even before he spoke.

"I'm Carter Justin, Bartley's father," he said. "You're Susan Parker?"

"Yes," she answered. "Won't you come in?"

The elder Justin bowed slightly and touched the open gate. Susan turned and went up the gravel walk to the porch. He waited while she stood beside the rail, her fingers resting lightly upon its wide surface. When he saw that she intended to remain standing, he smiled faintly and sat down in one of the stiff, old-fashioned rockers.

"I've come to talk to you about Bartley," he said.

Susan nodded, looking down at her outspread fingers. She was aware that his hooded, impassive eyes were watching her intently.

"Does Bartley know you are here?" she asked.

"No," said Justin.

"Isn't that rather . . . well, unfair?"

Justin shook his head.

"Irregular, perhaps, but not unfair. What I am about to say is as much for your good as for his."

"I don't believe that," Susan said clearly. "You're Bart's father. You couldn't help considering him before me."

The deep lids of his eyes lifted in quick surprise. Something in the girl's attitude caused him to hesitate. He had anticipated animosity, perhaps, more than likely tears or pleading, not this grave composure that was assured without being defiant. Then his lips curled with that hint of smiling, and he moved his white hands, describing a negative sign in the still hot air under the porch roof.

"Very well," he said dispassionately. "It's unimportant. The point I wish to make clear to you is this—Bartley's life has been of one kind, yours of another. He has been raised to the values created by wealth and position, with their responsibilities. . . ."

"While I," Susan said, "have been raised to the responsibilities of very little money, and the values of a . . . a small town. They are just as exacting."

"Perhaps," Justin admitted, "but not in the same way."

Susan sat down near him, and her glance went down the long street with

(Continued on page 50)

There'll be Shouting in the Valley

By Walter Davenport

How much was your electricity bill last month? More, probably, than you wanted to pay. Certainly more than the current alone would have cost. In the Valley of the Tennessee the United States Government is selling electricity at cost. Completely electrified houses are being run at a fraction of the expense necessary elsewhere just for lighting. But that's only one of the long-range aims of the New Deal that are here being given a working test. Come and see

The site of the construction work on the Norris Dam power plant

FIRST we stopped at Mitchell's Lunch Room in Loyston, Tennessee. Before we were through exploring the Valley of the Tennessee to see how its two million inhabitants were taking to the most ambitious land-planning experiment America has ever undertaken, we stopped at a great many places, ate numerous barbecued things, some of which we suspect should have been left alone, and heard a lot of things we had never even suspected. It was quite a trip. We even took a hand at mule judging, something we had never tried before. We were pretty poor at it too; but we did learn that you must never go poking around a mule trying to find out how old he is while he is molting.

We were glad we stopped at Loyston, not merely because we met the Judge but because it was about our last chance. When the Tennessee Valley Authority has finished Norris Dam on the Clinch River about twenty miles northwest of Knoxville, there won't be any Loyston. It will be a couple of hundred feet under water. The Judge, who spends his days between Mitchell's Lunch Room and George Fox's garage, depending upon which side of the road strange cars stop, gave us his opinion that the result would be sensational only to the natives as nobody else in the world would know that Loyston had ever been anywhere anyway. And Loyston (population 100) won't be the only village that will be at the bottom of Norris Lake. Lead Mine Bend will be and Lafollette and Goin too. And a couple more.

As for Lead Mine Bend, the Judge said that a good hard rain would have blotted it out anyway and that "a good man coulda drowned it with a squirt of tobacco juice anyhow." But with Loyston it was different. And perhaps with Goin and Lafollette too.

"I ain't got any complaint," said the Judge. "The way the government is doing down here these days, it wouldn't make much difference if I had, but I ain't. Still a man's home is a man's home. How far you going? Tupelo, hey? Well, you'll hear something else over in Tupelo. But don't let any of these lawyers and engineers fill you up so full of law and figures that you forget the facts. You can dam all the rivers and creeks from here to Canada and knock down the cost of electricity until no honest, God-fearing man would be caught without it, but if the people ain't with you, you're just wasting time and money."

"Are you people against what the TVA's doing?"

"No, sir, we ain't," said the Judge, spitting expertly over his beard, which he carefully pressed against his chest. "I would say the government's treated us fair and square. But there was a power of talk at first about carpetbaggers. Know what carpetbaggers are? Well, sir, most of the things that have been done in the Tennessee Valley before this were done by the folks living here, which is one reason why we're pretty much the same today as we were when I was a boy and Grant was President. When the government came into the valley last year the roads were filled with men from anywhere from Nashville to Birmingham—lawyers and even members of the legislature—telling us not to pay any attention to these carpetbaggers from Washington and not to sign any papers, because what the government was going to do wouldn't last long and that the government couldn't do it anyway because, in the first place, it wasn't constitutional and in the second the government didn't know how to make electricity and didn't have any power lines to carry it on if it did—"

"Anyway, Judge," we interrupted, "Loyston won't need any electricity."

A Victory for Fair Play

"She sure won't," he agreed, accepting a mothershed sandwich, one of the new experiences we were having. "And that is what I was coming to. At first when they told us Loyston was going to be under a couple hundred feet of water, we rose up. We said if they drowned Loyston they drowned us along with her. A man's home's his home. I ain't saying Loyston's anything to quit living in New York or Washington or Tupelo or any of those big cities for; but we got right used to Loyston and it never did us any harm. That's what we said."

"What changed your mind, Judge?"

"Some one thing and some another," he said. "With me, now, I'm an old man. If you keep on going down this road a piece till you pass Gordon's hill and turn to your right till you come to—well, anyway it's a graveyard. Lot of people around the hills here have got folks there. When you get old you look at things different. Well, that graveyard will be a hundred feet under water but there won't be anybody there. The government's moving those graves like it was Arlington Cemetery. Those and a lot more in graveyards where the water'll be. New headstones on high ground and not a spade hits the earth till the family's satisfied and all present with a preacher saying the prayer. The history of these hills is on those old gravestones, mister."

The Judge accepted a bottle of pop, holding down his beard while he fitted it nicely to his lips.

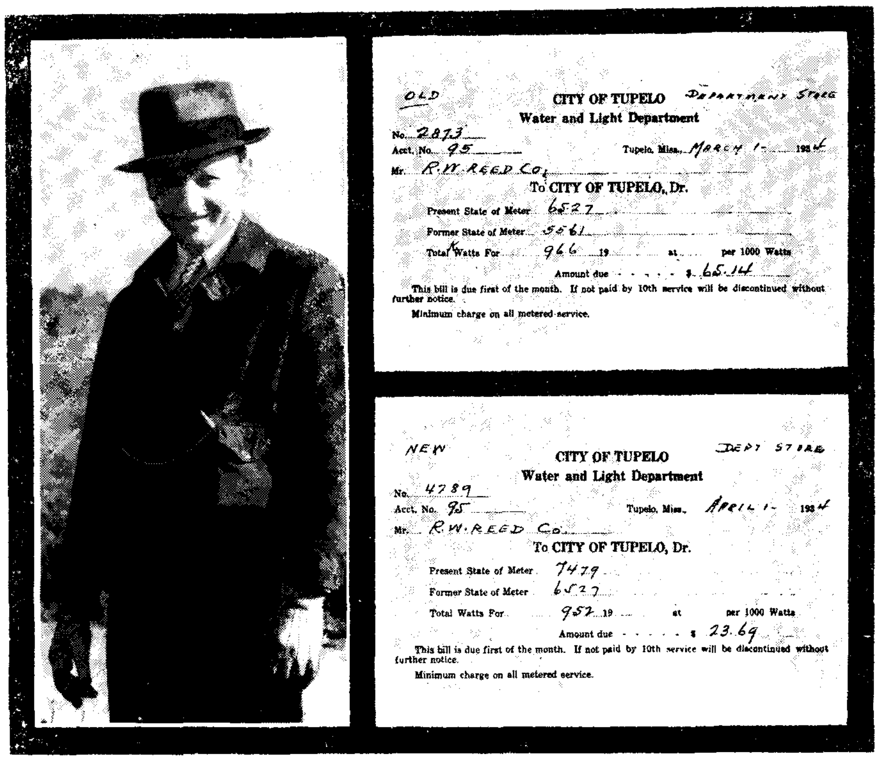
"With some folks it was something else," he said. "For instance the government—these Authority people—set fair prices on farm land that will be under water, on farm land and buildings. We're simple people, maybe, but nobody with enough sense to keep out of the ditch is accusing us of being dumb. They asked us how much we'd take and we told them. Then we asked them how much they'd give and they told us. We split the difference. Well, sir, it wasn't two days afterward that this part of the valley was running over with real estate salesmen all trying to sell us land nobody wanted for the money we were getting from the government for the land the Authority people needed. But the government men told us not to buy an acre that we weren't sure was good farm land and that if we weren't sure to go down to the Authority offices and have it looked up.

Carpetbaggers Who Are Honest

"Like I told a man from Chattanooga one day: 'These government men might be carpetbaggers like you say but I don't know as I wouldn't rather trust a fair-dealing, honest carpetbagger than a man from across the river who was trying to sell me a hundred acres of eroded hillside at bottom-land prices and all the time saying nothing about the only thing you could raise on his land was a cloud of red dust!' That's what I told him."

The Judge had much more to say, but we couldn't wait. So we left Loyston, comforted by a chew of tobacco that the Judge insisted we take. Before we should get to Tupelo over in Mississippi where the first practical economic aspects of the work of the Tennessee Valley Authority were on exhibition, we were due to see and hear a lot of things to make us wonder why the fearful foes of the New Deal weren't down there doing more deploring. Here, it seemed to us, was the real threat to the Old Order.

This development of the Tennessee River and its valley is not one of the Administration's emergency agencies. Rather it is the New Deal concentrated,



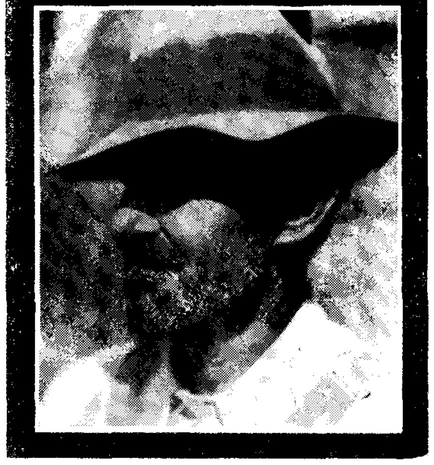
OLD CITY OF TUPELO Department Store
Water and Light Department
No. 2873
Acct. No. 95 Tupelo, Miss., March 1- 1934
Mr. R.W. Reed Co.
To CITY OF TUPELO, Dr.
Present State of Meter 6527
Former State of Meter 5561
Total K Watts For 966 19 at per 1000 Watts
Amount due $ 65.14
This bill is due first of the month. If not paid by 10th service will be discontinued without further notice.
Minimum charge on all metered service.

NEW CITY OF TUPELO Dept Store
Water and Light Department
No. 4789
Acct. No. 95 Tupelo, Miss., April 1- 1934
Mr. R.W. Reed Co.
To CITY OF TUPELO, Dr.
Present State of Meter 7479
Former State of Meter 6527
Total Watts For 952 19 at per 1000 Watts
Amount due $ 23.69
This bill is due first of the month. If not paid by 10th service will be discontinued without further notice.
Minimum charge on all metered service.

Above: David Lilienthal of the TVA, and a department store's light bills before and after Tupelo received TVA power

wherein all the aims of the other alphabetical life-savers, marked for short lives but lasting effect, are being subjected to laboratory test. It hopes to establish a rule for land classification, improvement of agriculture, utilization and disposal of marginal lands. It seeks to teach us how agriculture and industry may be coördinated along practical lines. It hopes to develop domestic industries to supplement agriculture in providing local employment. It plans to develop the power resources of the Tennessee Valley watershed as an integrated system and utilize this power as a "yardstick" in determining the relative costs of public and private power operation. It proposes, too, to distribute this power to "the greatest number of people at the least possible cost," thereby giving a visible demonstration for the benefit of the public utilities. It proposes to produce "a better and cheaper fertilizer," to open the Tennessee River "to an economic maximum of navigation," promote reforestation, teach the best methods of soil-erosion control, conserve and utilize the basin's mineral and other natural resources and, well up in importance, achieve a system of flood control which will be followed through the country's other watersheds.

A mountain cabin near the site of Norris Dam. This cabin is typical of the homes of the poorer people of the region



One of the marginal-land farmers of the Tennessee Valley, whose lot will be vastly improved by the TVA program

This, any fair-minded reader will admit, is an ambitious program for any one group of men, however durable and capable. And particularly when the group is as small as this one—three. Of course they have lots of help to work on the details. But it's a heavy assignment, particularly so when you consider that each of the aims set forth above is a parent of several incidental projects such as teaching the inhabitants of the valley how to play, eat, care for babies, raise geraniums, organize civic centers and all the other little tricks of scientific living.

A gentleman in overalls and chin whiskers told me in Mulberry that he had talked to a lady from Antioch College who had a right humorous notion about the way a family should set up to the table at mealtimes. He admitted that he hadn't got the straight of it but it was nothing like the way he had been brought up. He explained:

"I won't say it was a common practice," he said, "but where I was raised you heard the dinner bell and opened your jackknife. Then you all walked up to the pot and took part. In some families the children were given a head start on account of having to reach up, making it harder for them to get their share of the solids. But for the most part it was dig in and chaw and if you didn't starve to death before big enough to see over the rim of the pot the chances were you lived to be ninety, barring accidents."

Industry Looks Toward Tennessee

But of this robust program two items stand out. At least they are the most spectacular. One is the harnessing of the Tennessee and its headwater tributaries with a power-yielding system of dams and electric generators. The other is the distribution of this power to the cities and towns that have heretofore been customers of privately operated power companies. In these two closely related features is the immediately important phase of the TVA's work. It would be pretty idle to predict how far the government is going as a distributor of power but the prospect is engaging. More than a dozen cities have applied to the TVA for power now being generated at Muscle Shoals. At least fifty communities—some as small as Tupelo and others as large and as distant as Louisville, Kentucky—have been demanding to know when the generators at Muscle Shoals (Wilson Dam) will be hooked up with those at Wheeler Dam and Norris Dam and what they will have to do to become customers.

And no day passes that the TVA offices in Knoxville do not receive a bag of inquiries from manufacturers and men who hope to be manufacturers. They want to know whether they might move—and when—into the valley and with the aid of low-cost power and cheaply obtained raw materials manufacture pearl buttons, cutlery, rubber heels, silk stockings, jewelry, radios, candy, furniture, aluminum ware, hardware, carpets, musical instruments, holiday novelties, paper, clothing and so on for a dozen pages. Moreover, two or three of the country's largest industries have men looking over the scene with a view to ascertaining the possibilities of parts manufacture. Even more numerous are the letters from individuals—heads of stranded families in half the states of the Union—who have heard that the government is at work on a side door to Heaven or something like that and that when one arrives in the magic valley one's economic problems solve themselves.

Below: A view of Loyston, Tennessee, which will be submerged in the waters of the Norris Dam reservoir

The Government Can't Back Out

Therefore it is no simple thing to predict what is coming of all this or how far the influence of the TVA will extend. Before they have finished hooking up the six hundred and fifty-two downhill miles of the Tennessee River, and making it produce two or three million horse power of electric energy, it's going to be a tough assignment to tell householders and factory operators that the government has changed its mind and that thereafter they will have to go back to patronizing private power companies and either pay twice as much for the service or go back to kerosene lamps and candles.

And it is going to be particularly nasty in the light of the large loans the cities and towns have obtained from the PWA with which to build their own distribution systems over which the low-cost power from the Tennessee will be carried from house to house and factory to factory. Knoxville, for example, has borrowed $2,600,000; Florence, Alabama, $412,000; Bessemer, Alabama, $636,000, and so on for ten million dollars. Which is merely a start, inasmuch as the thing is only in its infancy.

Moreover, there are similar projects elsewhere—Boulder Dam in Colorado, which by 1937 will add to the nation's annual supply of electrical energy something like 4,330,000 kilowatt hours; Grand Coulee on the Columbia River and at Bonneville, Oregon, where two huge plants will turn out enough power to energize the whole northwest; the St. Lawrence River project with a capacity of 2,200,000 horse power. And the awesome plans the Department of the Interior has for the development of the power and other resources of the whole Mississippi River basin.

Stimulating the Small Consumer

And just to make retreat all the harder there is the program of the Electric Home and Farm Authority, a subsidiary of the TVA, which proposes to make it possible for the home-owners to cook, heat, cool and otherwise turn over the housework entirely to electricity. The whole business looks complicated at first but it is simple enough after you've gone into it. Simple, that is, for everybody but the privately owned power companies to whom the cost of generating power is but one of the many things the consumer must pay for.

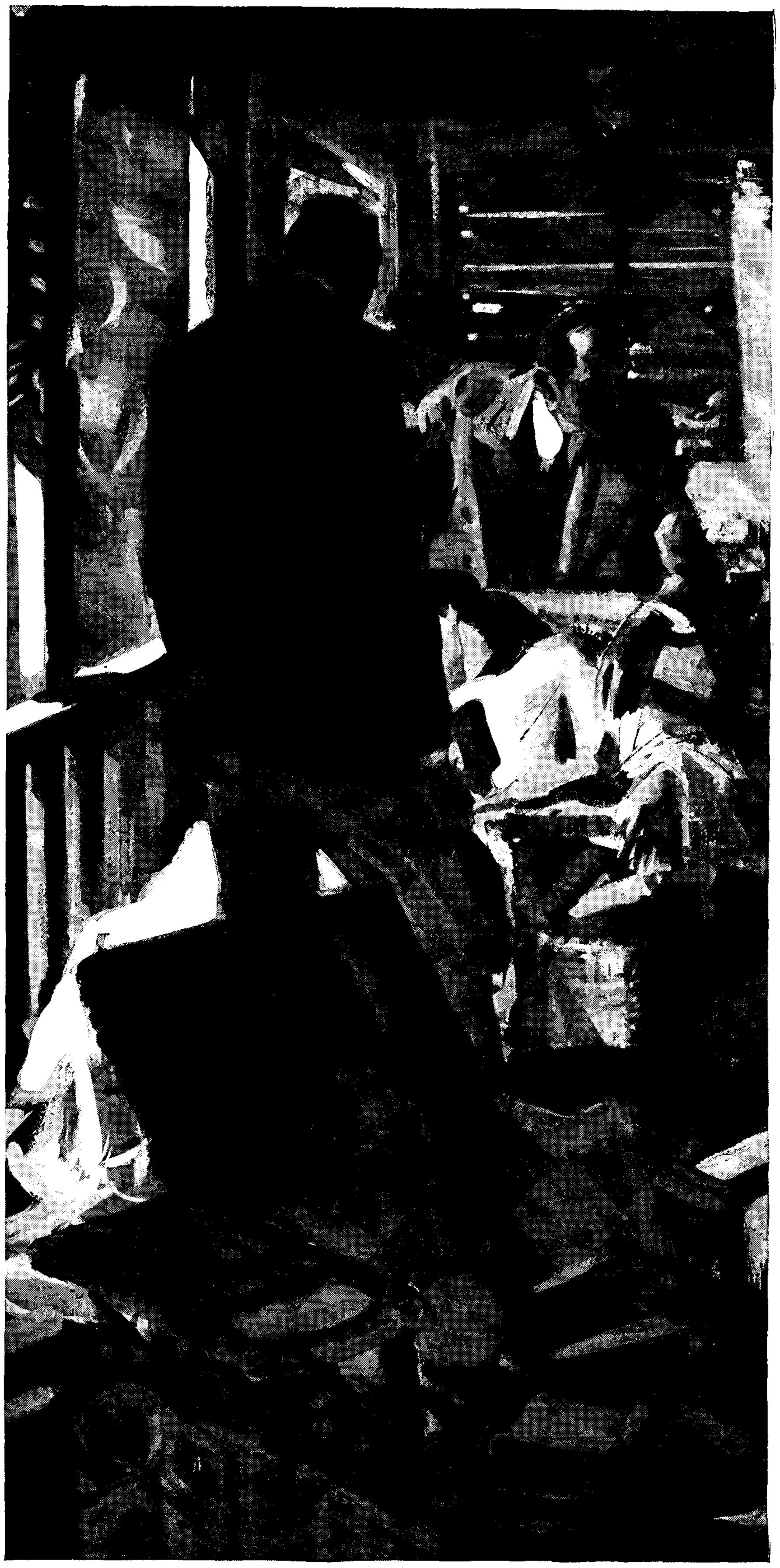
(Continued on page 36)

Wherein the suave James Lee Wong, under-cover man, encounters a murder mystery, and overlooks the evidence in favor of a quiet little talk—

In Chinatown

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



THE telephone records show that at 8:15 in the morning long-distance rang through from San Francisco to Sunnymount with a call from Olga Saratov to Frank Russell.

Sunnymount is thirty miles south of San Francisco. There was a five-minute hitch in the long-distance call and this was due to the fact that Frank Russell's telephone was an unlisted number. Presently, the Palo Alto supervisor rigged things up so that Mr. Russell received Olga Saratov's call.

"I want to see you as soon as you can get here," the Russian woman said.

"Olga! I am delighted to hear your voice. Where are you? When did you get to San Francisco?"

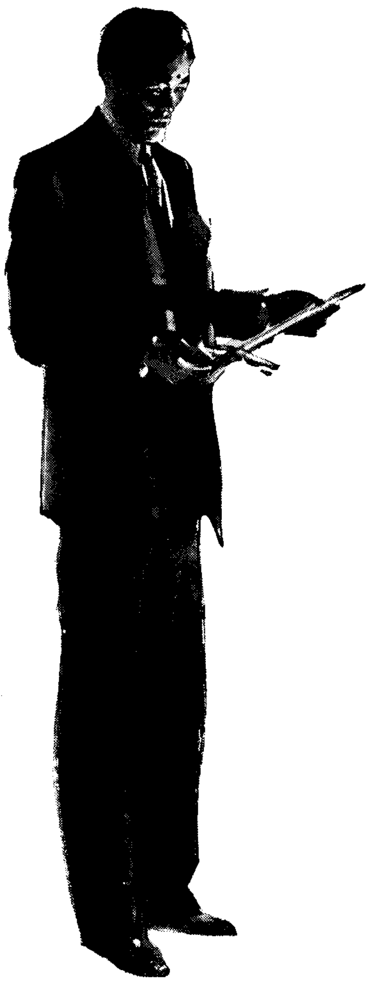
"I have an apartment at 9900 Pacific Street," Olga Saratov said. "Apartment seven. When can you get here? Is Hans Ritter still a friend of yours?"

"Not later than ten," Mr. Russell said. "Hans is still a pal of mine. I will start as soon as I get dressed."

"You're not dressed?"

"Just getting up. I'll be there at ten."

Mr. Russell had promised himself the rare luxury of staying in bed until noon. On the bed, at his right between him and the teakwood stand on which the telephone stood, there lay an accumulation of reading matter. Two numbers of the China Journal curled about a flat number of Antiquity. The third quarterly issue of the American Geographical Review lay above Egypt As a Field for Anthropological Research. Under these was a catalogue of ancient Chinese porcelains and then, in the lower strata, consecutively came Goddard's Kato Texts, a monograph on Korean mortuary pottery, Edwin Barber's Tulip Ware of the Pennsylvania-German Potters, three book auction catalogues of the Anderson Galleries in New York, and a much worn copy of South Wind.



The morning mail had come in and to the left of the literature there lay an assortment of letters that Mr. Russell's Japanese cook had brought up with his breakfast tray.

Dressing, "What a fool I am," the writer reflected. "Why should I have to doll myself up and drive to San Francisco at this moment? . . . Why is it that something always gums up the game with a lot of female visiting firemen!"

HE WAS sorry then for these unkind thoughts. "Olga is a good egg," he said to himself, whamming a razor blade through a two days' growth of beard. "I shouldn't be such a selfish pig. Maybe she really needs me. She sounded serious enough . . . I wonder what she wants with Hans Ritter."

When he had dressed, "I will be gone all day," he said to his Japanese cook. "I'll probably have dinner in San Francisco and be back late tonight or tomorrow morning."

A frown of disappointment lay on the face of the Japanese servant. "Berry fine ramb kidneys."

"Eat them yourself," Mr. Russell directed. "Lamb kidneys get nephritis in the tepid atmosphere in that refrigerator. You'd better get the ice off the coils of that machine before it becomes a hothouse."

"Berry fine ramb kidneys," the Japanese insisted.

Russell got into his car. He looked at his watch. The time was 9:15. The lights were against him at six crossings en route to San Francisco; a funeral had the traffic stopped at the cemeteries; a construction crew blockaded him at Colma, but he landed in front of Olga Saratov's residence at 9:55. He looked at his watch again. He realized that he must have broken various traffic regulations. "Forty minutes! That's not bad time through that traffic. . . . I shouldn't drive so fast. . . . I wonder what Olga wants."

He got out of his car. He locked the ignition and put the key in his left-hand vest pocket alongside of the thin watch that he carried. "She sounded sort of Sarah Bernhardt. I hope she hasn't had a relapse of love's young dream."

He walked into the entrance of the apartment house and fumbled around with the cryptic mechanism of push-buttons and the concealed telephones with which such places are equipped. He pressed the button opposite Olga Saratov's name. Ten seconds later the buzzing mechanism of the lock in the front door sounded as a signal for his entrance. He walked through the doorway and made his way to the elevator, wherein, guessing at the mathematics of apartment house numbers, he jabbed button Number Seven. When he had escaped from the elevator he found himself in an entrance hall from which, save for the elevator, there was but one exit. He pressed the button in the framing of the door.

WHEN the door opened Mr. Russell faced a Chinese cook who had left his service three cooks back. The cook's name was Wong Lok. Following Wong Lok there had been a female refugee from Poland who had lasted ten days. The female refugee had given place to Sugi Matsuta. Mr. Matsuta, leaving suddenly for Japan after two years' service, had replaced himself with one of his countrymen who was the present incumbent. Of these various servants Wong Lok was the best cook and Sugi Matsuta the most generally efficient servant.

The wide vestibule of Olga Saratov's apartment narrowed to a hallway which led back to a dining-room. A five-foot doorway in the left wall opened upon a long living-room. Mr. Russell got a flash of this layout but in his surprise at meeting Wong Lok his survey of the scene was recorded without much attention to detail.

He held out his hand to his former Chinese cook. "What are you doing here?" he said. "When did you come back from China?"

Smiling only with his mouth, "How you, Mis' Russell?" Wong Lok asked, speaking coolie pidgin. "Long time no see you. You ketchum large story?"

Answering this with another ques-

Inspector Coyne gave one look at Olga Saratov. "Telephone the coroner's office," he said to one of the policemen who had accompanied him

tion, "What are you doing here?" Mr. Russell asked. "Are you working for Miss Saratov?"

"I cookum lilly bit," Wong Lok answered. "You likee talk lady? She sit down in sun porch. You go through large room you see him." Wong Lok bowed and with a gesture of his right hand he indicated the route through the wide living-room along which Mr. Russell would travel to find Miss Saratov.

Wong Lok put Mr. Russell's hat on a table against the east wall and with a pleasant nod toward his former master he turned and walked down the hallway.

Midway of the living-room Mr. Russel announced himself with a casual call to Olga Saratov. "Olga! Hello, globe-trotter. Where are you?"

There was no reply to this. Ten feet farther along his route, looking into the colorful interior of the sunporch, Mr. Russell saw Olga Saratov. She was lying in a long wicker chair. Her head, resting on a yellow cushion, lay so that her face was turned toward the streaming sunlight. Russell called to her again. "Olga, my dear! It's good to—" he began, and then he saw against the yellow surface of the cushion under her head a blackening stain of blood. A stream of blood had flowed from her shoulder to the finger tips of her right hand, widening to a ten-inch pool where her fingers touched the green carpet.

Mr. Russell halted. "Olga!" he said. Then, seeming to lack breath enough to speak her name aloud, "Olga," he whispered. . . . "She's dead!"

Over the telephone to police headquarters: "A woman has been killed," Mr. Russell reported. "9900 Pacific Street, Apartment Seven. . . . My name is Frank Russell."

"What's the woman's name?"

"Her name is Olga Saratov."

"How do you know she was killed?"

Mr. Russell was conscious of a sudden flash of anger. Without answering the question, "Hurry up," he said. "I'll be here when your men arrive."

He hung up the telephone and called loudly for Wong Lok. No voice answered him. He explored the kitchen of the apartment and the three bedrooms. Wong Lok had disappeared.

INSPECTOR COYNE of the homicide squad gave one look at Olga Saratov. "Telephone the coroner's office," he said to one of the policemen who had accompanied him. To Russell, "How long have you been here?"

"Not over twenty minutes."

"Who let you in?"

"A Chinaman. A Chinaman named Wong Lok. He used to work for me."

"Did you know the dead woman?"

"I've known her for ten years."

"Where's the Chinaman?"

"He must have left right after I arrived. As soon as I saw what had happened I looked for him."

"Why did you hide the gun?"

Russell felt the blood surging through the veins in his throat. "What gun are you talking about? Inspector, I don't like that question!"

"Show him the gun, Casey."

Officer Casey produced a .45 automatic. "This was lying under the rug over by that chair," Inspector Coyne explained. "Why did you hide it?"

"I never saw the gun before."

"Why don't you want the dead woman to be booked as a suicide?"

"She isn't a suicide. She was murdered."

Inspector Coyne smiled thinly at Russell. "I think so too. You'd better come down to headquarters with us, Mr. Russell."

"I'll drive down right away. My car is out in front of the house."

"One of the boys will bring it down. You'd better ride along with me."

AT HEADQUARTERS Inspector Coyne held his fire on the problem of booking Frank Russell. "The woman had quit bleeding by the time we got there," he explained to the chief of the homicide squad. "If Russell is telling the truth she was killed half an hour or so before he showed up. She telephoned him at 8:15. He could have been there at nine o'clock."

"What's the Chinaman angle sound like to you?"

"She's had a Chinese cook for a couple of weeks."

"Round him up."

"We're working on it."

"What about the gun?"

A clerk from the telegraph room came in with a wire that contained some interesting data on the gun. He handed the message to Inspector Coyne.

"I'm not a bad guesser," the inspector said when he had read the message. "The Army people identify the gun from the serial number. It was issued to Captain Frank Russell in San Francisco a week before his outfit started for France in 1917. It's still his gun."

"That makes it tough for Frank Russell. We'll book him 'en route' until the district attorney can do his stuff. Get Russell in here."

Facing Inspector Coyne and three other members of the homicide squad, Frank Russell realized that he confronted a new menace. Inspector Coyne showed him the .45 automatic. "This is the gun that was used to kill the woman. The bullet that killed her was fired through the barrel of this gun. You told me you'd never seen the gun before, didn't you?"

"To the best of my knowledge I never saw the gun before."

"It was issued to you in 1917 when you went to France. Think it over. . . . That's all, Russell. You'll have to stay here for a while. The charge will be first degree murder when the smoke clears away. Think it over."

LEAVING Olga Saratov's Pacific Street apartment, Wong Lok headed for Chinatown. On Grant Avenue, near the corner of Jackson Street, in the heart of this colony of his countrymen, Wong Lok sought sanctuary in the Cave of Harmony.

The Chinatown squad and a few of the white and yellow public in general know the Cave of Harmony as a rendezvous wherein members of the Wong family meet to discuss their mutual affairs, to enjoy the glow that comes from libations of black brandy, and to seek spiritual or financial support whenever the frowns on the face of Milo Fo gum up the game of life. As a matter of fact, the Cave of Harmony is a more complex structure than the first view of the central assembly room might suggest. A system of twisted, narrow hallways, stairways leading upward to apartments above the street, stairways leading to subterranean apartments, telephones, an electric signal system, a treasure room, a properly ventilated opium room, a wine cellar and a barber shop are included as integral elements of the refuge to which Wong Lok hurried subsequent to his departure from Olga Saratov's apartment.

AFTER greeting the old sentinel on duty in the Cave of Harmony in the slow phrases of the ritual of Right Conduct, "I must speak at once with James Lee Wong," the refugee declared. "You have not seen me. I am not here."

The elder Chinese removed his spectacles and bowed to Wong Lok. "A wise man understands a nod," he said. "At the moment our friend is engaged. If you will rest in the Moon Cavern I will send him to you presently."

The Moon Cavern was an underground apartment lighted by a single forty-watt lamp. It was furnished with a table, three chairs, a mirror, a bed, a lithographed calendar that had been printed in Shanghai and a quotation board on which were recorded the international prices of silver, rice and silk. Here, after a delay of forty minutes, James Lee Wong found his countryman.

"I am sorry I had to hold you up," the late arrival said, speaking in English. "What's the layout?"

James Lee Wong, known on the federal pay rolls as James Lee, sat down at the table in the Moon Cavern and lighted a cigarette. He was six feet tall, and from where he sat he could blow the smoke out over the head of Wong Lok. After the first drag at his cigarette he let a cloud of smoke drift through the thin nostrils of his aquiline nose. He looked at Wong Lok through the narrowed level lids of his warm brown eyes. His face was suddenly the face of a foreign devil—a "Yankee."

Wong Lok sensed the fact that James Lee had masked his countenance. "The State Department has me jumping sideways on the Manchukuo affair," James Lee said. "I'm loaded down with work but what is one more stone to an overloaded donkey?" The glowing cigarette quivered in the long, sensitive fingers of James Lee's right hand. "What is your problem? I am a donkey who loves to

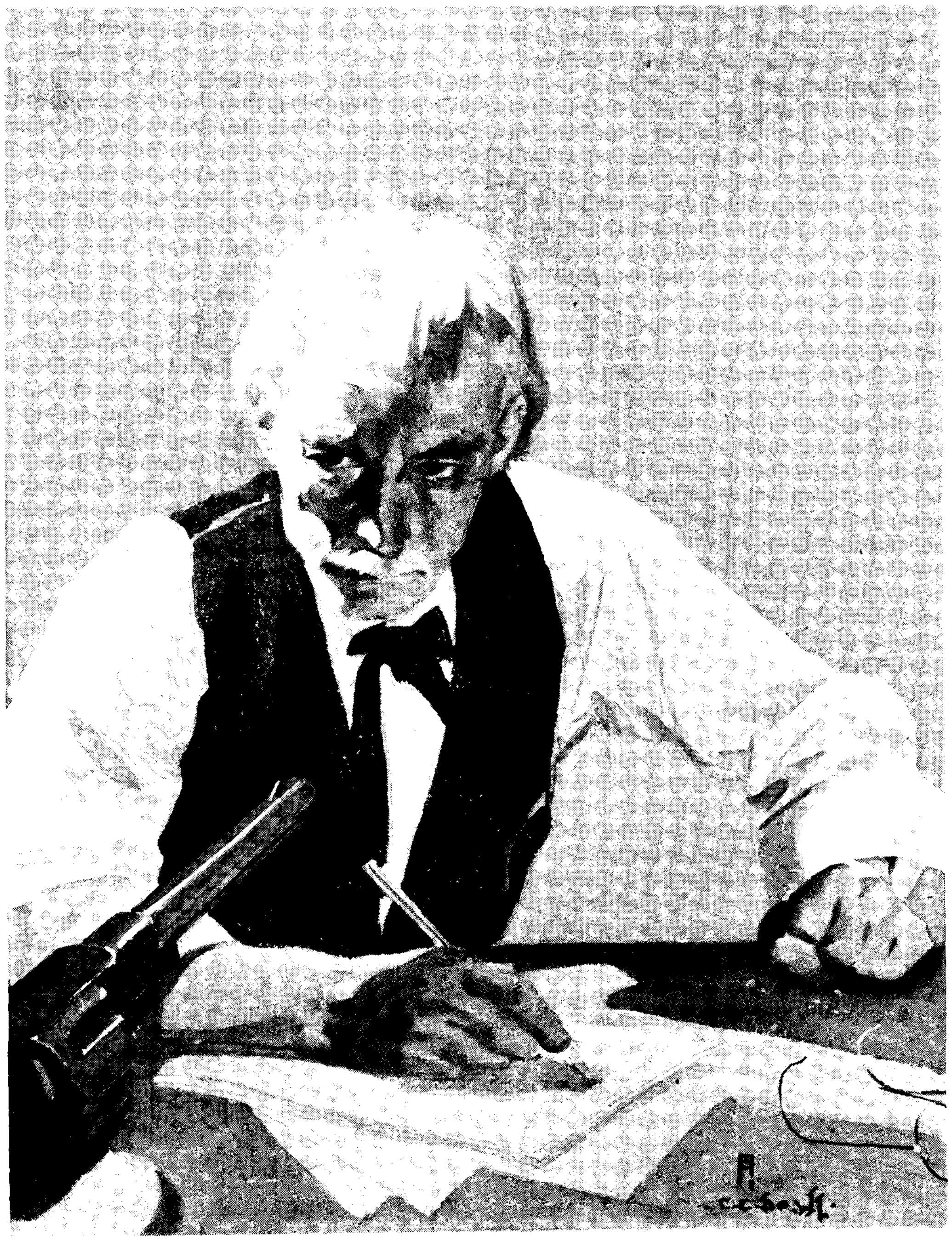
(*Continued on page 48*)

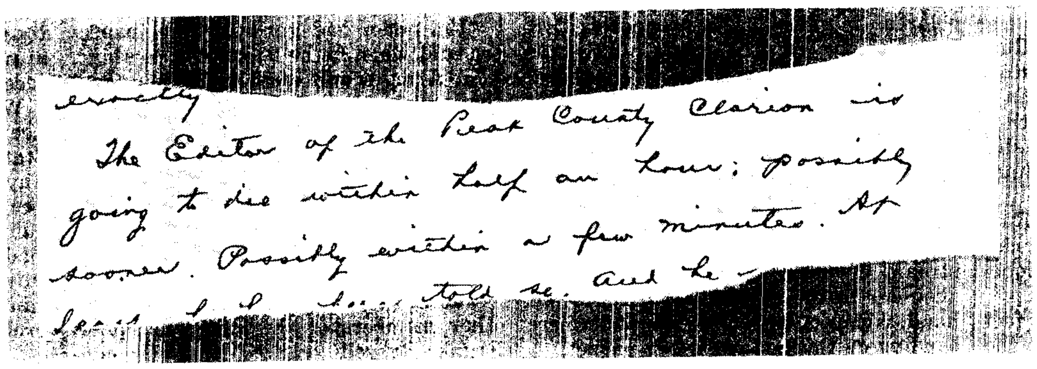
A Piece for the Paper

The editor of the Clarion writes his own obituary notice—a rare opportunity indeed

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL





exactly
The Editor of the Peak County Clarion is
going to die within half an hour; possibly
sooner. Possibly within a few minutes. At
least, he has been told so. And he —

OLD HENRY WATERS, who had been the editor of the Peak County Clarion for fifty years, sat at his desk with a neat stack of yellow manila paper sheets before him, writing. He was an old man, but his hand was firm; and his face, under its great shock of white hair, was firm also. Neither the lines on the paper nor the lines in his tanned and weathered countenance suggested failure or hesitation in spite of his more than seventy years.

"This is the obituary notice of the editor," wrote Mr. Waters with an unshaken hand. "He has written a great many obituary notices in the last half century, but none under such peculiar circumstances. He is writing his own obituary this time; he is doing it himself, because he wants to get the facts right. It occurs to him, in passing, that most people might be better satisfied with their obituary notices if they wrote them themselves. But few people do it, for few people have the advantage of knowing exactly when they are going to die.

"The editor of the Peak County Clarion is going to die within half an hour; possibly sooner. Possibly within a few minutes. At least, he has been told so. And he sees no reason to doubt it. For Squaw Potter is sitting directly across from him with a .45-caliber six-gun in his hand, watching every move he makes. Squaw Potter has always favored that particular weapon in his killings, and at the distance he couldn't miss.

"POTTER came to town today for the express purpose of killing the editor, he says, and there doesn't seem at present writing any way out of it. He particularly objects to being called 'Squaw,' and the editor has been calling him that for thirty years, among other things, in nearly every issue of the Clarion. Now and then the editor has varied the epithet by calling him 'Skunk' Potter, and he says he hasn't liked that either. But his dislike has never inspired him to cease deserving the epithet.

"In the doorway between this office and the composing room is one of Squaw Potter's half-breed sons, with another six-gun in his hand. He is not only a half-breed, but a half-wit as well. He is the author of several unavenged homicides, as this community is aware. In appearance he reminds the editor of a carved wooden god he saw in Mexico a few years ago, although he is not as intelligent-looking.

"In the composing room itself where Bob Allen is setting this copy in type at the linotype machine—the first linotype machine ever to operate in Peak County, for the Clarion has always been in the vanguard of progress—is another one of Potter's half-breed sons, and he has a six-gun also. There have always been more six-guns than sense in the Potter outfit. The moron in the composing room is stationed there, as his part of the great Potter strategic campaign, to see that Bob Allen doesn't run to the street and alarm the town. The one in the doorway takes this copy to the linotype in short takes, as I am writing it.

"The gorilla in the composing room is slightly less intelligent than the one in the doorway, and not so good-looking either. He looks like one of those Indians that used to stand in front of cigar stores, but his head is sort of slewed to one side as if it had been run over by an auto truck.

"The Potter boys would be poor white trash, if they were white. The old man is white, although he more or less married a squaw thirty years ago, and he isn't poor—he has got more money than nearly anyone else in this corner of this great western commonwealth, which he has accumulated over many years by fraud, crookedness, knavery and, when it served his purpose, murder; and he has got a good deal of political influence. But in his soul, in spite of his money, he is low-down white trash. He hopes to get away with this killing, as he has several others in the last thirty years, through his money and political connections. And maybe he will. He has got away with murder before this, and when I say murder I mean murder.

"Why are they letting me write this? I don't think either one of the Potter boys can read. The three of them came to town about two hours ago and began to get stewed, working their courage up for the killing. They will probably bump off my printer, Bob Allen, when they bump me off; and plant guns beside both of us. And a claim of having killed us in self-defense, plenty of perjury, and the corrupt political gang that rules Peak County will do the rest.

"I said to Squaw Potter when he came in: 'Squaw, you've come to kill me, I see that; and you know I haven't carried a gun in more than twenty years, because I don't believe in pistol-toting, so there's nothing to prevent it. But I want to write a piece for the paper first, and then you can go ahead.'

"He wanted to know what kind of a piece for the paper. I told him, a history of my life since I had been editor of the Clarion, and what I had done for this part of the state. Somebody would write it, and I might as well do it myself.

"The boys presented the idea to their father that the best plan would be to get the killing over first, and then let somebody else write the history of my life. But Squaw said to me: 'I'll bet there'll be something mean in that piece about me.'

"'Of course there will,' I said. 'When did I ever write a piece for the paper without having something mean about you in it?'

"SQUAW is not only cruel and cunning, but he has the kind of stupidity that goes with his kind of cunning. And I saw that he didn't want to get this killing over too quickly. He wanted to take time and pleasure himself in it, and gloat over it; for he had been meditating it for a long while.

"'You've said so many mean things about me in the last thirty years,' said Squaw, 'that there ain't nothing new you can think up.'

"'You're afraid to give me a chance,' I said.

"'I ain't afraid of nothin',' said Squaw, 'and never have been; and you know it.' And there is a certain amount of truth in that. Squaw has always had physical courage. As far as moral courage is concerned, he doesn't know anything about it, for he doesn't know anything about morality.

(Continued on page 52)

Limelight Blues

Our hero, Franchot Tone, discovers that in Hollywood the life of a goldfish is secret as compared to that of a movie star. He and Joan Crawford recently spent a nice quiet evening at the theater—accompanied by eighteen camera-men, two sound-news men, a bodyguard and a press agent

By Kyle Crichton

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, co-stars in the recent moving picture, Sadie McKee

M-G-M

M-G-M

Franchot Tone, Hollywood's new Crown Prince of the Universe

FRANCHOT TONE is the young man who went to Hollywood to be an actor and is in grave danger of becoming America's Prince Charming. This is a fate worse than death and can be attributed in some measure to a dirty trick by the Fairbanks dynasty—Papa and Junior—who abdicated and flew abroad. It is based, more directly, on reports that Mr. Tone is to marry Joan Crawford, but it may be equally true if Mr. Tone does not marry Miss Crawford. There are indications that Miss Crawford may have changed her mind but there is every likelihood that the reprieve has come too late. Mr. Tone is a marked man.

Miss Crawford is a lady of beauty and charm, but marrying any motion-picture star is much like marrying Cook County, Illinois. You may think, and the lady may hope, that it is going to be a personal matter, but you immediately take on public responsibilities of such magnitude that you either travel by armored tank or risk death by trampling.

Rudolph Valentino once acted as a target for all those who wished to touch the hand of one who had touched the hand of Samuel Goldwyn, and later Mr. Fairbanks, Sr., served a term as Crown Prince of the Universe. Indeed, in their heyday the public appearances of Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks, Sr., resembled nothing so much as an East Indian monsoon in full irritation. Mr. Fairbanks was a whirlwind in his own right and he was invariably met by thousands of whirling dervishes who insisted on pushing his railroad train off the track and scurrying up the façades of metropolitan hotels in order to make sure that his life was a public life. But the Fairbanks gentlemen are gone, Mr. Gable insists on remaining married to Mrs. Gable and Mr. Tone is in jeopardy.

Initiation to Hollywood

From what can be learned, Mr. Tone had no such ideas of public attention when he left the Group Theater in New York to try Hollywood. They hired him for a picture with Jean Harlow. His national reputation at that time extended to a line three miles west of Scotch Plains, New Jersey, but he had been a success with the Theater Guild and later with the Group, and the movies were getting all the best of it. People in the larger centers knew that his name was pronounced Fran-show and that he was no more French than anybody else born at Niagara Falls and that he could wind up and act when he got in the mood.

His Hollywood reception was like any Hollywood reception, which is to say that he sat around for three months waiting for Jean Harlow to make up her mind about something. When she finally decided that she didn't want to make up her mind, they put him in Today We Live, with Joan Crawford. This was at the time of the earlier rumors of the Fairbanks-Crawford rift and Mr. Tone, out for the evening with his leading lady, was practically burned to a crisp by the discharge of flashlight bulbs. This was the first indication to Mr. Tone that when you went out with a young lady in Beverly Hills, you went out at the same time with the major portion of the population of Iowa. If he was unknown before, he was known now or newsprint had lost its virility.

This public acclaim was all very pleasant but Mr. Tone has never needed it. He has always had attention, and being chased up and down theater lobbies and through alleys by Mid-Western ladies of more playful amorousness than good sense had no attraction for him after the first sample of it. His real ambition in life is to be an actor and he has been acting ever since his college days at Cornell. Indeed he was acting even before that. When he was at Hill School preparing for Harvard he acted in such a manner that the headmaster asked him to go home and inquire of his parents if they couldn't please keep him away from Hill School. In short, he was fired during the Christmas holidays of his senior year for a series of incidents having nothing to do with education.

A Phi Bete Thespian

Since the episode at Hill School followed similar aberrations at private institutions ranging all the way from Saranac Lake, New York, to Tucson, Arizona, it was decided at the family conference held on Christmas Eve that Franchot would not be allowed to hang up his Christmas stocking, and furthermore, Harvard was too far away from Niagara Falls. There was an understanding in the family that the Tone boys, Jerry and Franchot, were to follow their father into business and Jerry was then in his last year at Cornell. Consequently, Franchot was taken down to Ithaca and placed forcibly in a chair and asked to put in eight hours a day boning up for the entrance examinations. He passed his examinations and eventually left Cornell with a Phi Beta Kappa key. He left college, however, for Broadway rather than for the Carborundum Company of America at Niagara Falls.

Mr. Tone arrived in New York after having been head of the Cornell Dramatic Club. He took an apartment, had a phone installed and got in touch with the agents.

"Gentlemen, I'm here now and if there's anything you're stuck with, just give me a ring."

He was still sitting there waiting for the slightest tinkling sound two months later. It was then that he heard of the New Playwrights' Theater which was putting on Paul Sifton's The Belt. Since it was an experimental theater down in Greenwich Village which the better known Broadway actors could only have found with dog teams and mountain guides, there was a scarcity of actors and Mr. Tone was cast in the

(Continued on page 53)

The Man who couldn't Spell

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The story of the world's worst speller—who did not find romance in the dictionary

I WAS lying on my face on the rock sunning myself and feeling swell in a lazy, drowsy way when I heard someone swimming near by. The cove was small, on the eastern shore of the lake, and it was nice to come down to the rock about three in the afternoon, take a dip and then lie there feeling lazy. My two-room shack was up the slope a bit, about fifty yards, with a lot of spruce and white birch around it, and at night everything got so still that you'd think sounds across the lake were right at your doorstep. This was not an asset, because if you wanted to sleep you couldn't, and what I was supposed to get a lot of was sleep and rest and no liquor.

It didn't interest me who was swimming near by, but after a while, when the splashing of the swimmer sounded very close, I looked up. The sun was bright and it hurt my eyes and dazzled them a bit, but when the dazzle finally jigged off I saw she was pretty close, about ten yards out, and treading water. All I saw was her face, framed in a white rubber helmet. It was a nice long face, kind of tawny, or else the white helmet made it seem that way.

"Hello," she said.

I said, "Hello," and let my chin rest on my hands flat on the rock and absentmindedly watched her tread water. Then she took a couple of smooth strokes and came up against the rock. I watched her trying to climb up the rock but the rock was pretty steep and slippery and she flopped back in the water again and laughed.

"It's slippery," she said.

She made another try and didn't seem to be having any better luck. I got up, reached down and gave her a hand. Coming out of the water, dripping, the sun shining on her, she had a nice shape, very slender. She let out a breath and sat down.

"I guess it was quite a swim," she said, and she was beginning to be out of breath now.

"Across?"

"No." She pointed to the other side of the cove.

"Your wind must be as bad as mine," I said.

She pointed again. "I swam out to the middle and then back here."

"That's different," I said.

She pulled off her helmet and shook her hair. It fell down almost to her shoulders. It was the color of copper and went well with the color of her skin.

"That point over there?" I asked.

"See the flagpole on the stone wharf by the boathouse? . . . I live with my aunt and uncle. Everyone calls him Popsy."

"Oh," I said, lying on my stomach again.

She lay down beside me but I guess she found it hard getting her breath that way, so she rolled over on her back and laid her cap across her eyes. I could just see her mouth and it was very nice. She put her knees up in the air, touching.

"You're new around here, aren't you?" she asked.

"About a week," I said.

"I thought I hadn't seen you around."

I looked out across the water and asked her, "Don't you people ever go to bed over there?"

"Sure."

"When?"

"Oh, sometimes late, sometimes early."

"WHO'S the fellow likes to come out sometime after midnight all the time and sing the Indian Love Call?"

She laughed and I got a look at her teeth. "That's Bill."

"Then there's another guy likes to play whale. Blowing in the water all the time."

"That's Eddie."

"Are you the one with the high C scream that usually cuts loose at about two A. M.?"

"Oh, no. That's Gwen. They usually tickle her in the water."

"Some night I hope that speedboat you folks take out will take a nose dive."

She raised the cap and turned her head to look at me. "You're certainly sociable."

"Oh, I'm sociable enough," I said. "I'd just like to get a general idea of when you people turn in, so I could arrange my sleeping hours along those lines. If that isn't being sociable, what is?"

"Do we keep you awake, really?"

"It's possible."

"Where do you live?"

I showed her.

"Alone?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Maybe," she said, "if you'd come over and join in the fun—"

"It's not that," I interrupted. "I'm on a rest cure. I'm up here to build up the old corpse."

"You don't look like a corpse."

"I'm just a shell. No wine, women or song."

"I'd better go."

"Nice to have met you."

SHE sat up and shook her hair again. "No, really," she said, earnest this time; "are you ill?"

"Well, so they tell me. Combination of overwork and too much experimenting with Repeal spirits. I rented that shack to get away from it all."

Her face dropped. "I'm so sorry."

"No. But did you ever see a sober guy yet that had any patience with a lot of drunks? It's just that I have to lie up there, stone-sober, and hear a lot of Indians cutting up."

"I'll tell them."

"No. Only please ask that guy to cut out the Indian Love Call."

She killed a lot of time putting on her helmet. "What do you do with yourself all day?"

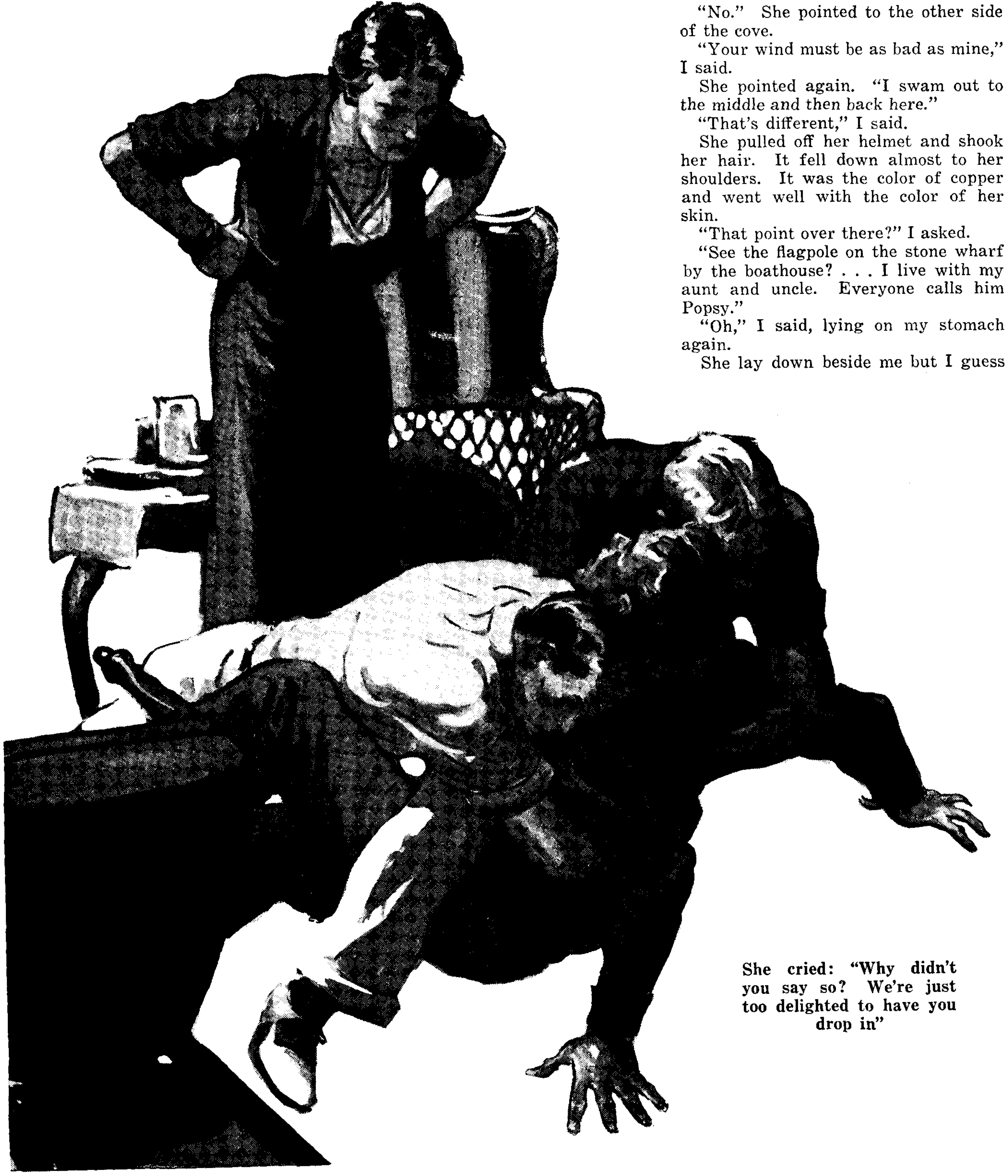
"Fish. Or like I am now. In the mornings I write."

"Oh, you're a writer?"

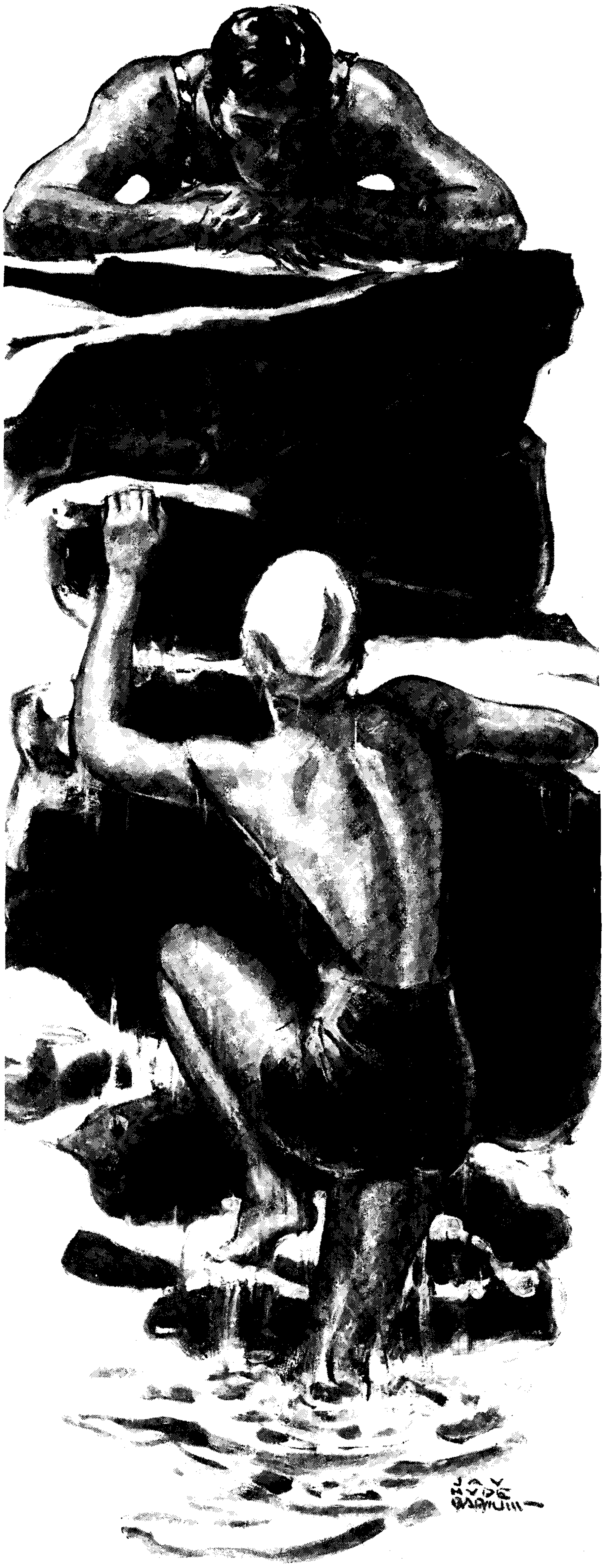
"No. I run a sports column for a syndicate. I write the column in the morning and shoot it off in the afternoon mail."

"What do you do for food?"

"Make my own. Or I take a walk up to the Ridge, to that tavern place. It's swell here. Makes a bum out of me."



She cried: "Why didn't you say so? We're just too delighted to have you drop in"



"It's slippery," she said, and made another try

"Have you given up drinking for good?"

"No. It just happened that all the year's binges came in a bunch. I'm not a souse."

"Do you miss it?"

"I only miss it when I hear your boy friends over there."

"Why don't you come over sometime?"

"Uh-huh. Ten minutes and I'd be off the wagon with a slam. The issue's not moral, madam. It's self-preservation."

She stood up and buttoned the chin strap of her helmet. "You work in the morning, you say?"

I got up and nodded, and said, "Drop around the rock again. I'm harmless."

She made a nice sight, diving. I got an idea and dived too and said, coming up, "Halfway with you."

She could have trimmed me without trying.

I swam back and lay on the rock for half an hour and when I was all dry again I went up to the shack and made myself a pot of tea.

AT ABOUT eight that night, while I was reading a published column of mine and thinking how flat it was, a motor boat blasted down below and then in a minute or two I heard it idling, and about three minutes later a guy walked onto my porch, pulled a flask out of his pocket and said, "Have a drink."

I said, "Not now, thanks."

He took a pull himself and said, waving the bottle, "I'm Eddie—you know, from over there."

"Oh, you're the one goes glubble-glubble in the water."

He looked penitent. "Bess said we were noisy. I'm sorry, old man. We'll soft-pedal it from now on. Bill says he's sorry, too. They all said so."

"Oh, that's all right," I told him. "It's just a guy's apt to crab when he's on the wagon. Let it slide."

"No. No, *sir!* I'm really sorry, old man. We'll cut it out. Why I came over— Well, look: we're playing charades and there's not a dictionary in the whole dump over there. Fifteen rooms and five baths and not a single dictionary. Can you imagine that? Well, Bess had an idea you might have a dictionary and might come over with us."

"Thanks very much, but I guess not. I'm recuperating from something or other."

"Oh, that's too bad. Well, could we borrow your dictionary?"

THE only one I had along was a present from my Aunt Rose. It was bound in calfskin and the paper was India paper. I valued it quite a bit as a keepsake, but also I needed it in my work, because I can't spell worth a dime. I don't mean big words. I mean just ordinary words like exaggerate and swivel and wagon and marbles. I always have to look them up to make sure.

"We'll bring it back first thing in the morning," Eddie was saying; and then, without my saying anything, he picked it up. "You don't mind, do you, old man?"

I said, "Go ahead, take it. Only watch it."

"Guard it with my life," he promised.

I always doubt cracks like that, but I went with him to the porch and he offered me a drink again and I shook my head and then he left, promising, "We'll be quiet as a mouse."

"Don't be silly," I said after him. "I wasn't really sore."

I was, of course, but what could you do about it?

I hit the hay at about ten and when I woke up the first thing I did was take a look at the illuminated dial of my wrist watch. It was one A. M. They were right on time, only it was Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? instead of the other. I lay awake and listened through four repetitions. When the singing died, there was a lot of joyous yelling and those blowing sounds Eddie made in the water. Then the speed boat barked away and I lay for a while thinking I could almost trace its course as they hammered up and down the lake. I think it died off at about three and it took me another hour to get back to sleep.

The point was silent as a bank on Sunday all next morning. I worked until eleven, shoved my stuff into an envelope and carried it a quarter-mile back to the Ridge Road. In a little while the R. F. D. man came along and picked it up. When I got back to the shack Bess was sitting on the porch in her wet one-piece.

"Aren't you up early?" I asked. I wasn't trying to crack, I was just asking her a simple question.

"I don't blame you for being nasty," she said.

"Who's nasty?"

"I swear I begged them!" she cried. "I know how it must be when you want to sleep and a lot of people make a lot of noise. It's just that they have so much fun. What's your name?"

"Edwards."

"Edward what?"

"I said Edwards. Edwards is the last name. Sam Edwards. When you go back, ask Eddie to return that dictionary. I need it in my work."

"Would you like to swim across the lake?"

"With my wind?"

"Oh, I forgot," she said.

"Besides, it's about time I feed."

She looked up brightly. "Can't I help you?"

"I can manage."

"But I'd like to."

SHE made an omelet, fixed some salad, toasted some bread. We sat down and she looked very happy and proud and I guess she thought it was fun roughing it. The meal was awful but I didn't tell her so. It was shady inside and in the shade she looked very pretty, with her smooth, tawny skin and the hair that matched it. We smoked cigarettes and dropped the ashes in the coffee cups. I told her to scram on the dishwashing but she dried them anyhow. I wondered what was the idea killing time with a bird like me when there was a gang of collar-ad males at the château. I didn't wonder this out loud though. If she wanted to do a little missionary work, that was all right by me.

"Won't you come over?" she asked, being very kind and sweet.

"The mountain remains," I said. I knew if I got over among those Arabians and got to talking that I'd forget and take a drink somebody was passing around; and while I have heard of men who can take one drink and stop, I always wonder why the one drink. I never drank liquor because I liked the taste of it.

"But aren't you lonesome?" she wanted to know.

"Who, me?"

"I mean really, deep down." She touched her heart.

"Well, now and then. But I can be lonesome in a crowd, too."

She leaned toward me, her eyes going very wide. "Isn't that true, though! I've felt the same way!"

A big fly had been buzzing around for some time and I went in and got a fly-swatter and nailed it. I was feeling funny about the way she'd leaned toward me. I got three more flies in a row. Not only the way she'd leaned, but her voice.

(Continued on page 46)

Woman of Honor

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

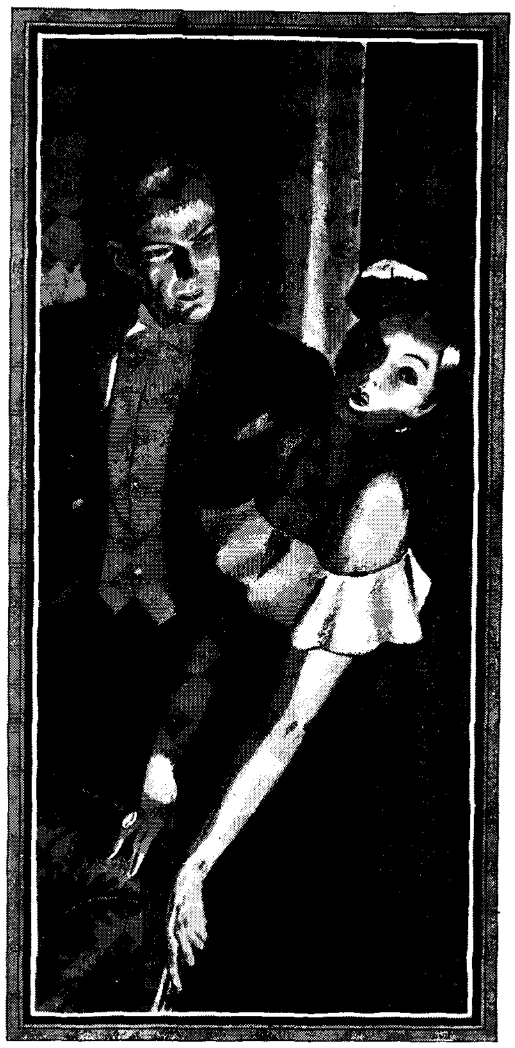
ERIC CLEED, American diplomat in Paris, having become a philanderer, Sandra, his wife, returns to America. Months later she receives a frantic letter from Eric. He implores her to come to him. She sails at once.

At Cherbourg an old friend, Lila Sashe, puts her in her car, starts for Paris. As they speed along, *Sandra's mind reverts constantly* to two surprising events on the boat. Philip Harden, an old suitor, had been a fellow passenger. He had told her that he loved her; and Sandra—to her amazement—had *found herself telling him that she* had always loved him, loved him still! Later, nearing Cherbourg, she had seen her husband (who had boarded the ship at Southampton) with a beautiful woman: Sonja *Bibescu, a siren with a background* of international intrigue. Eric had come to her, begged her to ignore the incident, implored her to join him in Paris.

But her thoughts are rudely interrupted. A *passing motorist tries* to shoot her, misses her by a hair. That night Sandra (having been informed by Eric that he has an engagement for the evening) goes on a lively party. Among the guests are two *charming Italians*—"Tony" and "Wallio," supposed to be counts. Sandra finds Tony especially delightful. A few hours later, however, she revises her opinion; for the delightful Tony inveigles her into going to his apartment, where he calmly robs her of her ring and pearls!

Leaving the apartment, Sandra does not notify the police—to do so would jeopardize Eric's career. Instead, she hurries to Philip Harden, tells him the whole shocking story. When she finally leaves, Philip marches straight to Tony's apartment, near by, bursts in, and demands the loot. "Tony"—the man's name is Cottafavia—is enraged. They fight, wrestle. Philip gets a hammerlock on his opponent. The man, in pain, gives up the ring and pearls. After which he attacks Philip with a sword cane, wounds him in the abdomen. Realizing that he may die at any moment, Philip summons all his remaining strength, *kicks* Cottafavia on the chin—*breaks his neck!*

At his apartment, to which he drags himself, Philip pretends he is drunk. Then, summoning a taxicab, he drives away. . . . His wife in Paris, Eric calls on Sonja Bibescu. He has been warned that, if he sees anything further of her, he will be forced to resign his post. Calmly he tells the woman. She argues, pleads, threatens—but Eric is adamant. At last— "I cannot go on without you, Eric. I love you. Go now, quickly, *before I kill you!*"



"Perhaps," he said, "if I stayed a moment until you collected yourself"

V

ERIC stood before her in that helpless, stupid way men have stood since the beginning of time and listened to the emotional outbursts of women they have ceased to love.

"Perhaps," he said, "if I stayed a moment until you collect yourself, Sonja?"

"No," she said fiercely, and she waved him from her without looking at him. Waved him as one would wave a bothersome servant. She crossed the room quickly to another room beyond and went through, leaving the door open behind her. There was still another room beyond that as he saw by looking through after her.

The sudden quiet of the place beat in upon his nerves when the echo of her voice ceased to be a living presence about him. The golden lamp splashed its pool of light on the disordered silver things. The blue lamp beyond burned a dozen times in the depths of the two long mirrors. Her perfume, a faint breath on the quiet air, died in the acrid fumes of a cigarette stub that still burned on an ash tray. He pinched it out and picked up his coat.

This, he was thinking, is the last time. This is no good. This is almost murder. It is unreasonable that such ghastly moments should come about from such infinitely natural beginnings. He put on his coat and arranged his scarf carefully over his collar and his white tie, crossing it evenly and covering it with his coat as he buttoned its snug length about him. He drew on his left glove and picked up his hat. The thought was in him to go to her for a moment, but he thought better of it. There is never any use. Never. Then she coughed harshly, once, somewhere beyond and there was a slight noise—a solid noise as of something dropping—something not too heavy. He stood listening but it was not repeated. He tucked his stick under his arm and the telephone started its thin, metallic treble.

"Sonja," he called softly, "are you all right?"

There was no answer. He shrugged and turned to the outer door but some inner consciousness stopped him before his hand touched the knob. Perhaps it was the telephone, or that instinct to live that still speaks strongly within us no matter how smoothly civilization burnishes the surface. He crossed the little salon quickly in four long strides and looked into the room beyond. There was a small table lamp burning in rose warmth under a tiny alabaster shade.

In the farther doorway the Bibescu lay on her back, half in that room and half in the tiny room beyond. Her gown was slipped from one white shoulder and the dark softness of her hair was spread like a black silken cushion for her head to rest upon. The far window was open and the night breeze fluttered in the curtains and moved her hair and a part of the edge of the silver yoke of her gown until it was almost as if she breathed. But she did not breathe. She was quite dead and quickly dead—and it was not too pleasant—the way death had come to her. She had been strangled with a wire or a thin, horsehair garrote, from behind. There was the angry red line of it, blackening on the flesh of her throat. Such things are quite simple in themselves but they leave a mark upon the face that stays in the memory. Sonja's face was not beautiful to look upon. There was blood on it, black blood settled under the skin like a dark stain on ivory and her mouth and her swollen tongue were unholy. Eric looked once and looked away.

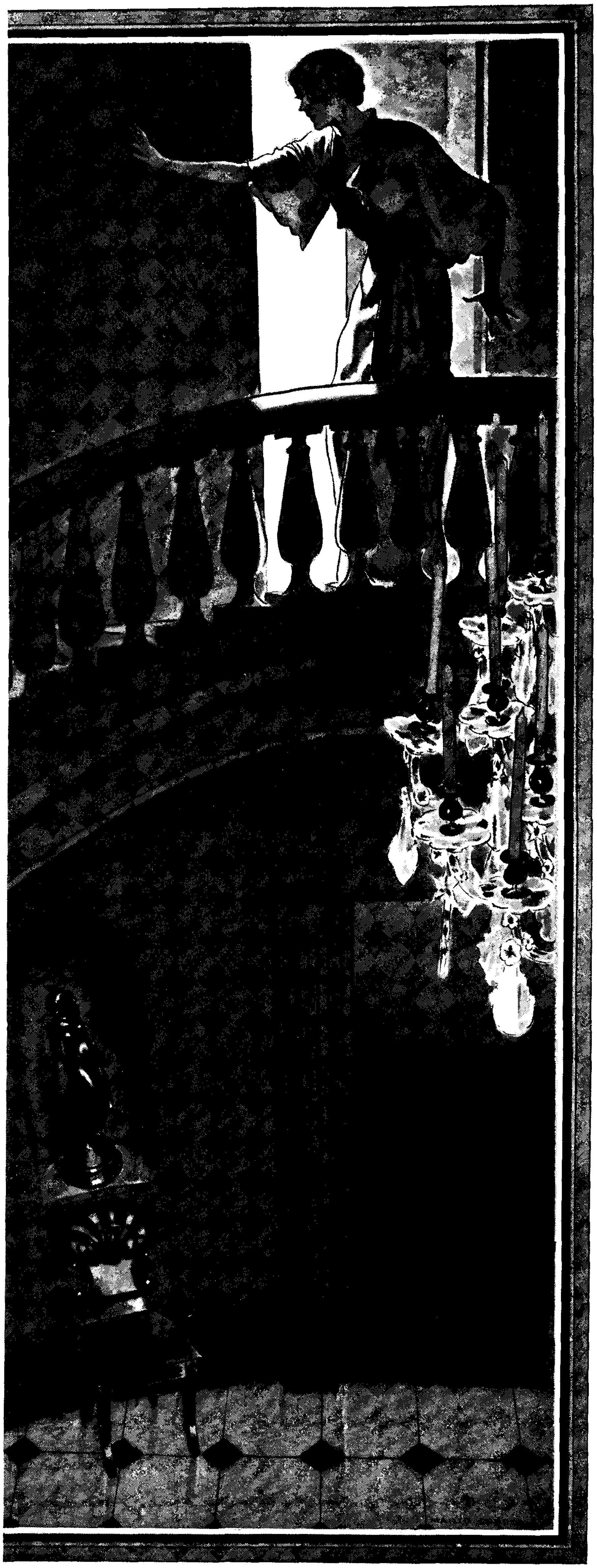
BEHIND him there was the quick knocking of authority upon the panels of the outer door. There was still no thought in him, just that quick instinct to live. He stepped to the window. There was a fire escape beyond. He got out onto it and swung noiselessly down the ladder, with the telephone still ringing above him and the pounding still echoing from the panels of the doorway. One story—two—and he was in a narrow alleyway. It seemed for a second that there were running footsteps far down that alley, two sets of running footsteps, but that was only an impression.

He sprinted down the alleyway and presently he walked quietly out into the lighted thoroughfare beyond. At the corner there was a taxi. He lifted his stick for it, stopped it and got in. He gave the driver his address. It was half past eleven by his watch.

He reached to an inner pocket for his cigarette case but before his fingers touched the empty pocket he remembered that his case lay open upon the table in Sonja Bibescu's little salon and that on the inside there was this engraved in the fine gold:

FOR ERIC CLEED
May 15 to June 27, 1926
Auxiliary Schooner Hesperides
Martha's Vineyard—to Hamilton,
Bermuda
"And the Lord said unto Moses Come
forth.
But we came seventh and were disqualified." —from Tim Outerbridge

SANDRA let herself into her apartment and snapped on the lights in the little foyer. There was no sound in the place but the sound of her own quiet moving about. Outside it was still dark—that deadly blackest hour before the light comes, when dried leaves rasp along the granite of gutters like the breathing of old men who will die before the sun. Far off somewhere there was a disjointed pattern of awakening traffic



He caught himself on the broad balustrade of the curving stairs and let himself down easily. She called to him again

noise—woven loosely like worn shoddy—a horn, a motor snort, a clack of market cart wheels.

She went through to her bedroom, but there was no thought of sleep in her mind.

A bath—warm and deep, with a thick, blue-bordered towel afterward. She looked at her face in the mirror. Youth—still—the gift of the gods—youth. When we have it, we destroy it vindictively; and when we lose it, we spend the rest of life seeking to bring it back, knowing the quest is hopeless, that the book is closed and can never be written in again.

A song was all within her like a cheerful flame that dances through autumn leaves. She stood on tiptoe, her head thrown back and her arms outstretched, the muscles under her smooth flesh pulled delightfully taut—the melody beating hotly against her heart. Philip . . .

She wrapped the thick folds of a dressing-gown about her and went through into the living-room. The windows were faintly gray with the dawn light.

"Good morning, Young Fellow."

She snapped on the table lamps. Eric, still dressed for the evening, sat in the deepest chair, his long legs thrust out straight before him and his shirt bosom crumpled under the lower edge of his collar where his chin had borne down upon it while he slept.

"Coffee?" he asked.

"It might be an excellent idea," Sandra told him. "Suppose I make it."

"Suppose you do," he said. "The pot walloper who has been doing my breakfasts lately will not be in until eight or thereabouts."

SHE looked at him for a moment. He looked tired and cramped and there was a tightness at the corners of his mouth—the tightness of sleep that does not rest.

He stood up and looked around at the chair he had slept in, pressing the kinks out of the small of his back with both hands.

It is amazing, Sandra thought, how perfectly one may know every gesture, every word of a man. There is nothing that Eric can ever say or do that will not be familiar to me in its essentials. And yet he is more of a stranger than the people who pass in the street below. I know his name and his face, but the heart of him is a closed book and it always has been. What a rotten thing that this should be so, but it is and it always will be.

He looked at her.

"Sandra," he said, "from what you told me yesterday, I expect the thought of divorce must be floating around in your mind somewhere. Don't let it worry you too much. In your case you're entitled to it and if you want it you shall have it. Be sure, though—will you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"I don't know," he said. "It just occurred to me to, that's all." He picked up his hat and his overcoat and went through to the outer door and opened it. He stooped down for the papers that lay on the tiling outside and he brought them back into the living-room with him, standing at the end of the long table, reading for a moment:

"Foul Murder of Hongroise
Madame Bibescu Strangled
Anonymous Phone Call Mystery"

Then he chucked them across to Sandra. "I'll be showering," he said easily, "if the man comes about that. I expect you ought to know that I was in her apartment when the strangling took place. I scrammed—I believe that's the word—down the fire escape. But I left my cigarette case behind, unfortunately—the one Tim Outerbridge gave me. So I expect a call from the Sûreté Générale. Sorry, Young Fellow."

"Sorry?" Sandra looked at him.

"NATURALLY," he said, "I don't expect it will be too pleasant but I don't know what else I can do about it except apologize, do you? I was there—she was strangled—and that is that."

"Do you mean—nobody knows that you didn't do it?"

"Nobody but Sonja and me, and poor Sonja doesn't count, this morning."

Sandra drew in her breath sharply. "But who did kill her?"

"You guess," Eric said. "It doesn't make any difference unless they catch him, does it? For until they do I don't see what can stop anyone from believing I did. Anyone with common sense."

"But this is ghastly, Eric."

"Before breakfast—yes—a trifle."

"But doesn't any of the seriousness get home to you, Eric?"

"Of course," he nodded. "They chop your head off with a guillotine here for that sort of thing. It drops in a basket. About that coffee—" And he went out and down the hallway. A few moments later the sound of his shower beating wetly against the tiles came to her. And with it, almost immediately, one sharp ring on the doorbell.

Philip Harden, one hand sunk in his jacket pocket, was standing just outside. He wore no hat and his hair was ruffled slightly and damp on his forehead. He tried to smile but there was a nervous twitch in his right cheek that stopped him.

"Philip—"

He groped desperately in his mind for something to say, for he knew if she touched him he would collapse and there would be no getting up.

"VERY drunk, Sandra," he said, "very drunk, darling. Can't come in," and suddenly, stiffly, he held out his left hand to her, with her ring and her pearls. Even as he held them, he swayed backward away from her and the last vestige of color left his lips until his face was a shadowy gray mask crossed with blue. The pearls and the ring clacked on the floor at her feet. He caught himself on the broad balustrade of the curving stairs and let himself down easily, checking his descent with his feet on the stair treads.

She called to him again:

"Philip!"

He waved one arm from the bottom.

"Very drunk," he said solemnly, and straightening up, walked slowly to the street door. The concierge came hurriedly to him and opened the doors for him to go through.

"No," Sandra called to the man, but Philip was already outside.

"Monsieur is drunk, Madame."

"No!"

"But he is!" the man insisted.

"No, I tell you—don't let him go—"

"But he is gone."

Sandra opened her hand. There was blood on it, streaked across the palm where her pearls and Philip's fingers had touched it—blood in long narrow lines that traced themselves in parallel rows across her flesh.

Outside, in his cab, Philip sank back against the cushions.

"The Neuilly Hospital," he said, "fast!"

"It is done, m'sieur."

Was he, the driver Christophe Justine

(Continued on page 44)

Clever Foot Work

By Marie Beynon Ray

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY
HOWARD S. REDELL

Shoes by Saks-Delman

Straps make an evening sandal, open at the heel and open at the toe to show bright nails through the sheerest of hose

Linen sandals printed in red—with nails to match exactly—lounge with pajamas at home or twinkle on the beach

Inch-high heels, ushered in by the demand for foot comfort that means foot beauty—in or out of shoes

Beach shoes to enhance a pedicure—wooden heel, cork sole, gay red, white and blue thongs—all revealing

Women are rushing into the open feet first this summer—bare feet on the beach, bare legs with shorts, open-toed sandals almost everywhere. And now for the last decorative touches to the gay scene

IT'S the old question of which comes first—the chicken or the egg. Are women going in for more exposure because they're continuously more beautiful, or are they more beautiful because they must continuously expose more of themselves? Is it sun worship or vanity that makes our beaches the gay and exciting places they are today? All we can be sure of is that women at present have little to conceal, as the current revelation of feet and legs proves. Bathing suits having effaced themselves almost to the point of extinction and shorts having invaded every field of outdoor life, being now the accepted mode for yachting, bicycling, tennis, even golf, what can a woman do but put on a good show—or stick to her knitting? Few women despair of themselves to that point.

The acute problem this season being our lower extremities, let's get out our legs and look at them. Are the feet, perchance, "a true inspiration of shape and color, all made up of delicate lengths and subtly modulated curves and noble straightnesses and happy little dimpled arrangements in innocent young pink and white?" Or are they, as Du Maurier goes on to lament of most feet, "of an ugliness to kill romance, and scatter young love's dream, and almost break the heart—all for the sake of a high heel and a ridiculously pointed toe"?

Well, probably nearer the latter—or near enough to need some reconstruction. What to do? Suppose we begin with the delightful subject of make-up.

Yes, it's come to that. Feet, like faces and hands, must be made up. So, if you have a practically perfect pair of legs, all you have to do is this:

First, either bleach the hair or remove it by whichever of several methods strikes the fancy—shaving or the use of pumice or a depilatory. The medicos advise shaving—easier, cheaper, quicker, more sanitary, less painful—but those who must be feminine at any cost and rather like to scream a bit, will probably use a depilatory.

Shaving is Safe

But those whose hair is light, soft, downy, rather appealing than otherwise, should by all means leave it—as they would the down on their cheeks.

Perhaps even now the texture of the skin is not all our new fastidiousness could desire, so many afflictions is flesh heir to, from freckles to birthmarks. But even at the worst (which is probably varicose veins) the case is not desperate. Any number of beauty specialists are rushing to our aid, jars and bottles in hand. Very up and doing, these beauty specialists. No sooner do we develop a new need than they are right there with a new remedy, this time a particularly adhesive paste which covers all deficiencies from coarseness of texture to varicose veins and which gives the nether extremities the exact shade of sun-tan desired.

"All well-groomed feet today receive the same attention as the hands," says Peggy Sage, who should certainly know, for, now that feet are out in the open, she has twice as many pairs of extremities to minister to as before. "In fact, *more* is done for the feet, for, as they receive more punishment, they need more care. To what is done for the hand, we must add removing all those sordid blemishes the hand never acquires and restoring to the foot its lost shape, suppleness and freshness. That means massage.

"With the heel resting on a cushion, begin the massage at the sole of the heel and work to the end of the toes, using both hands to bend the toes in and out, circling around the ankle, bending the foot back to the ankle, the toes back to the foot. With both hands twist the foot from side to side. Massage each foot for ten minutes, using a little massage cream, removing it at the end with soap and water.

"Next, give the toe nails exactly the same treatment the finger nails receive—they must be just as pretty. File the nails, finishing with an emery board, buffing, using cuticle remover, cleaning and whitening under the nail, shaping the cuticle to a smooth oval, scrubbing, removing old polish, applying new (placing small tufts of cotton between the toes to hold them apart until the polish dries), massaging a little cuticle oil into the surrounding cuticle and finishing off with hand-smoother cream.

"As to the shades of varnish, there are all sorts of tastes. Of course, that of hands and feet should match, since both are exposed."

So far we have touched only upon the more superficial phases of the subject but now we must get down to fundamentals. Feet, due to long abuse, can't be made ready for publication merely by the use of a little make-up. There are, unfortunately, ailments which demand sterner treatment than a whisk of powder and a flip of polish. The shape of the legs, the condition of the nails, the position and shape and blemishes of the toes, all have to be taken care of before we're ready for the leg show—no longer a monopoly of the stage. And most of these things, you'll be pleased to hear, can be cured, not only by expensive specialists but by you, in person, at home.

A New Low in Heels

First, unless you're one of those wonders who has always worn the right kind of shoes, you'll have to change radically your ideas about shoes. You can't have the right kind of feet in the wrong kind of shoes. Perugia, one of the great bootmakers of our day, not only from the point of view of fashion but also of the anatomy of the foot, remarked to me the other day, "The foot that is properly shod will cure itself of most ailments through the natural exercises it takes in walking."

(Continued on page 42)

The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

The Story Thus Far:

DR. FU MANCHU, criminal extraordinary, kidnaps Fleurette Petrie, Alan Sterling's fiancée. While trailing him in London, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's greatest detective, and Sterling, and Sergeant Murphy of Scotland Yard, fall into Fu Manchu's hands. A terrible drama ensues. Far below the level of the Thames and directly under Sam Pak's, a resort of evil repute, is a roaring furnace, to which a long-forgotten tunnel leads. Here Dr. Fu Manchu is experimenting with a method of making gold. There the captives, bound, are carried.

There, also, two other doomed persons are brought: The doctor's beautiful daughter, Fah Lo Suee (who is guilty of aiding Sir Denis), and Ali Oke, one of the doctor's hirelings who has tried, futilely, to aid in Sterling's escape. Presently Fu Manchu appears, announces his intention of ridding himself, once and for all, of his enemies. Ali Oke is the first victim—his head lopped off by a Burmese swordsman, his body hurled into the furnace. Fah Lo Suee is next—her father hands her a glass of poison, she drains it, falls dead, and is cast into the flames.

Sir Denis is next in line. He has succeeded in untying the ropes which bind him; in his hand, concealed, he has a small knife. He spars for time. As he does so, the police—Inspector Gallaho, Forester, Trench and others—are striving frantically to force their way in. Their way barred by an iron door, they are waiting for explosives. Guessing this, Sir Denis argues at length with the doctor, then suddenly leaps at the executioner, knocks him down, frees Sterling and Murphy. During the mêlée which follows, the sound of a terrific explosion is heard. Almost at once, water—*water from the Thames*—gushes into the chamber. And the lights go out!

The explosion enables the police to enter the tunnel. Frantic, because of the water which threatens to drown everyone below, Gallaho searches for Sir Denis. And he finds him, leads him—with Murphy and Sterling—to the surface.

Safe, at last, they hear the furnace explode, see great clouds of steam boil up from the tunnel. Nayland Smith turns to Gallaho; he says nothing—merely holds out his hand. Once more, Fu Manchu has lost!

X

"NOTHING to report," said Inspector Gallaho.

Nayland Smith nodded and glanced at Alan Sterling, seated smoking in the armchair. It was the evening of the sixth day after the subterranean explosion in Chinatown, an explosion which had had several remarkable results.

The top of that forgotten pit leading down to the abandoned tunnel was actually covered, as later investigations showed, by the paved yard which adjoined Sam Pak's restaurant. The ventilation shaft passed right through his premises; and there seemed to be a distinct possibility that the old house, as well as the wooden superstructure, was actually part of the abandoned workings, modified and adapted to their later purpose.

A great crack had appeared in one wall of the restaurant. But no other visible damage appeared upon the surface.

Something resembling a phenomenal tide had disturbed Limehouse Reach that night, and was widely reported from crafts upon the river. The shaft with its horrible secrets was filled to within fifteen feet of the top.

Even allowing for secret passages communicating with adjoining premises, it was reasonable to assume that neither Dr. Fu Manchu nor any of those attached to his service had escaped alive from the fire and flood.

A cordon had been thrown around the entire area with the coöperation of the river police. Of old Sam Pak and the other Asiatics who had been in the Sailors' Club, nothing had been seen. A house-to-house search in the yellow light of dawn satisfied Gallaho that they were not concealed in the neighborhood. Nothing came of these researches to afford a clue to the mystery.

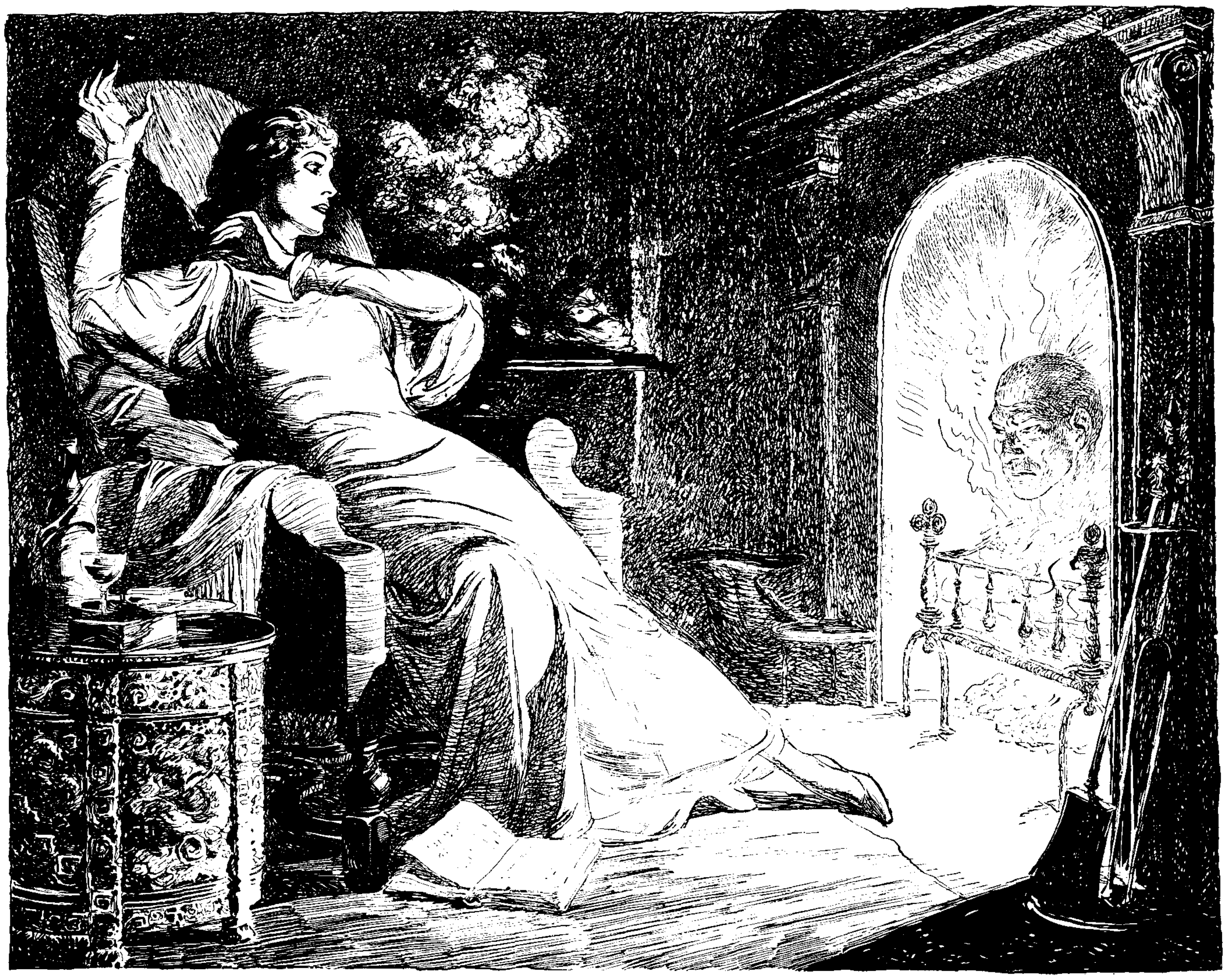
A guarded communication was issued to the newspapers under the Commissioner's direction, to the effect that in forcing a way into suspected premises a buttress had collapsed and an old tunnel had been flooded by the river.

Fleet Street suspected that there was a wonderful story behind this communiqué, but the real story, if ever discovered, was never published.

Mrs. Sam Pak was let off with a fine and had been covered assiduously ever since. Her movements had afforded no clue to those who watched her. She accepted the disappearance of her aged husband as philosophically as she had accepted his presence. She was permitted to reopen the shop but not the Sailors' Club.

INQUIRIES at Dovelands Cottage, Lower Kingswood, revealed the fact that the place belonged to a Mrs. Ryatt, who lived in Streatham and who used it in the summer but let it when possible during the winter months.

The place had been vacant for a long time, but had recently been leased by a gentleman whose address proved to be untraceable, for the convalescence of his daughter, who had had a nervous breakdown. Mrs. Ryatt had actually visited the cottage on the evening that her new tenant entered into occupancy, and reported that the daughter was an uncommonly pretty girl whose manner was very strange and the nurse in charge an elderly foreign woman of rather forbidding appearance.



"Little Flower, I am calling. . . ." Her lips parted. She was about to speak in response to that imperious call

She had been satisfied, however, of the respectability of her tenant and had returned to London.

No trace of the woman described by Mrs. Ryatt and by Fleurette could be found. . . .

Nayland Smith, tugging at the lobe of his ear, walked up and down the room. He glanced several times at a large clock upon the mantelpiece; then:

"I expected no news, Gallaho," he said rapidly. "Yet—"

"Surely you have no doubts left, sir?"

Sterling stared eagerly at Sir Denis, awaiting his reply.

"Fleurette's manner disturbs me," said the latter. "She seems to have inherited from her mother a sort of extra sense where Dr. Fu Manchu is concerned. It is no doubt due, in both cases, to the fact that he has subjected Fleurette—as he subjected Karamanèh—to hypnotic influence at various times."

Sterling moved cautiously in the armchair. He was nursing an injured rib.

"In fact," Smith went on, "I never feel entirely happy about her, when she is not here, actually under my own eyes."

"Dr. Petrie, her father, is with her," Gallaho growled.

"I agree, she could not be in better hands. It's just an instinctive distrust."

"Based upon her queer ideas, sir?" Gallaho went on in a puzzled way.

He had assumed his favorite pose, one elbow resting on the mantelpiece.

"Surely her manner is to be expected in one who has suffered the sort of things that she has suffered. I mean—" he hesitated, seeking for words—"it will naturally take some little time before she gets over the idea that her movements are controlled. Now that I know her history, I think she is simply wonderful."

"You are right, Inspector," said Sterling warmly. "She *is* wonderful. If you or I had been through what Fleurette has been through, I wager we should be stretcher cases."

"You are probably right," said Gallaho.

NAYLAND SMITH, his back to the room, stood staring out of the window. He was thinking of the itinerant match seller, who beyond any shadow of a doubt had been a spy of Dr. Fu Manchu. Fey's report of what had happened down there on the Embankment on the night of the destruction of the Thames tunnel frequently recurred to his mind, but the match seller—like the other mysterious servants of the Chinese doctor—had disappeared; all inquiries had failed to establish his identity.

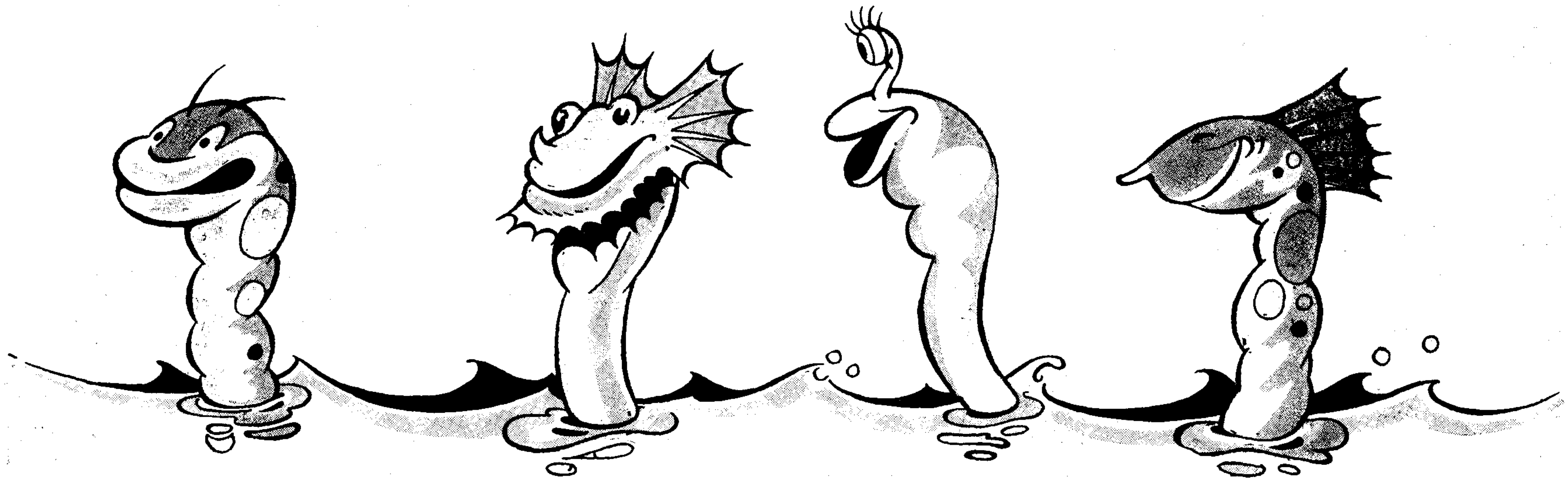
He was said to have traded there for many years, but there was some difference of opinion on this point among constables patrolling that part of the Embankment. Nayland Smith was inclined to believe that the original vender had been bought out, or driven out, and that an understudy made up to resemble him had taken his place.

Suddenly turning:

"Switch the lights up, Gallaho, if you don't mind," he said.

The faint but familiar sound of the

(Continued on page 28)



You can't tell where they will bob up next. It's getting so that the average citizen is afraid to pick up a glass of water

Sea-Serpent Control

Suppose you found a sea monster in your bath; how would you feel? American citizens have the right to demand protection against such experiences, and the Elmer J. Printwhistle Expedition to End Sea Monsters is out to see that we get it

By Corey Ford

Illustrated by Walt Disney Studios

IT SEEMS to be open season for sea serpents. During the past six months—ever since Repeal, in fact—they have been creeping up on us from all sides. Monsters have been reported from Loch Ness in Scotland and from the coast of Normandy, from the Gulf of Mexico and the rock-bound shore of Maine. A curious Thing with a long tail, a head like a camel and practically no neck to speak of was sighted recently by a Harvard student off Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, and the Bremen ran over something soft in mid-ocean. You can't tell where they will pop up next. It's getting so that the average citizen these days is afraid to pick up a glass of water.

Sea-serpent rumors are becoming so numerous, in fact, that it is no longer necessary for witnesses to prove that there *are* sea monsters. What we need right now is somebody who will prove that there *aren't* sea monsters before we all get scared to death.

It was for this reason that the Elmer J. Printwhistle Expedition to End Sea Monsters was formed recently, and named after Mr. Printwhistle, who supplied the beer and pretzels at the meeting.

The first object of our expedition was to proceed at once to any spot where a sea monster was reported and find out whether or not the rumor was true. If it *was* true, the second object of our expedition was to get the hell out of there again as fast as possible.

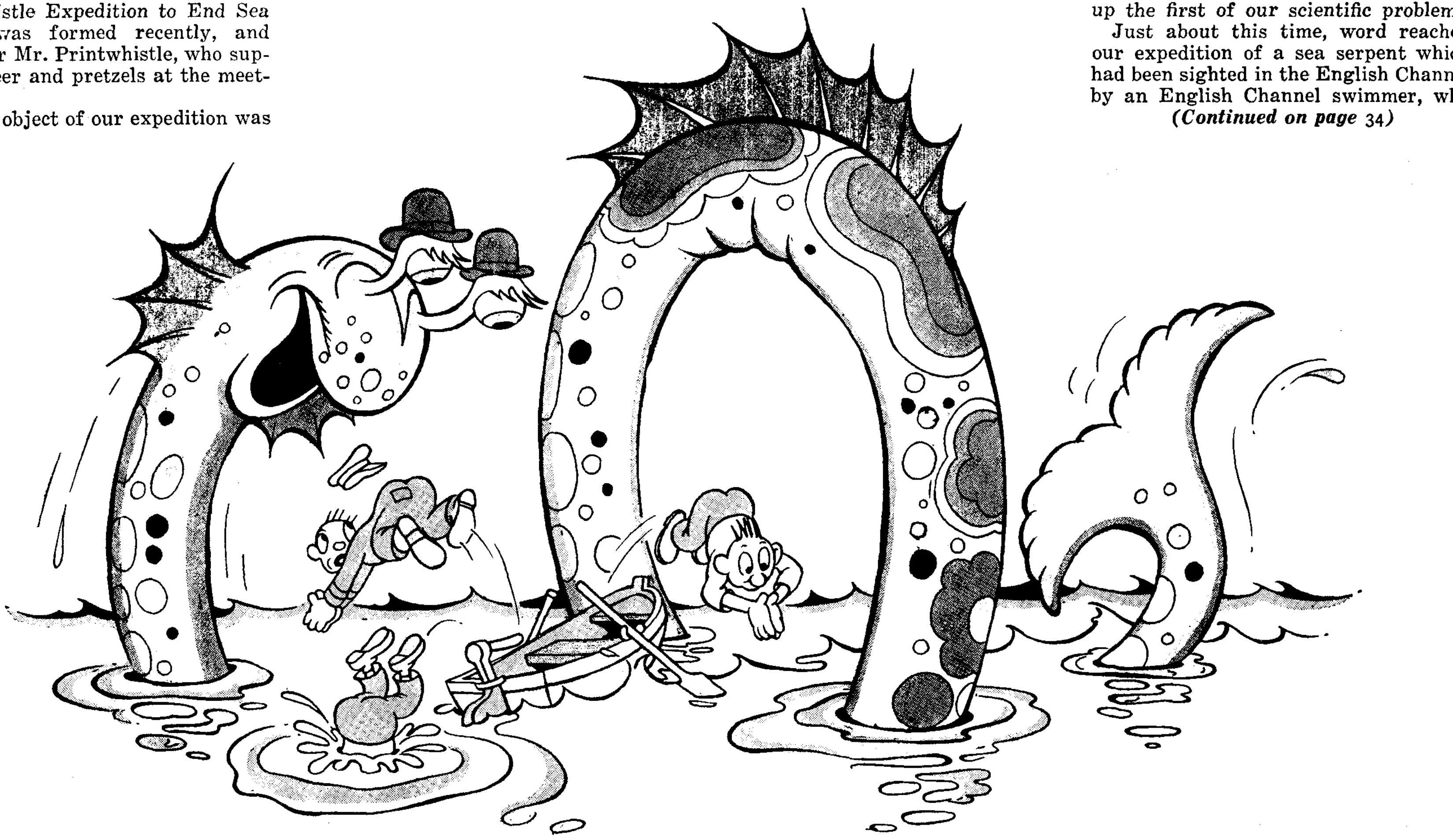
The first rumor that our expedition set out to investigate was a report of something known as the Czechoslovakian Monster, owing to the fact that it was discovered by some Portuguese sailors in the Bay of Fundy, eating Indian nuts. They noticed it when it came up to the surface to spit out the shells. Unfortunately, the sailors varied a little in their description of this monster. Some of them claimed that it was about forty-five feet over all, and moved through the water like a snake. Others claimed that it *had* about forty-five feet over all, and that it crept over the water on its hands and knees.

They all agreed, however, that it had a head like an English sheep dog, a long body like a sea ostrich, a green tail, and a pale green fedora hat with a small Princeton feather in the band. As soon as it was spotted, moreover, it sank out of sight, except for its hat, which remained bobbing up and down on the surface of the bay and was rescued later by one of the sailors, who discovered that it was a size 10¼ and contained the initials "J. Q." Inasmuch as these were not the same initials as the sailor's, he threw it back in disgust.

Our expedition set to work at once tracking down this rumor, and three weeks later we discovered a size 10¼ hat in a restaurant in Brooklyn, reposing upon the head of a man who later gave his name to the police as Frank Tisch. Although Mr. Tisch insisted that he was not the Czechoslovakian monster, he was taken immediately to the Bay of Fundy and thrown in. This cleaned up the first of our scientific problems.

Just about this time, word reached our expedition of a sea serpent which had been sighted in the English Channel by an English Channel swimmer, who

(*Continued on page 34*)



The Czechoslovakian Monster was discovered by some Portuguese sailors in the Bay of Fundy

Never before have you tasted Noodle Soup so delicious . . . it's extra rich in chicken

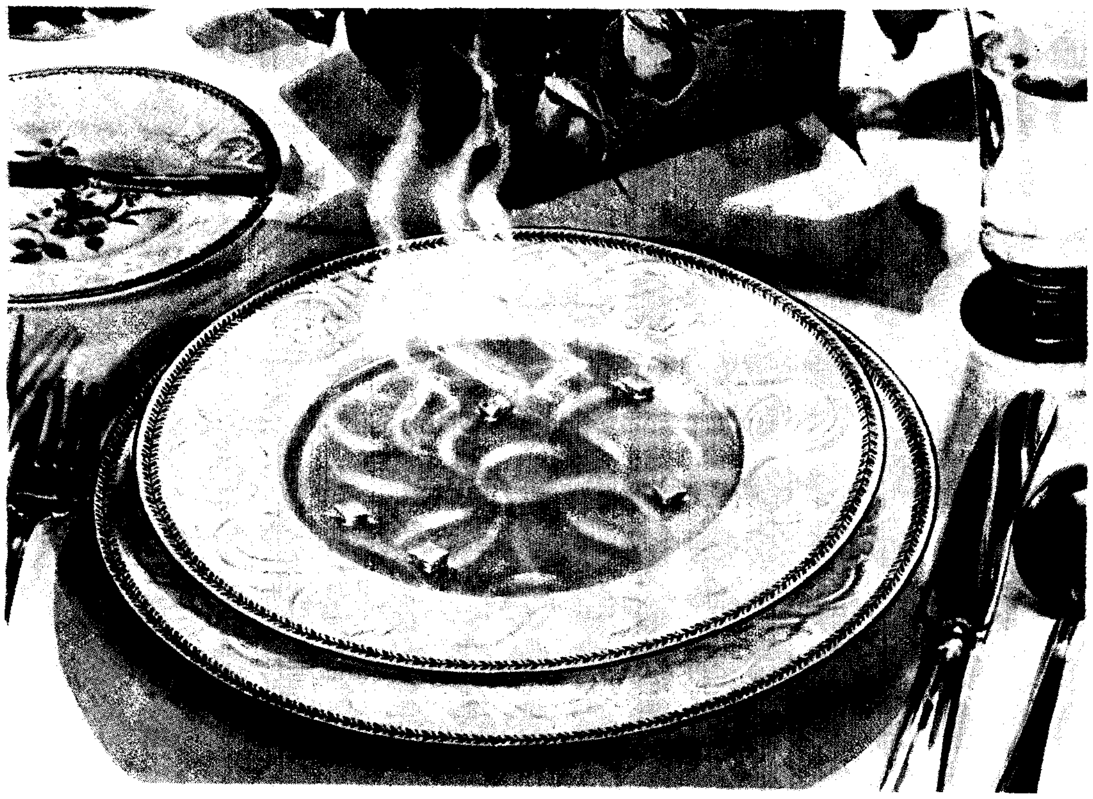
Haven't you sometimes wondered what a truly skilled soup-chef would produce if he turned his hand to Noodle Soup? It is a soup steeped in all the traditions of hearty good eating—a soup that the appetite instinctively seeks when a real hunger calls for satisfaction.

Well, your grocer has the answer! Campbell's Noodle Soup—a new creation—will be a revelation of goodness to your appetite. Here is an old favorite—glorified—improved beyond measure—better than you have ever tasted it before.

In seeking to give Noodle Soup the final touch of goodness, Campbell's have naturally placed chief emphasis on the chicken richness. For it is the chicken which distinguishes the best Noodle Soup.

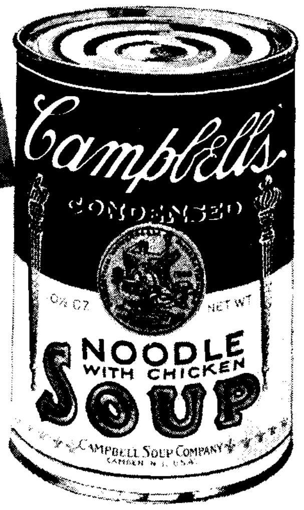
Only egg noodles are used. These are just right in size and liberal in quantity. And then the chicken broth! Here it is in all its flavory richness and in that extra strength which lifts this Noodle Soup to a new high deliciousness. In addition, there is the garnish of tender chicken meat, white and dark, selected from the very choicest parts.

The price—the same as other Campbell's Soups!



Campbell's Noodle *with Chicken* Soup

NEW



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

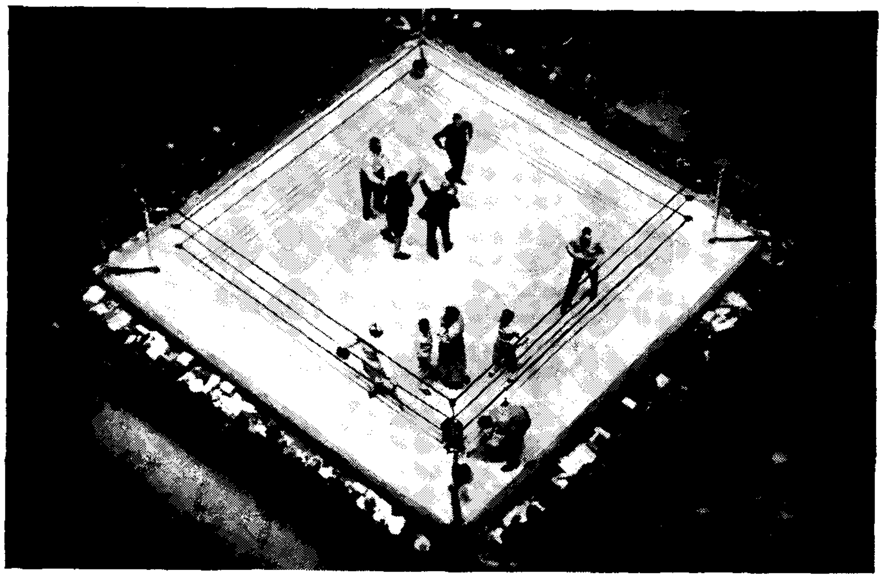
..with hearty egg noodles
..rich chicken broth
..tender chicken meat!

Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. You are buying double richness—double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost.

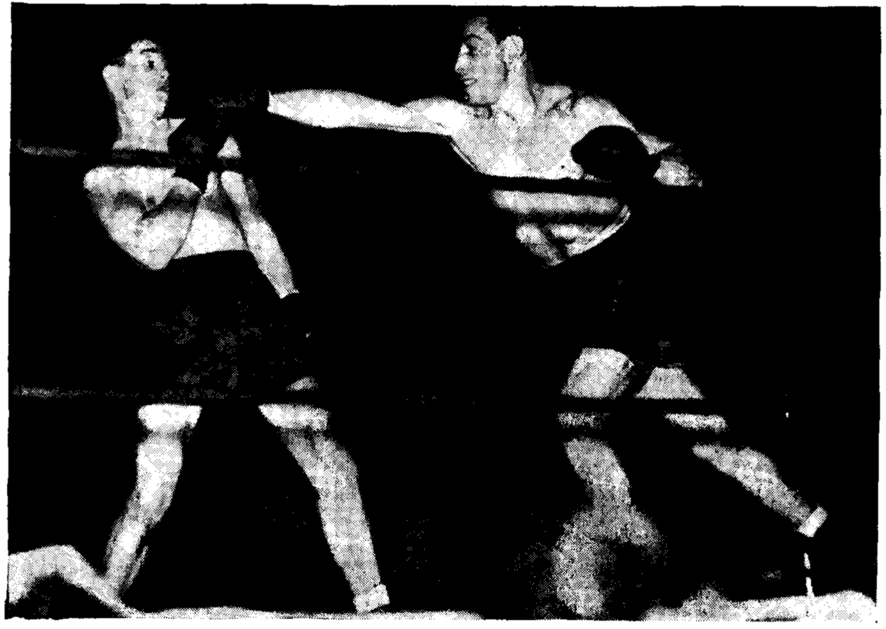
Campbell's Soups are the finest soups you can buy.

NRA
WE DO OUR PART



© International

Left, Walter Neusel, young German heavyweight and a promising mauler, greets his friends after beating Loughran



© International

Left, below, is Art Lasky (right) beating Lee Ramage. These two youngsters are outstanding among the new fighting crop

© International

Steve Hamas, below, stepped right into line for a title chance by disposing of ex-Champion Max Schmeling

Good Kids

By Quentin Reynolds

Where's the future champion of the world? Riding freights? Wasting his time and yours in college? Hitch-hiking to some factory job? Nobody knows. But here are some pretty promising specimens already in the ring. Now they're in the center, trading punches. Have a seat. Mr. Reynolds calls the turn

TOMMY LOUGHRAN leaned over the ropes and said, "Watch this next kid work. He looks pretty good to me."

It was the Sunday before the Loughran-Carnera bout and Loughran was going through his last serious workout. He had just stepped two fast rounds with Ace Clark and two with Jack Pettifer. Now he was in his corner waiting for the third and final sparring partner.

He was a big fellow named Eddie Hogan and he looked very young. He weighed 230, but when he took off his robe you noticed right away that he was traveling light. He had very broad shoulders and when he turned his back you saw, beneath the skin below his armpits, those telltale ripples that indicate punching power.

Hogan went right after Loughran and Tommy hit him four times in succession with left jabs. Well, Loughran can hit any man who ever lived with four left jabs in succession. The kid kept boring in. In close, Tommy tied him up but the kid kept on throwing hooks. He hooked a lot like that Jimmy McLarnin hooks—short jolts that rattle teeth when they land.

Now he was bobbing, trying to get under Tommy's left jab, and, so help me, he actually was getting under Tommy's left jab. It was a lively round because the kid was putting it out and he was so strong that Tommy couldn't bull him around much in the clinches. Tommy had to slip away, jab, and cross his right hand hard and it found Hogan's chin plenty of times. But the kid didn't wince. He just sort of frowned and threw more hooks.

Afterward Loughran talked about the kid. "I've had that boy—he's only nineteen—with me for three weeks. He has learned a lot in that time. Oh, he's green and he's too easy to hit now but he has plenty of heart and a mighty nice left hook. Dempsey didn't have much more than that when he was nineteen, did he?"

"Whom did this kid ever lick?" I asked Tommy.

Tommy shrugged his shoulders and he said, "Nobody I ever heard of. He's only had two pro fights and he won them easily. I'm not telling you this kid is a world-beater. I'm only saying that he's very promising. He might go somewhere if he keeps on improving."

You May Hear from Mr. Hogan

Hogan fought Jack Pettifer in one of the preliminaries to the Carnera-Loughran bout. It was a good fight; in fact, it was a swell fight. Pettifer is a big Englishman with a great deal of courage but a rather weak chin. He spent quite a lot of time on the floor but he kept getting up. He is a nice stand-up boxer with a sweet jab, long and accurate, but Hogan found him with plenty of hooks.

You have to get in close to use a hook, and in getting in close Hogan got his nose painted with that nice jab. Hogan knocked Pettifer down five times but he couldn't finish him. Hogan was very crude but beneath his crudeness you sensed a grim earnestness, a singleness of purpose and a blazing spirit. When these are harnessed to ring generalship we may hear more of Mr. Hogan.

As long as we've mentioned Pettifer we might insert a comment by Cecil Thompson, the well-known American correspondent of the London Express, who gained some fame in Florida last winter by being the only one around who bet real money that Loughran would stay fifteen rounds with Carnera.

"Pettifer," Mr. Thompson tells us and we regret to say that his accent was more Eighth Avenue than Mayfair, "is potentially the best heavyweight England ever produced. That Hogan knocked him down plenty of times, but he always got up, didn't he? Now they say that Pettifer has a weak chin but it isn't that. He doesn't know enough about footwork yet. He keeps getting knocked off balance. As soon as he learns how to step around a bit he'll be knocking over all the Hogans in sight."

It is about time we started shopping for some new heavyweight faces. Name Carnera, Baer and Loughran and you've exhausted the ranks of the heavyweights who have arrived. Let's look over the kindergarten class and see if any of the youngsters now learning their trade have any championship possibilities.

Your Guess is as Good as Any

Looking at heavyweights is like looking at two-year-old horses. Some of those two-year-olds who looked so good on Florida tracks this past winter will end up as saddle horses for fat generals. Others who stumbled all over the track in those three-furlong dashes will wind up being Derby candidates. It's like that with fighters. Hogan looked pretty good to me. He looked good to Eddie Neil, the fight writer, and Eddie and I mentioned his name to a couple of our colleagues.

"He's terrible," they said. "He'll end up screwy. He stops too many punches."

Well, remember that day Dempsey fought Car-pon-tea-ay? All right, call him Car-pen-teer if you will. Anyhow, there was a skinny kid on the card and he was fighting a man named Soldier Jones, who was no world-beater either. The skinny kid knocked out his man in seven rounds, but as far as the critics

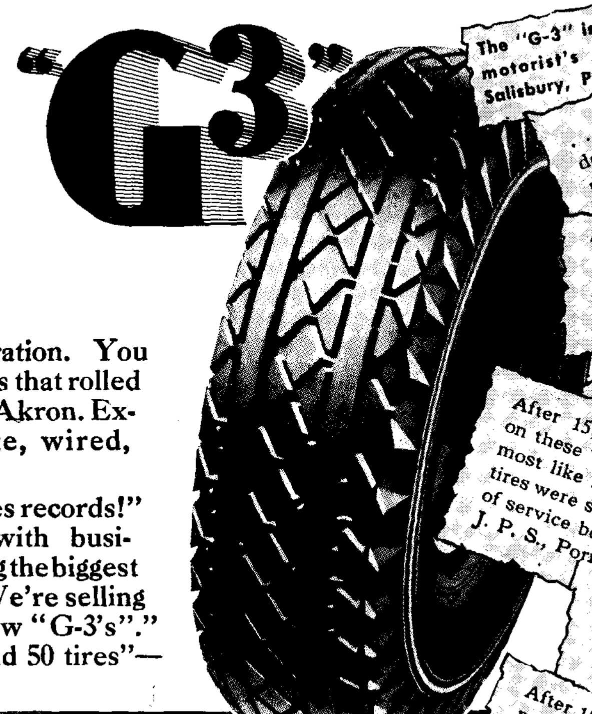
(Continued on page 40)

Keystone

Jack Pettifer is potentially the best heavy England has produced

How New Tire SENSATION smashes DEPRESSION BARRIERS!

Tremendous welcome of new "G-3"—marvel tire that gives 43% more non-skid mileage—keeps Goodyear factories and dealers on jump!



The "G-3" is the answer to the motorist's prayer. W. D. W., Salisbury, Pa.

. . . these "G-3" tires have delivered the best non-skid mileage that I have ever obtained. E. M. W., Hartford,

These tires have run 21,000 miles . . . the non-skid still appears on the tread. R Orlando, Fla.

To date I have received more han double the mileage . . . the diamond tread is still ng. A. G. R., Clarks- Va.

After 15,000 miles the tread on these "G-3" tires looks almost like new. Any previous tires were smooth or went out of service before 15,000 miles. J. P. S., Ports

Just the other day I saved myself from a serious accident because of the wonderful grip on your new "G-3". O. G., Portland, Ore.

After 15,000 miles of hard use, much of it at high speed, these "G-3" tires have plenty of tread left. S.O.S., Por Ore.

I have received 50% more non-skid from these "G-3's" than I ever got before. H. T. H., Adena, O.

The non-skid stayed on these "G-3's" longer than any tire I ever used. H. S. H., Ft. Fla.

A 1934 success story that shows how the American people will buy when you build what they want

Lank and angular he stood there—one of the nation's greatest research engineers. Conviction shone in his eyes as he spoke these words:

"If it were up to me to whip depression, I'd put a big billboard in front of every factory in the land, with this burning message: 'GIVE US SOMETHING NEW AND GOOD AND WE WILL BUY IT'—signed 'THE AMERICAN PUBLIC'."

There is more than psychology in that statement—there is *truth*—and here's the finest evidence in the world—the evidence of *sales.*

How a tire started a stampede

Ten weeks ago people opened their morning papers and read the story of a new tire—a spectacular tire—known by the factory job number "G-3."

Eagerly eyes ran through the facts—for here was something the people *wanted*—a tire proved by grueling days and nights on the test fleet—a tire with *43% longer non-skid mileage* than the former All-Weather—a tire that kept its grip *twice as long* as other tires tested against it.

Then things happened! By the thousands and tens of thousands car owners headed for Goodyear dealers. All over the country they *demanded* the new "G-3."

This is no exaggeration. You should see the reports that rolled into headquarters at Akron. Excited dealers wrote, wired, called in by phone.

"We're breaking sales records!" "We're swamped with business!" "We're having the biggest sales in history!" "We're selling whole sets of the new "G-3's"." "Sold 37 tires"—"sold 50 tires"—"sold 200 tires the first day" ran the figures from all over the country.

All over the country . . . car owners headed for Goodyear dealers

What you get in the "G-3" All-Weather

Such instantaneous success sprang from this vital fact—Goodyear actually had a wonder tire—had actually spent close to two years developing, testing, perfecting it.

And here's what this great new "G-3" gives you:

A broader, flatter, heavier tread—

A tread with an average of 2 pounds more rubber per tire—

A tread with 16% more non-skid blocks in the center—

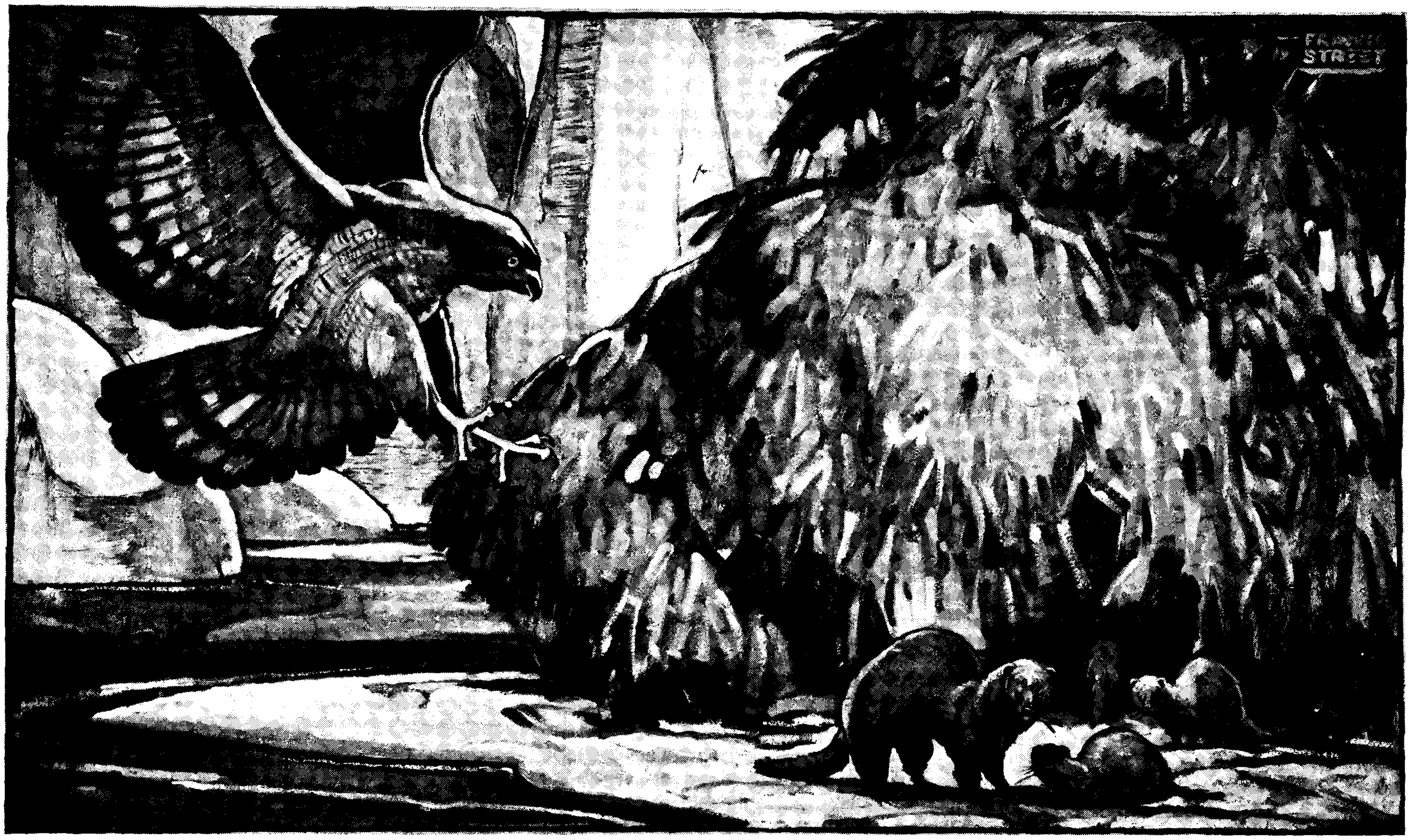
A tread with the extra-durability and extra-resilience of patented Goodyear Supertwist beneath it to stand up under the extra weight and strain—

A tread that gives 43% more miles of real non-skid safety at no extra cost!

Any wonder this "G-3" is a sensation! Any wonder more people are buying the new "G-3" than any other tire in the world!

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



Suddenly the gray killer, talons outstretched, swooped down

Bad Man

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henning Lawrence

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

"HUB JACKSON, notorious bad man awaiting trial for the slaying of two policemen, shot his way out of the Alta County jail early this morning. . . . He is still at large, armed. Posses have been warned Jackson will kill on sight. . . ."—*News bulletin.*

THE spring run-off from the high mountains which form the watershed of the Pinto had subsided. The stream was clear, but the flow was still heavy as it gained momentum to plunge over a forty-foot dam onto huge boulders below, where it was transformed from a smoothly flowing, quiet river into a roaring whirlpool of froth and foam.

At a point several hundred yards from the rapids, canyon walls rose sheer to forbidding heights. Here and there a pine tree had found a foothold on the soaring walls. Birch and willows lined the stream, and maple and scrub oak had grown up to the foot of the cliffs.

From out of the birches came a mink, carrying in her mouth one of her kittens, only a few weeks old. She slid into the stream, seventy-five yards wide, and swam strongly for the opposite bank. Her goal achieved, the mother mink laid the little fellow gently on the warm sand, nosing him around and giving him instructions. The kitten obediently remained quiet and motionless in a small tuft of short grass, while his mother returned to the stream, swam rapidly to the other bank and disappeared.

In a moment she was again in the water, and soon another baby was safely tucked in beside the first, which was now fast asleep. Again the nervous mother took to the stream and headed for the other bank. And well she might be unnerved now, because one half of her family was on each side of the river, and while she was doing the ferrying the ones on the banks were without her protection.

SHE approached with the third kitten, swimming fast. Fifteen feet from her destination there was a sudden, plaintive call. Instinctively, the mother mink understood the significance of that wail. With a sharp snap of her head, she threw the kitten she was carrying clear of the stream and ten feet out on the sand, where it lay half stunned near where the other two were hidden.

The mother turned in the water instantly and, with a speed that more nearly resembled that of a fish darting along the surface of the water, half swam and half flew diagonally down the stream in answer to the frantic calls she had heard.

The fourth member of her family had disobeyed orders and had embarked alone on the journey across the swiftly flowing river. The diminutive adventurer was drifting rapidly toward the falls, squealing in terror. His mother was answering, and swimming with incredible speed with the ever-increasing flow of the water.

Three feet from where the green crest dropped into the mad, whirling waters below, she lunged for the youngster and seized him in her mouth. The mother mink turned and fought crazily against the current. There was a mad struggle. The current won, the uneven fight ending as mother and son disappeared over the falls.

The third little fellow had, in the meantime, found his two brothers. All were quiet as young mice, unaware of the tragedy in the falls, and unconscious of impending danger.

The gray form of a goshawk glided quietly over their heads. It had heard the frightened cries of the baby mink and his mother. The killer was interested. Fortunately, the three youngsters remained motionless and the sharp eyes of the hawk did not spot them. After circling several times, the bird perched on a dead pine tree across the river.

The three babies stirred restlessly. Opening their eyes, a comforting sight confronted them. From the low willows near by, the mother mink appeared, still carrying her kitten, and dragging her tired body anxiously to her brood. Miraculously, the two had cheated death in the falls.

The mother laid the kitten tenderly in the warm sand, putting her nose down close to his to assure herself there was still a spark of life in the small form. The kitten squealed weakly. The mother worked over him in feverish haste to arouse him.

The keen eyes of the hawk from his perch on the pine tree had been watching the later scenes of the drama. He had seen enough. Leaving his perch, he flew up the river a short distance, to a point from which he could strike down with the speed of a bullet without interference from the willows.

A man in hiding on the banks of the stream had also been watching the mother mink and her kittens. He fondled a shotgun and smiled as he kept a sharp eye on the hawk.

Suddenly the gray killer, talons outstretched, swooped down and the roar of his wings cut the air ten feet from the man. The shotgun barked and the hawk dropped heavily to the ground.

The mother mink cried in terror as the bird struck, but she aroused the kittens roughly and they hopped after her as she disappeared into the thick willows. . . .

"HUB JACKSON, who escaped from the Alta County jail Tuesday, was caught single-handed by Game Warden John Wheeler this afternoon. Wheeler was attracted by a shot on the banks of the Pinto River and went to investigate. He saw Jackson kill a hawk and, recognizing the murderer, covered him instantly with his rifle. . . ."—*News bulletin.*

OWNERS SAY:

"More than you claimed"
DETROIT, MICH.

"Safest car I ever owned"
SEATTLE, WASH.

"Riding Comfort is far superior"
OGDEN, UTAH

"Roomy and comfortable for all"
MEMPHIS, TENN.

"Most beautifully styled car"
TAMPA, FLA.

"I get 17 miles to the gallon"
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Big car performance at small car operating cost"
DUBUQUE, IA.

"Easy to start in any weather"
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

"Greatest value of the year"
DAVENPORT, IA.

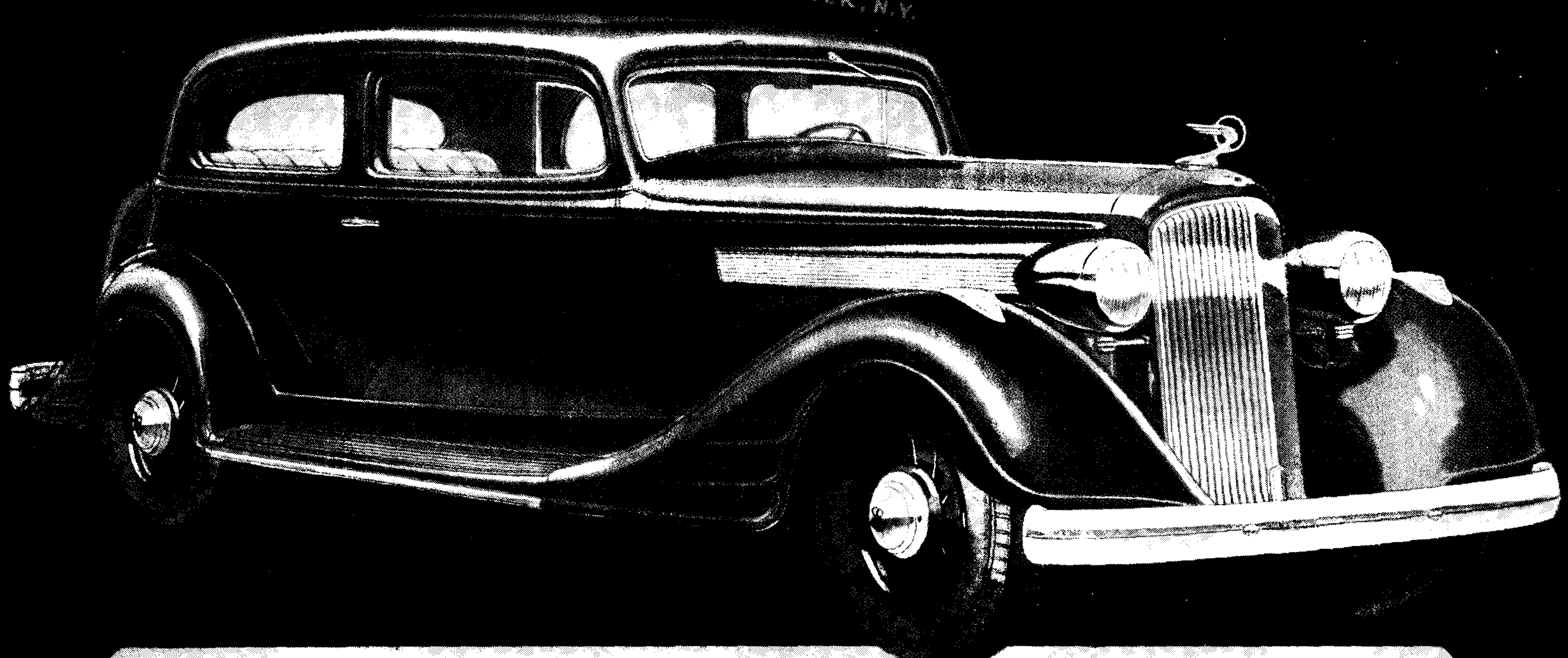
PROMISING MUCH.. DELIVERING MORE

THE BIG

PONTIAC 8

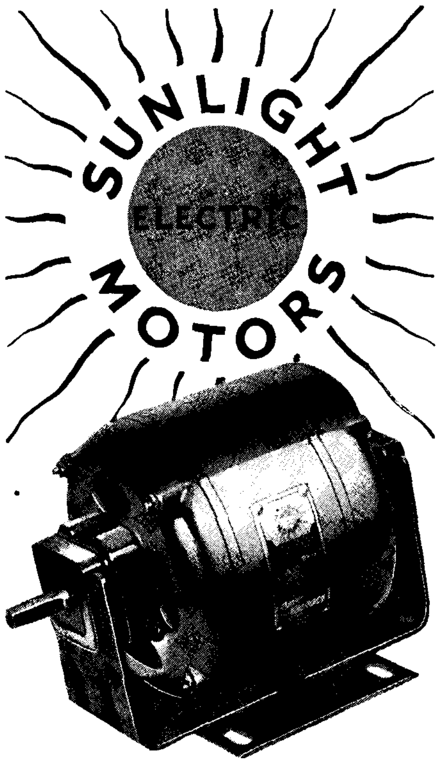
AT ONLY

$715*



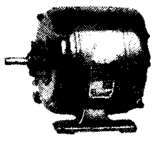
THE new Pontiac Eight is a big, fine, fast and powerful car. Yet owners report 16 to 18 miles to the gallon of gas . . . 1000 miles to the filling of oil. Remarkable economy! . . . Pontiac has beautiful streamlined Bodies by Fisher, enclosed Knee-Action wheels, powerful Bendix brakes, 117-inch wheelbase, and many other modern features that contribute to smooth running and riding. It is eager to go—easy to handle. . . . Pontiac promises much . . . and it delivers *more,* as the statements of thousands of owners conclusively prove. *See* it . . . *drive* it . . . compare *prices* . . . before you buy any car. There are Pontiac dealers everywhere . . . go to the one in your neighborhood.

**and up, list prices at Pontiac, Michigan. The car illustrated above is the 2-Door Touring Sedan, $785. With bumpers, spare tire, metal tire cover, tire lock and spring covers, the list price is $32.00 additional. Pontiac is a General Motors Value.*

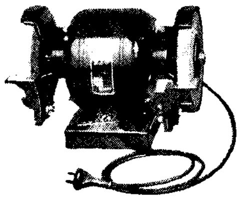


FOR 19 YEARS the favorite!

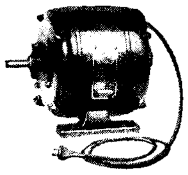
Faithfully, for nineteen years, Sunlight electric motors have lightened the burdensome care of daily housework in American homes. In fact, more than 62 per cent of the washing machine manufacturers today are using Sunlight motors. These motors are built to the highest standards by a pioneer organization whose history constitutes a complete record of the development of the electric motor.



Sunlight *"General Purpose."* Noted for long service and quietness. Used by 62% of American washing machine mfrs.



Sunlight *"Green Flash"* high-speed, dual-wheel, ball-bearing grinder. 3450 r.p.m. Guards, tool rests, cord and switch.



Sunlight *"Workshop Special."* Like other Sunlight motors, made for D. C. operation also. Complete with cord, plug; supplied with switch also.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

SUNLIGHT
ELECTRICAL COMPANY
WARREN OHIO

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 21

elevator gate had arrested his attention. A moment later, Fey opened the outer door. The voice of Fleurette was heard—as she came running in, followed by Dr. Petrie.

She was very lovely and, ignoring Petrie's frown, Sterling struggled to his feet.

"*Please* sit down, dear!" Fleurette pressed her hands on his shoulders. "No! you must rest."

"But I feel so rottenly guilty."

"I know it's a shame that this big darling has to come pottering around all the shops with me," said Fleurette, laughingly. "But there are so many things I want before we leave for Egypt. The longer we stay the more I shall want! And I don't believe he really minds." She linked her arm in Petrie's and leaned her head upon his shoulder. "Do you?"

"Mind?" he said, and hugged her. "It's a joy to be with you, dear. And although Alan is temporarily incapacitated, it's only right that you should get out sometimes, after all."

"I suggest cocktails," said Sir Denis, his good humor quite restored; he was about to press a bell when the ringing of the telephone in the lobby arrested him in the act.

"*I* can make cocktails," said Fleurette gayly. "I'll make you one none of you has ever tasted before, if you'll just wait until I take my hat off."

Fey rapped upon the door and in response to Nayland Smith's "Come in," entered.

"Yes, Fey, what is it?"

"There's a P. C. Ireland on the telephone, sir; he says you know him—and he has something which he believes to be important to tell you."

"Ireland?" Gallaho growled. "That's the constable who was on duty at Professor Ambroso's house on the night this business started."

"A good man," observed Nayland Smith. "I marked him at the time."

He went out to the lobby.

"STRANGELY like old times, Smith!" Nayland Smith stared at Petrie. Gallaho, bowler worn at a rakish angle, sat on the seat before them in the Scotland Yard car.

This was one of those nondescript nights which marked the gradual dispersal of the phenomenal fog of 1934. There was a threat in the air that the monster might at any moment return. The car was speeding along beside a common. Lamps gleamed yellowly where roads crossed it. One could see, through gaunt, unclothed trees, a distant high road.

"Yes," Smith returned. "Some queer things have happened to us, Petrie, on that common."

There came a silent interval.

Sterling had been deposited in his apartment at a hotel in Northumberland Avenue. "You are under my orders, now," Petrie had said, "and I don't want you out on this foul night. I dislike that cough. Lie down when you have had something to eat. I shall of course come and see you when I return. . . ."

The doctor had been loath to leave his daughter at Sir Denis' flat, where they were staying. But recognizing how keenly he wanted to go, Fleurette had insisted.

"This may be a wild-goose chase," growled Gallaho suddenly, "but on the other hand, it may not. We've got to remember the old bloke may have been drunk or he may have been barmy. . . ."

"From what Ireland told me," said Nayland Smith, "I don't think either of those possibilities calls for consideration. Hello! Isn't this where we get out?"

The driver pulled up on a street corner and the three alighted.

This street, lined with small suburban houses so characteristic of the outlying parts of London, vividly recalled to Petrie the days when he had practiced in this very district, and when his patients had inhabited just such houses. There was a considerable stream of traffic and at some point beyond it seemed to be badly congested.

P. C. IRELAND was standing in the shadow of a wall which lined the street for twenty yards or so on one side, bordering the garden of a larger house situated upon a corner facing the common.

"Ah, there you are, Constable," Gallaho said gruffly.

"Good evening," said Sir Denis. "All luck comes your way in this case, Constable."

"Yes, sir. It looks like it."

"Repeat," Smith directed tersely, "in your own words, what you told me on the telephone."

"Very good, sir." The man paused for a moment; then:

"There's some cable-laying job going on at the corner of the lane there which cuts across the common; a big hole in the road and a lot of drain pipes stacked up. When the gang quit work this evening, and the night watchman came on, I thought there was likely to be a jam with traffic and so I stepped across and asked him to put another red lamp on this side to show where drivers should pull out. That's how I got into conversation with him, sir. He's a bit of a character and he said—I'm sticking as nearly as possible to his own words—if all coppers were human it might be better for some of them. I asked him what he meant by that; but when he told me the story, which I thought it was my duty to report to you—"

"You were quite right," said Nayland Smith.

"—I called up the inspector, and he told me to stand by as you suggested, sir; there's another man on my beat."

"We'll get the rest of the story from the night watchman," growled Gallaho.

"He's no friend of the force, Inspector," Ireland added. "He might talk more if you said you were newspapermen."

"Bright lad!" growled Gallaho. He turned to Sir Denis. "Will you do the talking, sir?"

Nayland Smith nodded:

"Leave it to me."

The hole in the road, with its parapets of gravel and wood blocks protected by an outer defense of red poles from which lanterns were suspended, was certainly obstructing the traffic. But at the moment that the party of three reached it, a temporary clearance had been effected, and the night watchman surveyed an empty street.

His quarters, a sort of tarpaulin cave constructed amidst a mass of large iron piping, housed a plank seat and some other mysterious items of furniture. A fire in a brazier glowed redly in the darkness, and added additional color to that already possessed by the night watchman.

THIS peculiar character, who wore a short gray beard but no mustache—his upper lip appearing to possess a blue tinge in contrast to the redness of his nose—wore the most dilapidated bowler hat which Nayland Smith had ever seen in his life, and this at an angle which startled even Inspector Gallaho. He also wore two overcoats; the outer garment being several inches shorter than the inner.

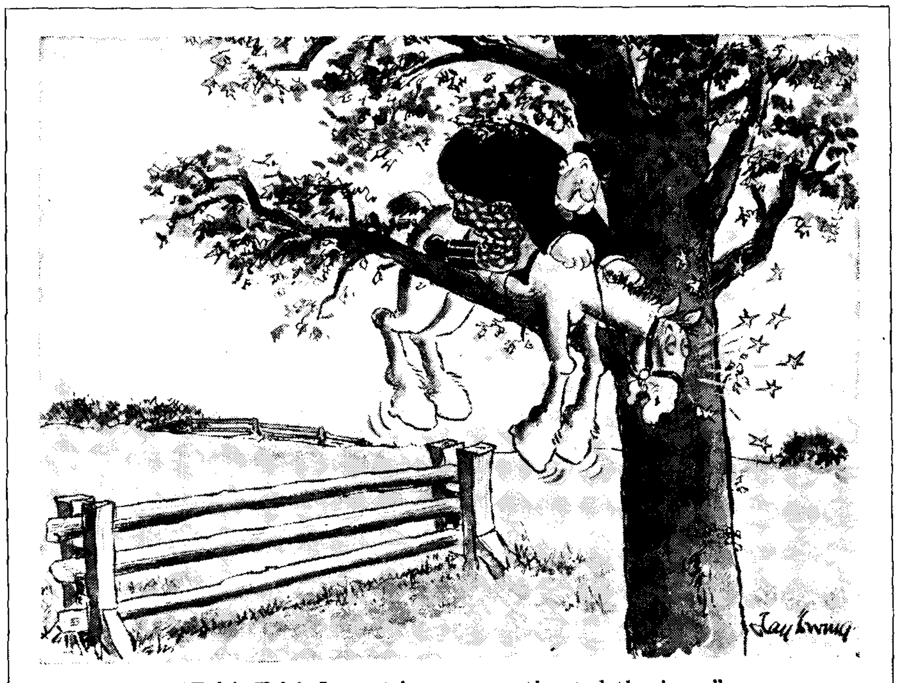
He was engaged at the moment in the task of frying bacon in the square lid of a biscuit tin which he manipulated very adroitly with a pair of enormous pincers, obviously designed for some much less delicate task. He looked up as the three men paused, leaning on one of the red poles.

"Upon my word!" Nayland Smith exclaimed, with a faint trace of Cockney in his accent. "You blokes do get about, don't you?" He turned to Gallaho. "Funny I should see this chap here tonight. Last week I saw him down in Limehouse."

"Did you, now?" said the watchman, evidently much gratified. "I'll say that's funny; I'll say more, I'll say it's bloody funny!"

He removed the biscuit tin skillfully and tipped the rashers with their succulent fat onto a cracked enamel plate.

(Continued on page 30)



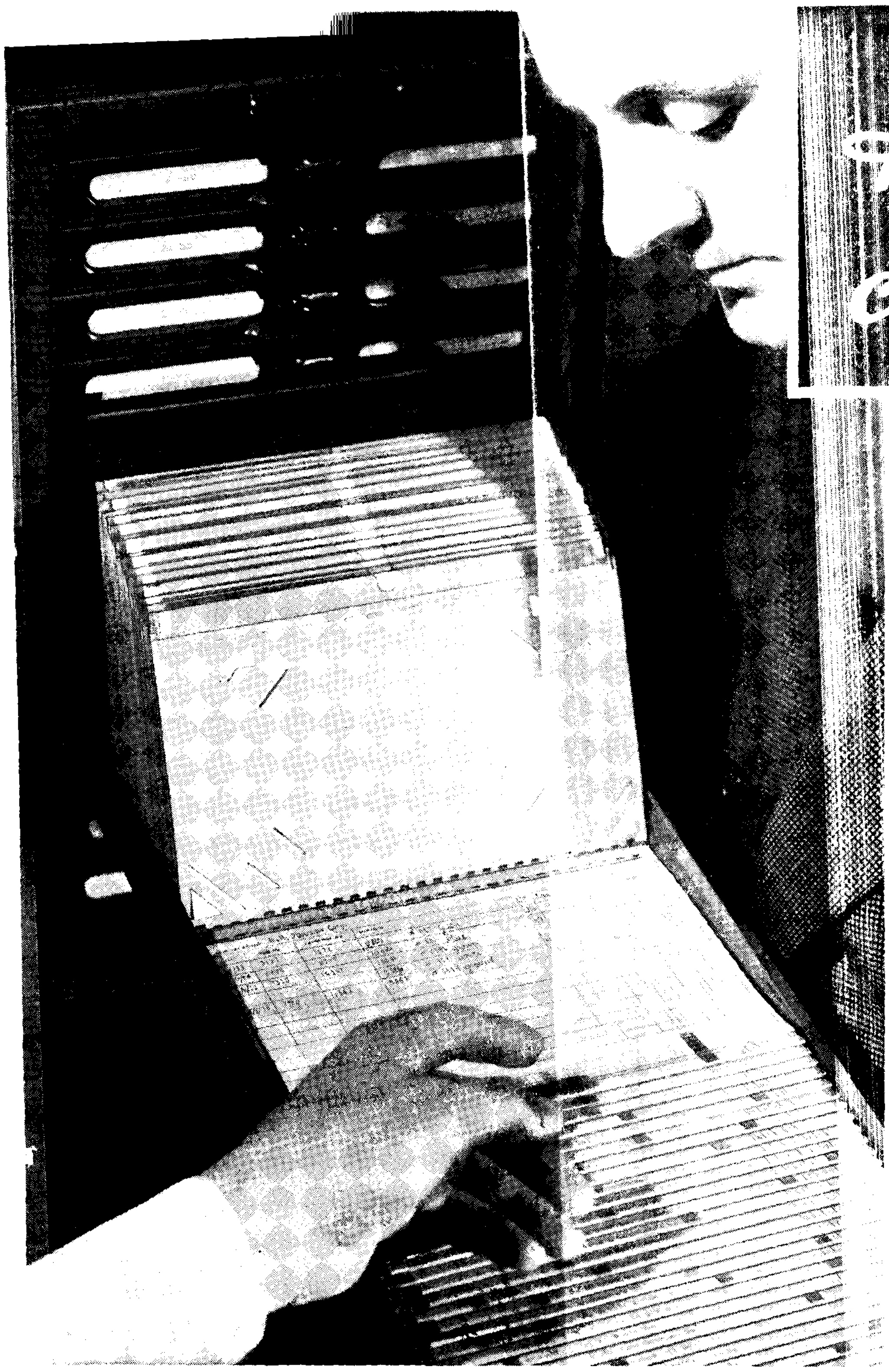
"Tsk! Tsk! I must have overestimated the jump" Jay Irving

How to get closer control over sales

DO YOU know how many calls each salesman is making, whom he is selling, who are his best prospects, how much he sells of each item in the line, how his expense per sale compares with last year's?

You *can* know all of this—easily, inexpensively—by the same methods already in successful use in hundreds of national and thousands of local operations. Look at the items on this page. Then ask the Remington Rand man to show you how they can be applied directly to your sales problems—*at a net profit result to you.*

Look for Remington Rand in your telephone directory. Or write Remington Rand, Buffalo, N. Y. (Canadian headquarters, 68 King Street West, Toronto)—world's largest manufacturer of bookkeeping, accounting and adding machines . . . punched card accounting . . . typewriters and supplies . . . safe cabinets . . . visible, vertical and loose leaf record systems and equipment.



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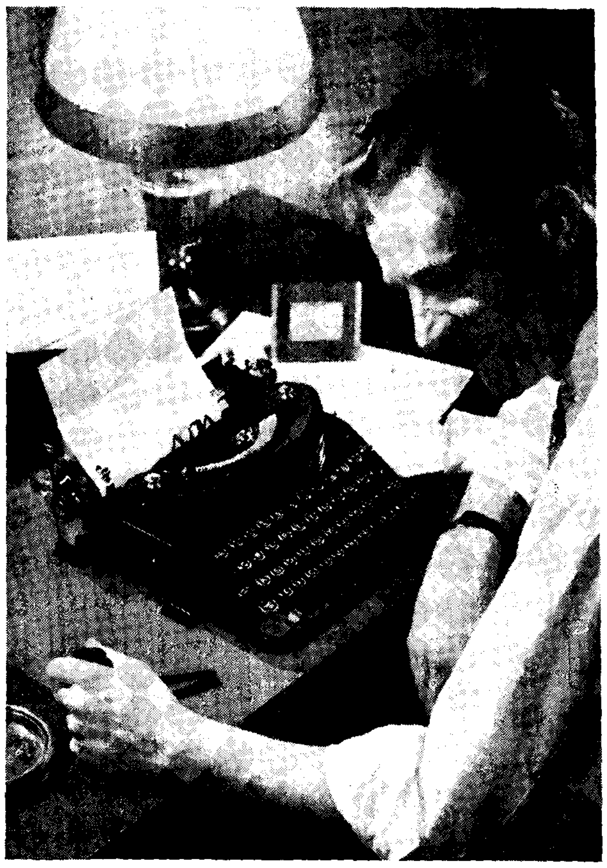
Kardex Visible Records (portable and on wheels if you wish) summarize important sales information on cards, with colored signals flashing vital facts on every account, every sales territory. Enables sales executive to direct daily, intelligent follow-up, covering every item in line. A definite help in sales promotion used by thousands of country's leading businesses—retailers, wholesalers, banks, insurance companies, public utilities, manufacturers. Eleven new improvements past three years; let us study your present sales control methods—make recommendations. No obligation.

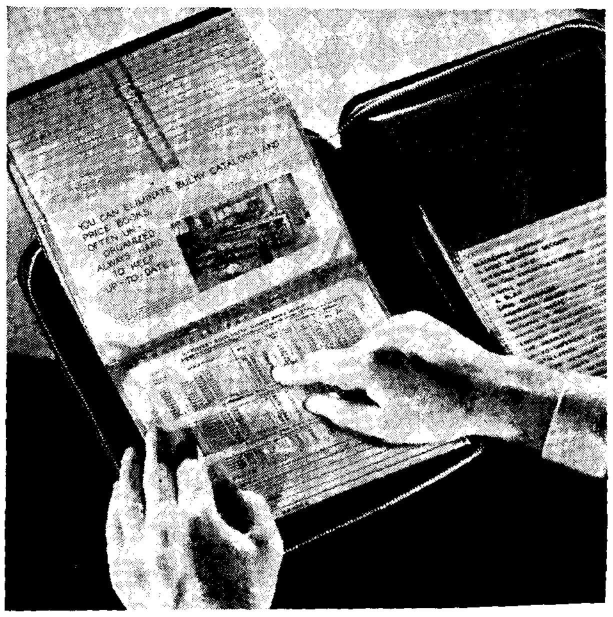
IMPROVES SALES REPORTS

Remington Portable Typewriters make it easy to type detailed sales reports, describing technical requirements of customer, giving valuable information for home office sales, production, advertising departments. Carbon copies eliminate copying. Good ideas come before executives in clear, printed form. Choice of many models—in a wide range of prices—all available on easy payments. Famed Remington Noiseless—leader of typewriter industry—makes it possible to use typewriter at all hours, in hotels, on trains.



CONTROL SALES INTERVIEW

New zipper book unit puts essential sales points on visible cards, logically arranged, with pictures covering important features. So compact that one book an inch thick covers complete line of products, makes impressive visual presentation—completely controls sales interview. Sales managers also use this book unit to summarize vital sales facts covering nationwide territory for reference in office or field. New 11 months ago; already in use by many nationally famous sales organizations.


YOU CAN ELIMINATE BULKY CATALOGS AND PRICE BOOKS OFTEN UN-ORGANIZED ALWAYS HARD TO KEEP UP-TO-DATE!

SALES FACTS SUMMARIZED DAILY

Up-to-the-minute accounting methods are necessary to furnish summarized facts and figures needed in sales control and direction. The Remington Electrified Bookkeeping Machine posts the ledger, customer's statement, makes sales distribution all at one operation. Completely electrified, new, it offers the world's fastest method. Remington Rand supplies all types of accounting equipment, including punched card accounting. Ask the Remington Rand man how you can combine sales control with your accounting practice.

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85

FOR HELPFUL UNBIASED ADVICE ON TODAY'S BUSINESS PROBLEMS CALL THE REMINGTON RAND MAN IN YOUR CITY, OR WRITE REMINGTON RAND, BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 28

He produced a knife and fork and a great chunk of bread. Standing up, he set a kettle on the fire, then sat down again and, the plate on the plank beside him, began very composedly to eat his supper.

"Yes, it is funny," Nayland Smith went on. "I was down there for my paper on the story of that raid in Chinatown. But all the suspects slipped away. It would be last Saturday night, wouldn't it?"

"It would," said the night watchman, his mouth full of hot bacon. "That would be the night."

He dropped some tea into a tin pot, set it on the ground beside him, and continued stolidly to eat his bacon.

"A night wasted," Nayland Smith mused aloud. "And what a night it was! What a fog!"

"It certainly were foggy."

"The blooming coppers had something up their sleeve; they kept it to themselves."

"You're right, mister." He spat out a piece of bacon rind, picked it up, contemplated it critically and then threw it on the fire. "Coppers is a lousy lot!"

"Wish I'd stopped for a chat with you that night, and a spot over the fire." Nayland Smith leaned across the rail and passed a flask to the night watchman. "Slip a gill in your tea. I'm homeward bound with a couple of pals. I shan't need it."

"Blimey!" cried the watchman, and unscrewed the flask and sniffed the contents. "Thanks, mister. This is a bit of all right."

"Those blasted Chinese," Sir Denis continued, "slipped out of that place as though they'd been dissolved."

"How many, guv'nor?"

"Four, I think they were looking for."

MINGLED with the sound of whisky trickling into a tin mug, came a muted rumbling which examination of the face of the night watchman might have suggested to an observer to be due to suppressed mirth; then:

"You might have done worse than stop for a chat with me, guv'nor," said the man, rescrewing the flask and returning it to Sir Denis.

"It was this way with me," the night watchman continued, endeavoring to chuckle and eat bacon at the same time, "as I told the young scab of a copper down there what come walkin' by. He says: 'You've 'ad one drink too many, haven't you?' he says. See what I mean, mister?"

The dammed-up stream of traffic was trickling slowly past the obstruction, under Constable Ireland's direction. Things were going fairly well. But nevertheless it was difficult to hear the speaker, and Nayland Smith and Gallaho bent over the red barrier, listening intently. Petrie craned forward also, his hand resting on Gallaho's shoulder.

"This bloke says to me," the night watchman repeated, 'you've 'ad one drink too many, haven't you?' So I didn't say no more to him, except, 'Bloody good luck to me,' says I, 'if I have' . . . and I adds, 'Bloody bad luck to you if you ain't.' That was what I said."

With all the care of a pharmacist preparing a prescription, he added a portion of the whisky from the tin cup to a brew of hot tea in a very cracked mug.

"I let him go—it's silly talkin' to coppers. He went away laughin'. But the laugh was mine, if I says so—but the laugh was mine! I'll tell you what I told 'im, mate—I told 'im what I see."

He swallowed a portion of bread and bacon.

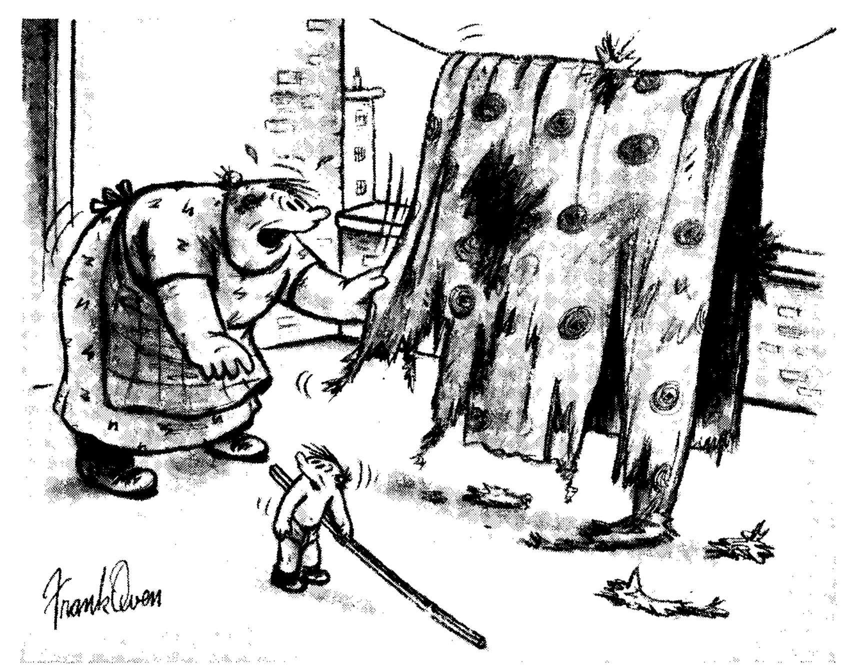
"You're a newspaper-man. Well, you'd have got your story all right, if you stopped, like you wanted to do, that night. What story I don't know, but a story. Here it is: I work for a firm, if you follow what I mean; I ain't a council man—that's why I travels so much. Very well. The same firm what done this job 'ere was on the Limehouse job. . . ."

He added sugar and condensed milk from a worn-looking tin to the brew in the mug, stirred it with a piece of wood and took an appreciative sip.

"Good 'ealth, mister. Where I'm workin' in Limehouse is on West India Dock Road and not far from the corner of the old Causeway. That's where you see me, if I heard you right."

"THAT'S it," said Smith patiently; "a grand fire you had."

"I'd got some potatoes," chuckled the night watchman. "I remember as well as if it were an hour ago, and I'd roasted 'em and I was eating 'em. Did you notice me eating 'em?"



"Of course Mamma wasn't mad at the rug! She only wanted you to beat the dust out of it!" Frank Owen

"No, he didn't," growled Gallaho; "at least, he never told me he did."

Nayland Smith grasped the speaker's arm.

"Oh, didn't he?" said the night watchman, lifting a tufted eyebrow in the direction of the detective. "Well, I was. And through the fog there, what did I see . . . ?"

He drank from the mug. Rain had begun to fall; the roar of the passing traffic rendered it necessary to bend far over the red pole in order to hear the man's words. He set down his mug and stared truculently from face to face.

"I'm askin' a bloody question," he declared. "What did I see?"

"How the hell do I know, mate!" Gallaho shouted, in the true vernacular, his voice filled with suppressed irritation.

The night watchman chuckled.

"'Course you don't know. That's why I ask' you . . . I see a trap what belongs to the main sewer open from underneath. Get that? It just lifted—and first thing I thought was: an explosion! It wasn't no further from me than—" he hesitated—"that bus. It was lifted right off. There's nobody about; it's the middle of the night. It was set down very quiet on the pavement, and what did I see then . . . ?"

He took another sip from his mug; he had finished the bread and the bacon. Gallaho had sized up his witness, and:

"What did you see, mate?" he inquired.

"Here's a story for the newspapers," the watchman chuckled, as Nayland Smith reached across the barrier and offered him a cigarette from a yellow packet. "Thanks, mister—here's a story!"

"A Chinaman popped up . . ."

"What!"

"You may well say 'what!' But I'm tellin' you. A Chinaman popped up out of the trap."

"What kind of a Chinaman?"

Nayland Smith was the speaker, but in spite of his eagerness he had not forgotten to retain the accent.

"Looked like a Chinese sailor, as much as I could see of 'im through the fog—not that there was a lot of fog at the time; but there was some—there 'ad been more. He took a look round. I sat quiet by my fire because, as I told that lousy cop what laughed at me, I thought for a minute I was dreamin'. Then he bent down and 'elped another Chinese bloke to come up. The second Chinese bloke was old. He was an old Chinese, he were . . ."

"What did he wear?" Smith inquired, pulling out a notebook and pencil, casually.

"Ho, ho!" chuckled the watchman. "I thought you'd want to make some notes. He wore a kind of overcoat and a tweed cap. But although I couldn't see his face, I know it was a very funny face—very old and 'aggard, and he were very tall. . . ."

"Very tall?"

"That's what I said—very tall. Another bloke come up next—"

"Also a Chinaman?"

"Likewise Chinese, wearin' a old jersey and trousers, with his 'ead bare. He bent back like the first bloke had done, and 'auled up another Chinese—"

"NOT another one," growled Gallaho, acting up to the situation.

"Another one!" the watchman repeated truculently, fixing a ferocious glare upon the speaker, whom instinctively he disliked—"and another old 'un—" challengingly, the glare unmoved from Gallaho—"*and another old 'un!* . . ."

Nayland Smith was apparently making rapid notes; now:

"Was the other old one tall?" he inquired.

"He were not, he was just old."

"Did you notice what he wore?"

"Listen . . ." The night watchman puffed his cigarette and then stood up slowly—"*you're* not suggestin' I'm barmy, are you?"

"You bet I'm not," snapped Nayland Smith cheerfully. "You've given me a grand paragraph."

"Oh, I see. Well, he wore a seedy kind o' suit like I might wear, and an old soft hat."

"What did they do?"

"The two younger Chinese put the top back and stamped it down. Then they all crossed the road behind my 'ut, and that's all I know about it."

"Didn't you see where they went?"

"Listen, mister . . ." The watchman sat down again on his plank seat, refilling his mug from the pot and adding the remainder of the whisky to its contents. "There was nobody about. I ain't as young as I used to be. If you saw Chinese—two of 'em tough-lookin' specimens—come up out of a sewer . . . see what I mean? Do you know what I done? I pretends to be fast asleep!"

"That's sense," growled Gallaho.

"But you reported it to the constable on the beat when he came along?" said Nayland Smith.

"As you say, mister. And he not only gave me the bird, he told me I was barmy or blind—oh. It'll be a long time before I gives information to the bloody police again, whatever I sees—whatever I sees."

FLEURETTE knew that Alan must not be out after dusk in this misty weather. He had developed an unpleasant cough as a result of the injuries he had received; but Fleurette had found a faith almost amounting to worship in the wisdom of Dr. Petrie, her father so newly discovered, but already deeply loved.

He had assured her that this distressing symptom would disappear when the lesion was healed.

She had not wanted Alan to go. Her love for him was a strange thing, impossible to analyze. It had come uncalled for, unwanted; she almost resented the way she felt about Alan.

The curious but meaningless peace of her previous life, her fatalistic acceptance of what she believed to be her destiny, had been broken by this love for Alan. He had represented storm; the discovery of her father had represented calm.

She knew, but nevertheless experienced no resentment of the fact, that she had been used as a pawn in the game of the brilliant man who had dominated her life from infancy. Even now, after her father and Sir Denis had opened her eyes, gently but surely, to the truth—or what they believed to be the truth—about the Prince (for she always thought of him as the Prince), Fleurette remained uncertain.

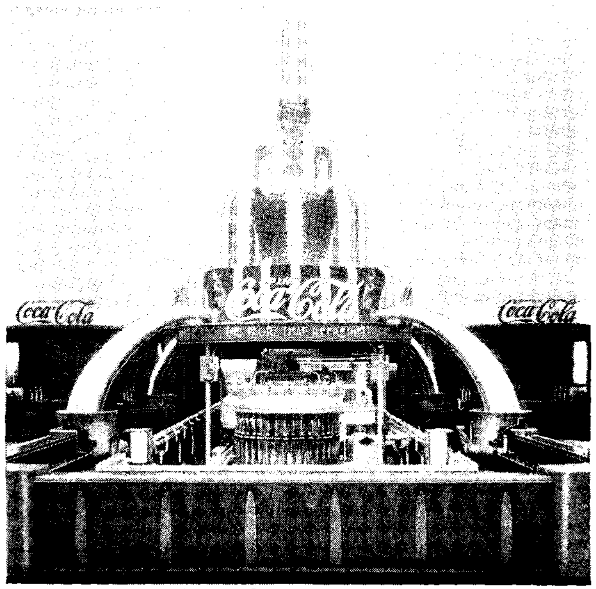
Sir Denis was wonderful; and her father—her heart beat faster when she thought of her father—he, of course, was simply a darling. In some way which she could not analyze, her allegiance, she knew, was shared between her father and Alan. It was all very new and very confusing. It had not only changed her life; it had changed her mode of thought—her outlook—everything.

Curled up in the big armchair before the fire, Fleurette tried to adjust her perspective in regard to this new life which opened before her.

Was she a traitor to those who had reared her, so tenderly and so wonderfully, in breaking with the code which

(Continued on page 32)

Again this year — approximately one of every three at Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition pause and refresh themselves with ice-cold Coca-Cola. In 1933 more than twenty-two million people attended, and at the soda fountains and refreshment stands within the fair grounds more than six million, five hundred thousand drinks of Coca-Cola were served. Because its life and sparkle go quickly into energy. It keeps you going — feeling fit for what's ahead.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in the Food and Agricultural Building at Chicago's 1934 Fair.

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BOUNCE BACK TO NORMAL

You can be sure it is pure and wholesome. Coca-Cola is a pure drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring. Complying with pure food laws all over the world.

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THIS DOUBLE TREAT!!

You need not be satisfied with *style* alone or *comfort* alone in your underwear. You get *both* in Du-Ons.

Du-Ons are brief, cool, one-piece garments designed to conform to a *man's* figure. They do not pinch or bind. They always stay neatly and comfortably in place. No overlapping layers or tightness at waist or anywhere else. Du-Ons do not ride up, pull out, bunch or crawl.

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Present yourself a double treat. Order Du-Ons at your favorite outfitter's.

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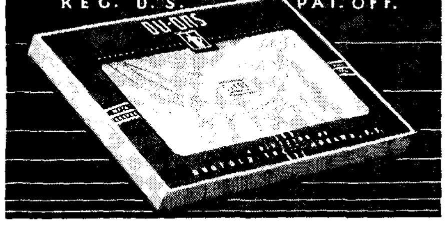


The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 30

had almost become part of herself? Was she breaking with all that was true, and plunging into a false world? Her education, probably unique for a woman, had endowed her with a capacity for clear thinking. She knew that her thoughts of Alan Sterling were inspired by infatuation. Would her esteem for his character, although she believed it to be fine, make life worth while when infatuation was over?

In regard to her father, there was no doubt whatever. Her discovery of him had turned her world upside down. She resettled herself in the chair.

The Prince was fighting for her.

That strange hiatus in her life, about which the doctor had been so reticent, meant that he still had power to claim her. Now, they said he was dead.

It was unbelievable.

Fleurette found it impossible to grasp this idea that Dr. Fu Manchu was dead. She had accepted the fact—it had become part of her life—that one day he would dominate a world in which there would be no misunderstanding, no strife, no ugliness; nothing but beauty. To this great ideal she had consecrated herself, until Alan had come.

"Little Flower . . . I am calling you!"

It was *his* voice—speaking in Chinese!

And Fleurette knew that ancient language as well as she knew French and English.

She sat bolt upright in the armchair. She was torn between two worlds: This normal, clean room, with its simple appointments, its neatness, its homeliness—the atmosphere which belonged to Sir Denis, that generous, boyish-hearted man who was her father's close friend; and a queer, alluring philosophy, cloying, like the smoke of incense, which belonged to the world from which Nayland Smith had dragged her.

"Little Flower—I am calling you."

Fleurette wrenched her gaze away from the fire.

In the burning logs the face of Dr. Fu Manchu was forming. She sprang to her feet and pressed a bell.

There was a rap on the door.

"Come in."

Fey entered. He brought Western reason, coolness, to her racing brain.

"You rang, miss?"

Fleurette spoke rather wildly; and Fey, although his manner did not betray the fact, was studying her with concern.

"You see, Fey, I arranged to wait dinner until my father and Sir Denis came back. As a matter of fact, I am rather hungry."

"Quite, miss. Perhaps a little snack? Some caviar and a glass of wine?"

"Oh, no, Fey. Nothing quite so fattening. But if you would get me just two tiny egg sandwiches with a layer of cress—you know what I mean—and perhaps, yes, a glass of wine. . . ."

"Certainly miss, in a moment."

Fey went out.

Fleurette pulled the armchair around so that she did not face the fire. It was a gesture—but a defensive one.

That voice—that voice which could not be denied—"Little Flower, I am calling you"—had sounded, she knew, in her subconscious mind only. But *because* she knew this . . . she feared. If she had not known how this voice had reached her, she would have surrendered and have been conquered. Because she did know, and was not prepared to surrender, she fought.

They thought he was dead. . . . He was not dead.

She heard Fey at the telephone giving terse orders. She was really hungry. This was not merely part of a formula designed to combat the subconscious call which had reached her; but it would help. She knew that if she wanted Alan, that if in the future she wished to live in the same wholesome world to which her father belonged, she must fight—*fight*.

She wandered across to a bookshelf and began to inspect the books. One watching her would have said that she smiled almost tenderly. Nayland Smith's books betrayed the real man.

Those works which were not technical were of a character to have delighted a schoolboy. Particularly Fleurette was intrigued by a worn copy of Tom Sawyer Abroad, which had obviously been read and reread. Despite his great brain and his formidable personality, what a simple soul he was at heart!

Fleurette began to read at random.

"Your sandwiches, miss."

Fleurette started.

Fey was placing a tray upon a small table set beside the armchair. Removing the silver cover he revealed some delicately cut sandwiches. With a spoon and fork he adroitly placed two upon a plate, removed a half-bottle of wine from an ice bucket, uncorked it and poured out a glassful.

He set down the glass beside the plate, adjusted the armchair in relation to the fire with careful consideration, bowed slightly, and went out.

She began to eat the sandwiches with great relish. She knew instinctively that the expedition upon which her father had gone tonight, with Sir Denis and that strange character, Inspector Gallaho, would result in the discovery of the fact that Dr. Fu Manchu had survived the catastrophe in the East End, of which she knew very little, for they had withheld details. She was disposed to believe that Gallaho, alone, had faith in the Prince's death; her father's manner betrayed doubt; Sir Denis had said nothing, but she divined the fact that until he saw Dr. Fu Manchu dead before him he would never believe that that great intellect had ceased to function.

Fleurette ate three sandwiches, drank a glass of wine and, in a mood of contemplation, found herself staring again into the fire.

"Little Flower, I am calling you."

His voice again! She knew, for she had been trained to know, that no voice really had sounded in the room. It was her subconscious brain. But . . . this she knew also—it was real—it was urgent.

Already she began to see again that glamorous but meaningless life out of which she had climbed, assisted by Alan, as a swimmer clambers out of a tropical sea. She could see it in the fire. There were snow-capped mountains there, melting into palm groves, temples and crowded bazaar streets; a hot smell of decay and perfume—and now, all merged into two long, gleaming eyes.

She watched those eyes fascinatedly, bent closer, falling under their thralldom.

"Little Flower, I am calling . . ."

Her lips parted. She was about to speak in response to that imperious call when a sound in the lobby snatched her back to the world of reality.

It was the ringing of the doorbell. She could hear Fey crossing the lobby and opening the front door of the apartment. She did not hear any word spoken.

She thought she detected a vague scuffling sound.

Fleurette stood still, very near to the door communicating with the lobby, listening. The scuffling continued; then came a dull thud.

Silence.

A wave of apprehension swept over her, turning her cold.

"Fey!" she called, and again more urgently, "*Fey!*"

There was no reply.

She ran to the bell beside the mantelpiece, pushed it and actually heard it ringing. She stood still, hands clenched, watching the door.

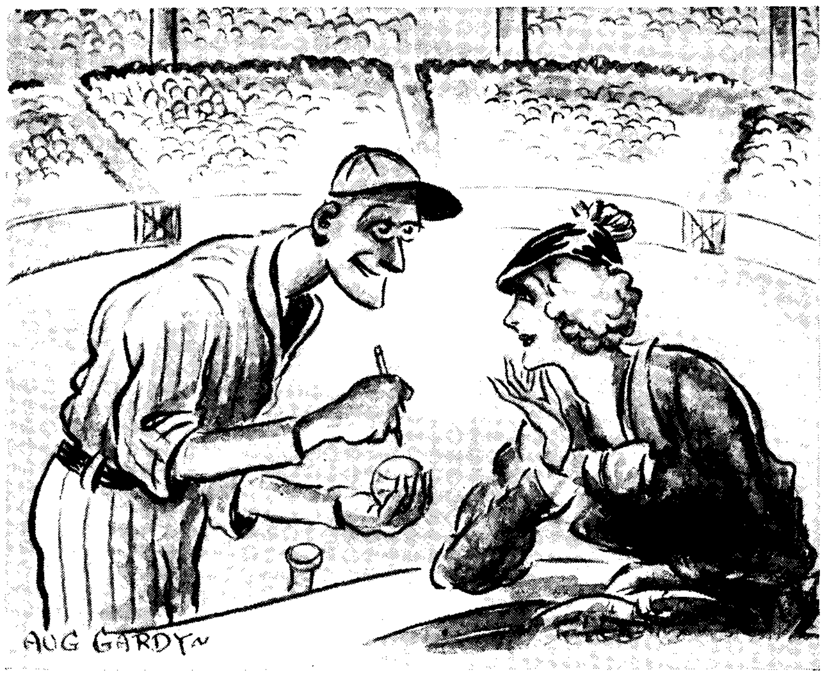
No one came.

"Fey!" she called again, and heard with surprise the high note upon which she called.

The door opened. The lobby beyond was in darkness. A tall man was coming in.

But it was not Fey. . . .

(To be continued next week)



"And my phone number, too?"

August Gardy

"Just aim it and press the button. That's all there is to do."

Ciné-Kodak *Eight*

Makes movies for 10¢ a "shot"*

"Is that all it really cost?"
"Honestly . . . I couldn't believe it myself."

THERE'S a thrill in the movies you take yourself . . . Start today if you haven't already.

Ciné-Kodak Eight is a full-fledged movie maker. It takes grand movies at the push of a button . . . gives fine results from the first. The cost is but $34.50... and the upkeep amazingly low.

See this camera at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's . . . see the movies it makes. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

* IN THE MOVIE STUDIOS of Hollywood, a shot is one continuous scene of a picture story. The Eight makes 20 to 30 such scenes—each as long as those in the average news reel—on a roll of film costing $2.25, finished, ready to show.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

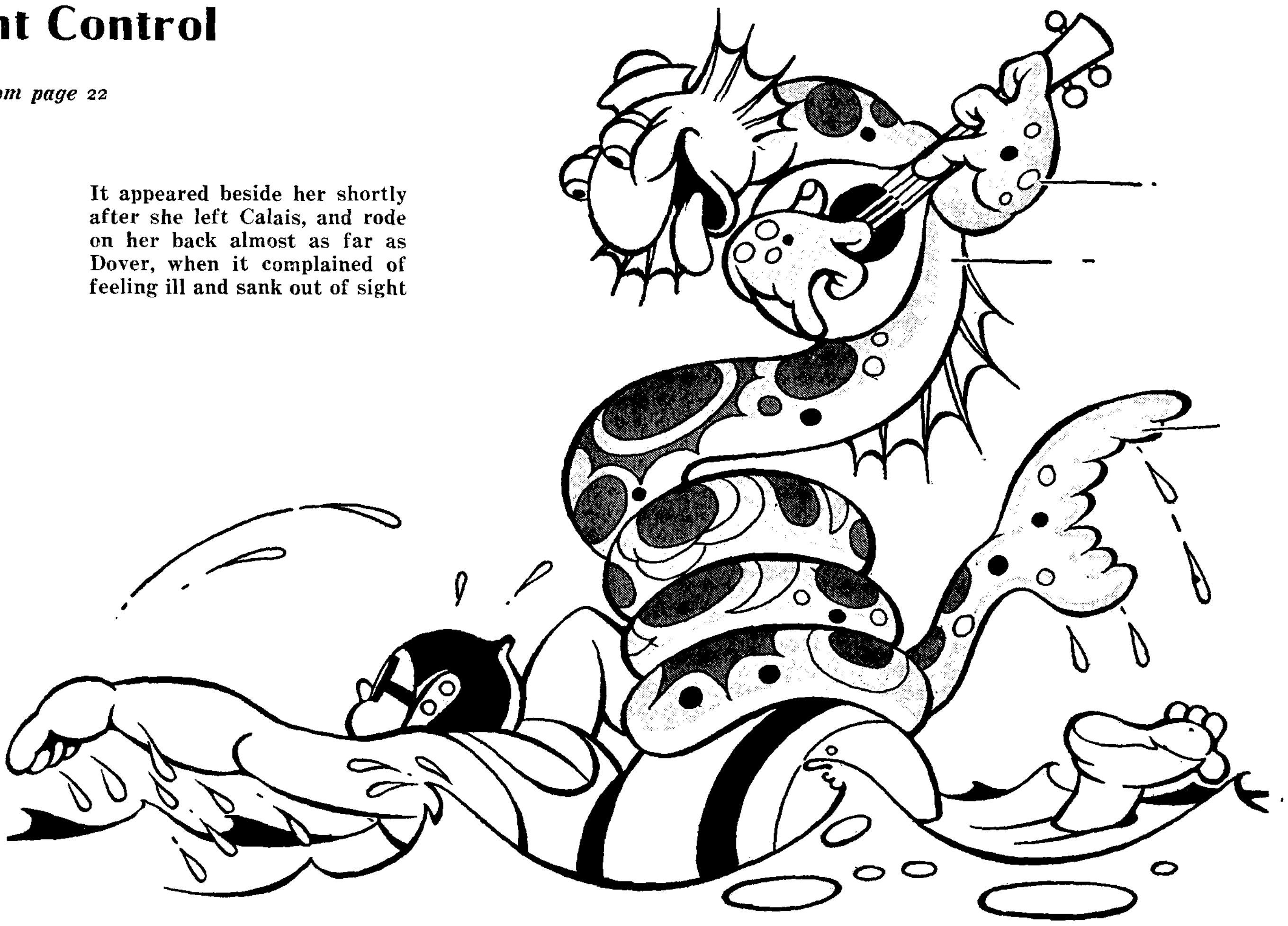
"What clear, lifelike movies—they're amazing."
"Amazing is right . . . no wonder all our friends are getting Eights."

Sea-Serpent Control

Continued from page 22

said that it had appeared beside her shortly after she left Calais, and had ridden on her back almost as far as Dover, when it complained of feeling ill and sank out of sight. She said that the monster seemed to be made up of little round balls painted bright red and yellow and green, and joined together with elastic so that it could be bent into almost any shape desired. It was about sixty feet long, she said, and spoke with a definite Scottish accent.

This gave rise to the supposition that it was the Loch Ness monster out doing the hot-spots along the French coast. The theory was denied at once by the residents of Loch Ness, however, who insisted with some indignation that they had sighted their monster swimming around Loch Ness only yesterday, at a great rate. In support of their claim, they sent the expedition an advertising catalogue of the Loch Ness Monster House, a large summer hotel built recently on the shore of the lake to accommodate sight-seers, at an even greater rate.



It appeared beside her shortly after she left Calais, and rode on her back almost as far as Dover, when it complained of feeling ill and sank out of sight

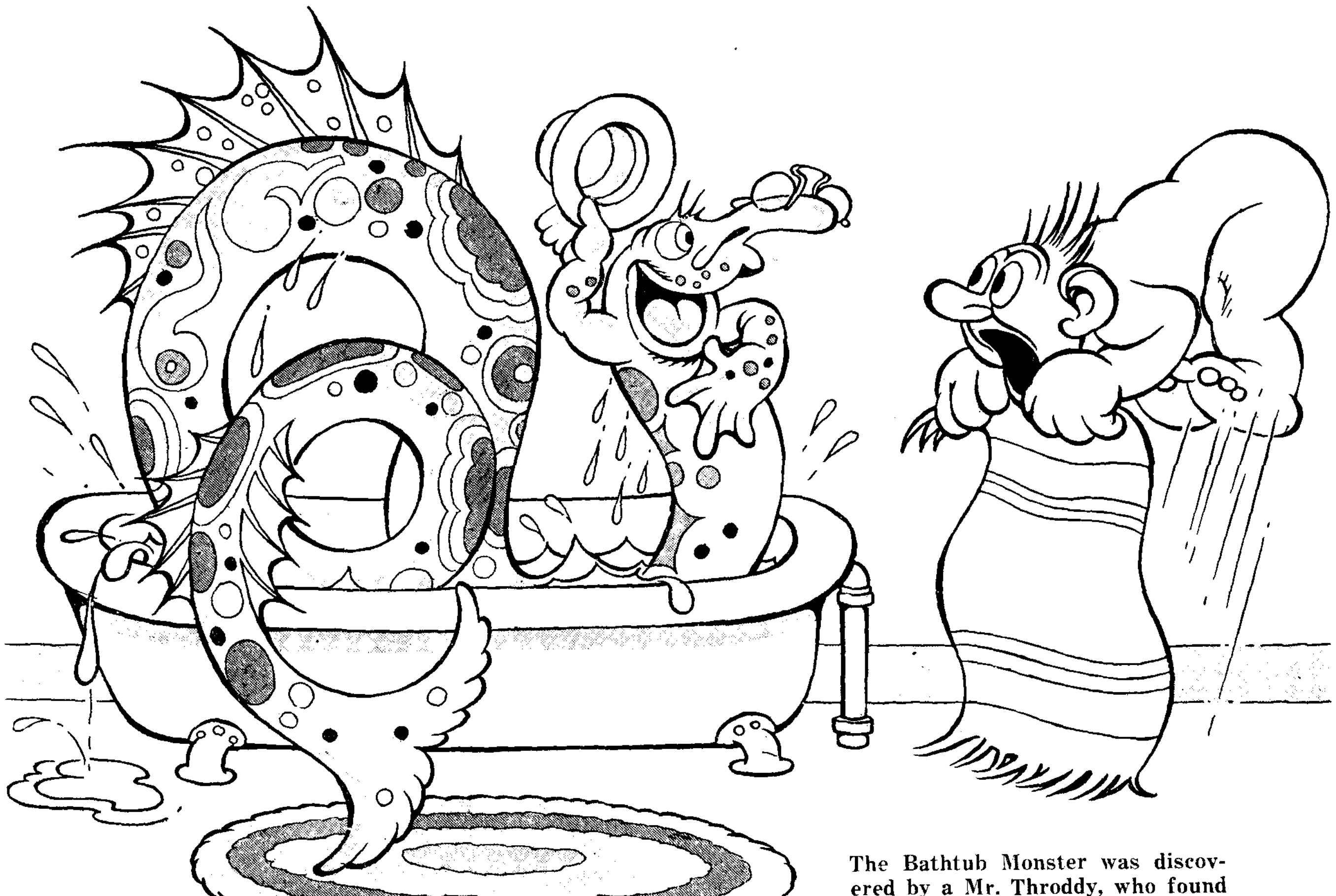
A Sea Serpent in Every Home

By this time, reports of sea serpents were pouring into our offices thick and fast. For example, someone in Miami claimed that he had just sighted a Thing which had been washed up on the beach in front of his house, with a head like the ivory dog on an umbrella handle, a short, fat body covered with orange fur, and webbed feet like a duck. He wanted our expedition to come down and explode the rumor or else the serpent, one or the other.

At the same time, an Egyptian archeologist who was crossing the Sahara on a motorcycle reported that he had discovered a sea monster seated in his side-car. He said he pretended not to notice it, and pretty soon it went away. This sea monster differed from the rest in that it had no head or body, but merely a face. The archeologist said that there was nothing unusual about this face, except that it reminded him of his aunt in Council Bluffs, Iowa, named Mrs. Furbish. Our expedition went to Council Bluffs at once, located his aunt, and established the fact that she had a face. This seemed to prove the Egyptian archeologist's story beyond the peradventure of a doubt, and the sea serpent consequently was named the Mrs. Furbish Monster, and Mrs. Furbish was given a great reception by the Council Bluffs, Iowa, Chamber of Commerce, and presented with the keys of the city, and had her picture published in all the papers, and later was taken to Washington and shook hands with President Roosevelt. On the other hand, the Mrs. Furbish Monster was never heard of again.

Perhaps the most remarkable specimen which our expedition investigated, however, was known as the 192 Firglade Bldv., Holyoke, Massachusetts, Bathtub Monster, owing to the fact that it was discovered by a Mr. Throddy of that address, who found it in his bathtub one morning when he went to take a bath. Mr. Throddy hurried out of the room to call his wife, and when he returned the monster had disappeared. This made things pretty embarrassing for a while for Mr. Throddy. A few days later, however, Mrs. Throddy discovered the same monster in the bathtub when *she* went to take a bath, which made things pretty embarrassing for Mrs. Throddy.

In order to settle the whole matter, therefore, Mr. Throddy sat down and wrote a letter to our expedition, wanting to know if there were really such a thing as a sea monster. On the other hand, in the very same mail we received a letter from the sea monster wanting to know if there were really a Mr. Throddy. We decided to let them thrash out the matter between themselves.



The Bathtub Monster was discovered by a Mr. Throddy, who found it in his bathtub one morning when he went to take a bath

It's Best to Ignore Them

Having gathered together all our scientific data, therefore, we decided at last to prepare a complete report on the sea-monster situation, which we hoped would clear up the whole subject once and for all. For this purpose, I took a small office on the second floor of a flat in Baker Street; and here, after digesting all the available facts, I have come to the following conclusions:

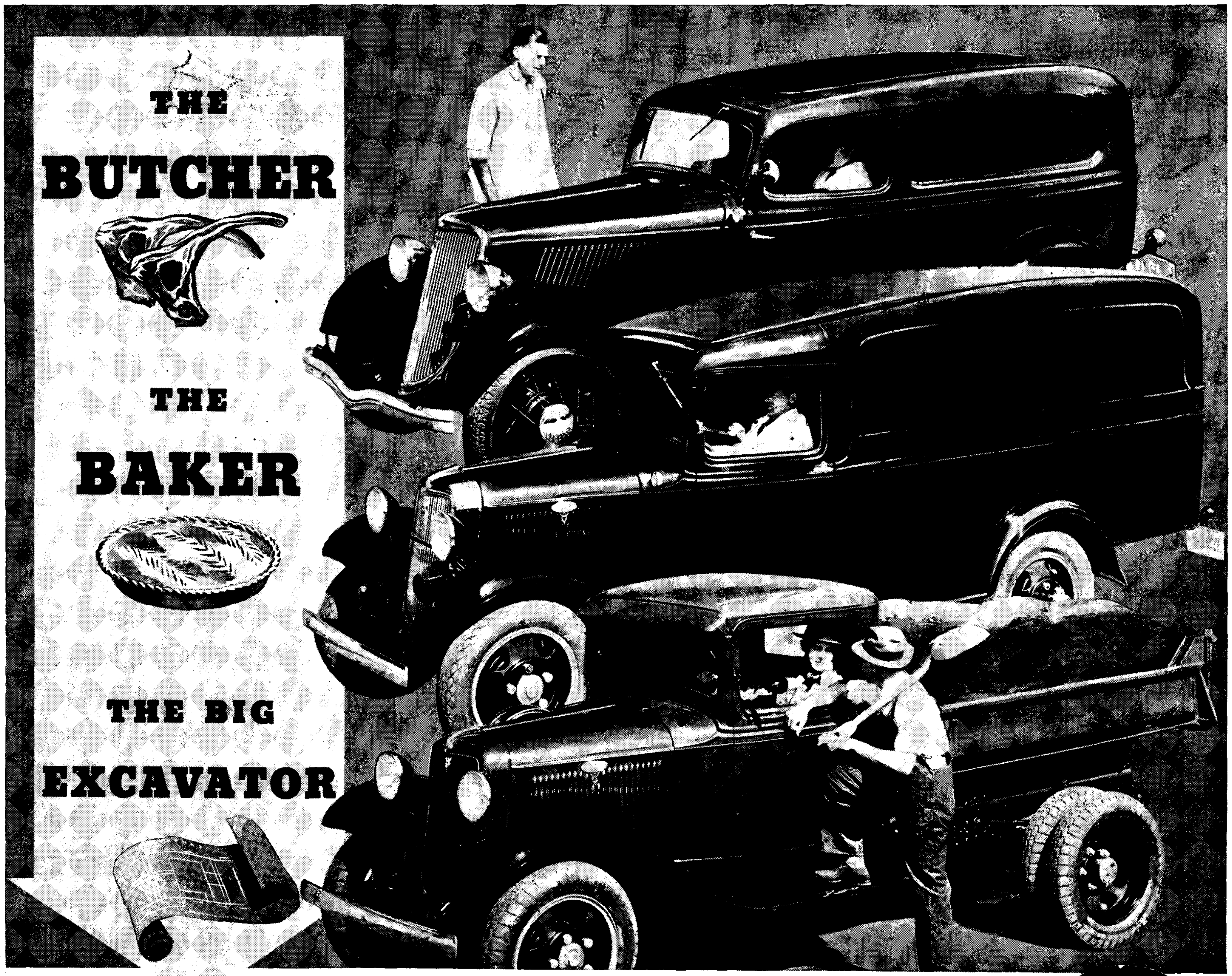
1. That there are no sea monsters.
2. That the creatures commonly reported as "sea monsters" are really only a cross between a dogfish, a bottle-nosed whale (or hyperoödon), a hooker of gin, and a dash of orange bitters.
3. That even if there were sea monsters, I personally would be pretty sick of them by now, after reading about them every day in the papers.

As a matter of fact, I have just finished this report proving that there aren't any sea monsters, and I am sitting here all alone at my desk. As I write this paragraph, I can hear a soft, wet step on the stairs outside the door. It seems to be coming nearer. Now the door knob is turning very slowly. I am stooping over my desk without looking up, writing like sixty and making out I don't see it.

Now the door has just opened.

There is something looking over my shoulder.

Ugh!



(Top) Sedan Delivery on 112-inch Commercial Car chassis. . . . (Middle) De Luxe Panel on 131½-inch Truck chassis. . . . (Bottom) Hydraulic Dump on Special Dump chassis.

Are all saving money with New FORD V·8 TRUCKS

The Ford V-8 truck engine uses no more fuel than a "four." It simply divides the same amount into eight smaller parts. That's how single-truck owners and fleet operators are cutting hauling costs with New Ford V-8 Trucks. They get eight-cylinder performance with four-cylinder economy and speed up deliveries as well.

They are saving money in another way too. Big repair bills are unknown. The economical Ford engine exchange policy ends big overhaul costs. Less time is lost laying the truck up for repairs, because the New Ford V-8 Truck is built to stay on the job and out of the repair shop.

With the new full-floating rear axle, the full weight of the truck and load is carried by the axle housing, leaving the shafts free to transmit power. Axles can be removed without jacking up the wheels. Surprising new economy in fuel and oil consumption is made possible by new dual down-draft carburetor, new-type aluminum pistons, new truck-type cylinder heads and factory-polished cylinder walls. New copper-lead connecting-rod bearings are the same type used in racing cars and airplane engines. Exhaust valve seat inserts double mileage between valve grindings. Transmission, clutch and steering are real truck units. Brakes are unusually large for safety and long life. Full torque-tube drive permits free shackling of semi-elliptic rear springs, maintains axle alignment and takes all driving and braking stresses, leaving the springs free to cushion the load.

See the New Ford V-8 Trucks at the showrooms of your nearest Ford dealer. Body types meet 90% of all requirements. And remember, FORD TRUCK PRICES HAVE NOT BEEN RAISED. In fact, delivered prices have recently been lowered.

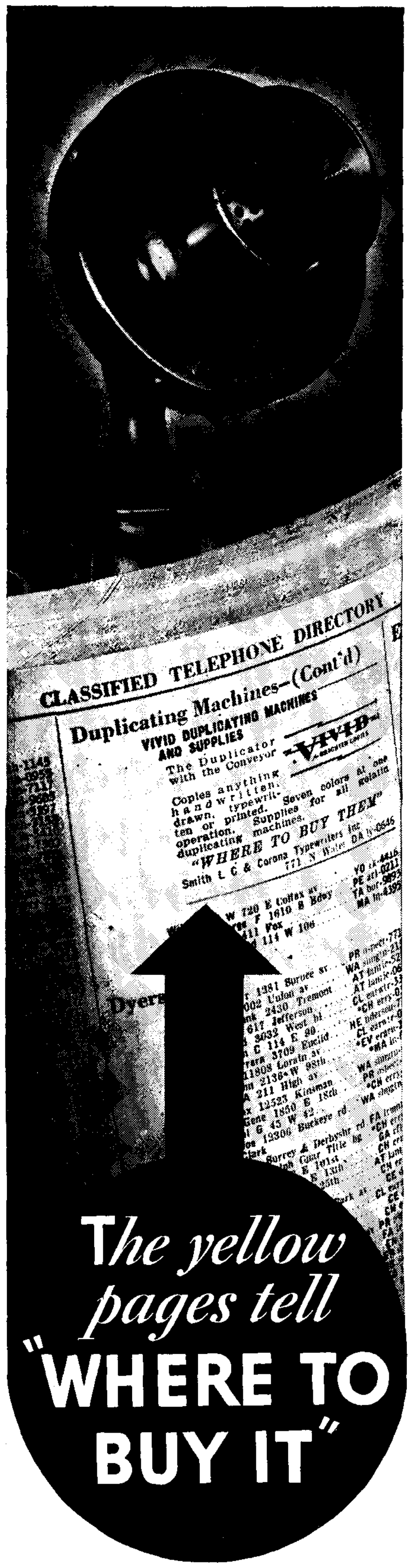
SPECIAL V·8 TRUCK ENGINE

Uses No More Fuel than a "Four"

Full-floating Rear Axle

Stronger rear end

NO "UP" IN PRICES


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
Duplicating Machines—(Cont'd)
VIVID DUPLICATING MACHINES AND SUPPLIES
The Duplicator with the Conveyor
Copies anything handwritten, typewritten, drawn, or printed. Seven colors at one operation. Supplies for all duplicating machines.
"WHERE TO BUY THEM"
The yellow pages tell "WHERE TO BUY IT"

When you want a certain advertised brand or when you want dependable service on a product you already own, just turn to your classified telephone book.

Look for the trade mark of the advertised brand—General Electric Refrigerator, Stromberg-Carlson Radio, Premier Vacuum Cleaner, for example. There you'll find a list of representatives who are *authorized by the manufacturer* to sell and service that brand.

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

There'll be Shouting in the Valley

Continued from page 11

The Electric Home and Farm Authority has already made contracts with important manufacturers of electrical supplies and home equipment—milking machines, vacuum cleaners, separators, cook stoves, furnaces, hot water heaters, refrigerators and so on at great length—whereby these manufacturers will make their wares in simplified and sometimes smaller units. These specially made accessories will be sold through the conventional retailer to consumers of government power. The retailer gets his money forthwith from the Electric Home and Farm Authority, which, in turn, gets it back in monthly installments from the purchaser.

In the beginning—when the TVA and the EHFA began to get under way—it was stated boldly by everybody concerned that the whole thing was so much nonsense. It couldn't be done because, in the first place, the necessary power would cost the householder too much and the farmer, already up to his neck in debt and bankruptcy, couldn't afford all these fripperies. Electric manufacturers had to be convinced. Power companies had to be shown. Retailers, who would have to be satisfied with a smaller profit, were skeptical. But even before the TVA had mustered its facts and figures to confute these timidities, Mr. Samuel Ferguson, President of the Hartford Electric Light Company, in Connecticut, came forward with the answer.

Two School-Teachers and a Lawyer

"A completely electrified house," said he last October, "should be able to earn a rate of two cents or less for entire requirements of light, cooking, refrigeration, hot water, etc. This is an idea which has not as yet received universal acceptance, but in my opinion it must be done and done quickly. We find much more profit in the all-electric homes earning rates as low as 1.7 cents per kilowatt hour than we do in the average home at four and a half cents or the small user at eight cents, and certainly the users are more pleased."

And several other power utility operators have gone to the offices of the TVA and said, in effect, that the present rates they were compelled to charge for power were the most potent threat the industry faced. They, unlike Mr. Ferguson, decline to be quoted. But the manufacturers of electrical home and farm equipment were the easiest to convert. They realized that they were going nowhere in particular—at least not at present—if electricity rates made it impossible for more home-owners to buy their wares. As long as rates were what they are, their sales were necessarily limited to a relatively small portion of the population. They made their representations to the power companies who knew (and wept when they saw) that the average monthly use of electricity for domestic purposes in the United States is a mere fifty kilowatt hours per family. Moreover, they had known for some time that the high cost of power was responsible for this timid consumption and that they were equipped to supply two and three times as much power if they could find takers. In Tacoma, Washington, for example, where a municipally owned plant furnished cheap power, the average monthly use was 104 kilowatt hours. In Ontario, Canada, where nature is permitted to furnish power, the monthly use by the home owner is 150 kilowatt hours.

Therefore the manufacturers of electric refrigerators, stoves, heaters and so on elected to lead instead of follow the power companies. One of them, upon reaching an agreement with the EHFA, said that it would require no particular alterations in his mechanical set-up, because some months ago his concern had foreseen the coming of low-cost electricity and had already designed appliances to meet the slender purses of the hitherto non-electrified classes.

But more about that—more specific stuff—when we arrive in Tupelo, Mississippi, which was the first city to benefit by all this government enterprise. About a year ago two school-teachers and a lawyer shook hands with President Roosevelt, told him how much they had enjoyed the luncheon, and took the next train to Knoxville, Tennessee. Collectively they were the Tennessee Valley Authority—directors of the Authority. They had been given fifty million dollars and told to look over the valley's 40,000 square miles of hills and forests, farms and cities, and draw up a plan of operations as rapidly as possible. For this they were each to get ten thousand dollars a year, plenty of personal authority and all the expert help they needed, the country being full of unemployed experts.

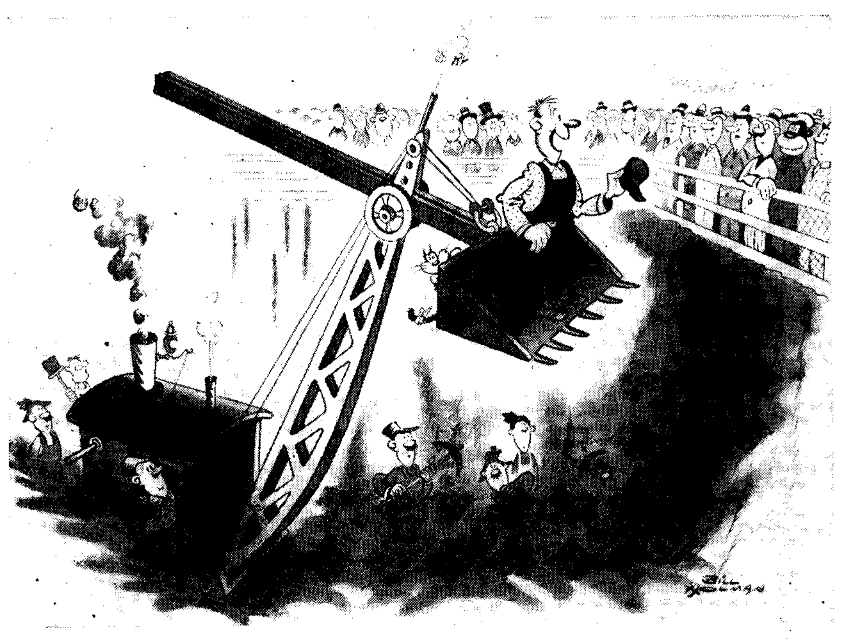
Separately the two school-teachers are Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, President of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio; and Mr. Harcourt A. Morgan, formerly president of the University of Tennessee. The lawyer is Mr. David E. Lilienthal of Chicago, where he was an associate of Mr. Donald R. Richberg, general counsel for the National Recovery Administration, who joined with Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard Law School in assuring President Roosevelt that to look further for a legal adviser to this new TVA was a waste of time.

These three gentlemen discovered within a few hours that they had taken on quite a job. They had a valley that nature had been particularly kind to in the beginning but upon which man had visited almost all his celebrated ruin. They had a river that flowed in a varying torrent along the keel of this great valley, from northeastern Tennessee down into Alabama, nipping a corner of Mississippi and back again through western Tennessee and Kentucky to disgorge presently into the Ohio at Paducah. They had, too, the famous Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, built during the Great War to furnish munition manufacturers with electricity. They had mountains bursting with such fuels as coal, lignite, petroleum and natural gas; heavy metals such as iron ores, manganese, chromium and nickel and the lighter aluminum, magnesium and beryllium. In no time their geologists reported hitherto unmapped zinc, lead, tin, asphalt, phosphate, potash, nitre, salt, lime, alum, coal tar and pyrite. There were clay, kaolin and feldspar for anyone interested in ceramics, and a wide assortment of pigments. Moreover the valley was packed with such abrasives as corundum, emery, garnet and sand and plenty of glass sand, graphite, fuller's earth, asbestos, mica, fire clays, bauxite and so on. In fact, the United States Bureau of Mines had reported that the total mineral production of the seven states included in the Tennessee Valley amounted in 1929 to more than $300,000,000. And nobody yet had mined the region on a large scale. In brief, the valley was an unshaken commercial Christmas tree.

Strangers in the Hills

Almost immediately the opposition got to work. One may not fairly blame the privately owned companies for regarding the prospect with misgiving nor for doing all that they could to blight any enthusiasm that the valley people might have had. But the power companies suffered from the overzeal of their friends. It was more or less to be expected that lawyers whose incomes were either chiefly or occasionally derived from the power companies should exhort the valley to beware of "experiments, Socialism, political traps and amateurs." And it was not very important that some of the country newspapers—particularly the weeklies—should join the croaking chorus. Too many of these small papers, never very far from bankruptcy, depended largely upon utility advertising. And the valley knew this. But when members of state legislatures, elected on pledges to work for lower electric rates, entered the fray, warning the mountaineers against coöperating with the TVA and

(Continued on page 38)



"One of our men will now pass among you. Anything you care to give will be gladly accepted!" Bill Holman

Let's have **FUN** *this summer!*

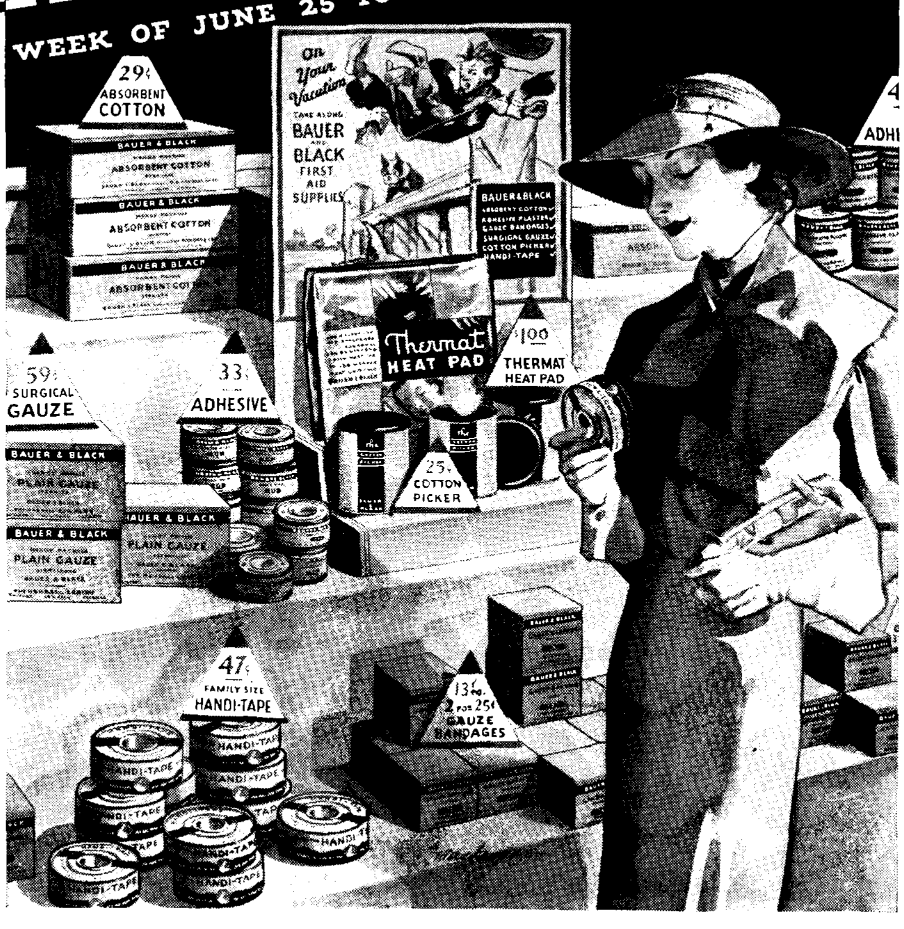
● Let's get the greatest possible joy out of every sunshiny day! All the health that games and relaxation in the open air can bring us! Let's remember that with these games, for ourselves and our children, come inevitable small cuts, wounds, bruises, minor infections. These should be taken care of promptly, even though at the time they may seem trivial.

● Safe! A close decision, with knees and knuckles skinned and scratched in the dirt. If he is to be *really* safe, these scratches and cuts should be properly treated and bandaged.

● Doctors know (and unfortunately, many parents, too) that minor infections and cuts, if not properly cared for, may have tragic consequences. Wherever you are in summer, it's only common sense to be prepared for simple first aid.

SPECIAL SALE at your druggist

DURING WEEK OF JUNE 25 TO 30


29¢ ABSORBENT COTTON
On Your Vacation Take Along BAUER and BLACK FIRST AID SUPPLIES
4 ADHI
59¢ SURGICAL GAUZE
33¢ ADHESIVE
Thermat HEAT PAD
$1.00 THERMAT HEAT PAD
25¢ COTTON PICKER
47¢ FAMILY SIZE HANDI-TAPE
13¢ 2 FOR 25¢ GAUZE BANDAGES

. . . to remind you to be prepared for the small cuts, wounds, bruises that come with summer outdoor life and games.

● It happens to all of us. We simply forget to buy these necessary, inexpensive first aid materials. Then suddenly, at the beach, or in the country, or off on a fishing or motor trip, we need them, perhaps desperately.

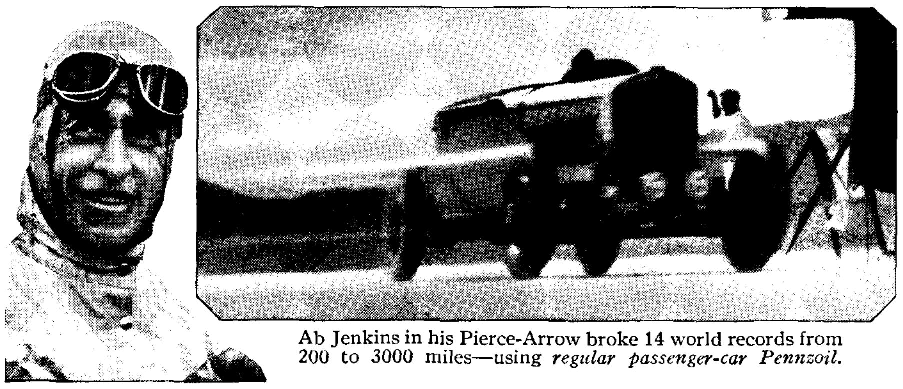
To help you remember to buy these items, Bauer & Black and your druggist are co-operating in a special sale during the week of June 25 to 30. You will find at your drug store a display of simple first aid materials (such as cotton, adhesive, gauze, gauze bandages, Handi-Tape ready-to-use bandages, Thermat Heat Pad, etc.) at special prices.

Take advantage of this reminder to be sure that *your* household is protected against these small accidents that come with summer activities.

BAUER & BLACK

2500 SOUTH DEARBORN STREET • CHICAGO

HOW PENNZOIL MAKES ALL CARS GO FASTER!



Ab Jenkins in his Pierce-Arrow broke 14 world records from 200 to 3000 miles—using *regular passenger-car Pennzoil.*

SAVES UP TO 12% ON GASOLINE..INCREASES PICK-UP 10 TO 25%

Here's a motor oil that does *more* than simply lubricate and protect the moving parts of your car.

The correct grade of Pennzoil actually makes cars go faster! Actually saves you real money on gasoline, too!

Here's Proof

Look at the pictures on this page. See what Pennzoil does when speed counts. Read how Ab Jenkins broke 14 world records from 200 to 3000 miles. How Bill Feldhusen copped the 1933 Albany-New York Marathon outboard motor boat race. How Pennzoil helps speed Union Pacific's streamline train!

Then ask any Pennzoil user. He'll tell you that Pennzoil *does* increase speed and pick-up—save on gasoline.

What Pennzoil is

Pennzoil is refined from the finest Pennsylvania crude. Then it is *3 times concentrated* so that it has an amazing *tough film* and far better lubricating qualities. All non-lubricating elements are removed from Pennzoil. This cuts down internal friction or *engine drag* as effectively as streamlining cuts down external wind resistance. Lets your motor run smoother, easier, *faster.* You get added speed and pick-up—and you save money on gasoline as well.

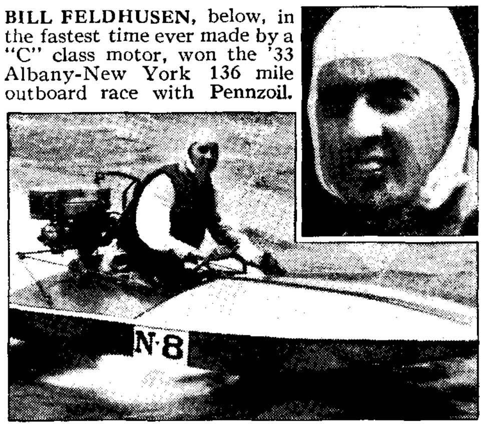
Remember, Pennzoil doesn't cost a penny more. But think how much *more* it gives you. More speed. Faster pick-up. And big gas savings. Get Pennzoil today . . . from any bonded Pennzoil dealer.

NRA

PLAIN OIL NEVER GAVE ME SPEED LIKE THIS

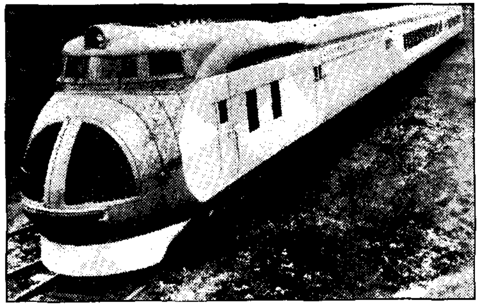
THE CORRECT GRADE of Pennzoil in *your* car will increase speed remarkably . . . give faster pick-up . . . effect real savings on gasoline.

BILL FELDHUSEN, below, in the fastest time ever made by a "C" class motor, won the '33 Albany-New York 136 mile outboard race with Pennzoil.



PENNZOIL WINS its place in the air, too! (*See below.*) Now more than 50% of America's transport air miles are flown with Tough Film Pennzoil.

50% OF AIR TRANSPORT MILES ARE NOW FLOWN WITH PENNZOIL EXCLUSIVELY



Pennzoil was chosen to lubricate Union Pacific's new distillate-burning streamline train, capable of the amazing top speed of 110 miles an hour.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

Executive Offices: Oil City, Pa. - Los Angeles, Calif.
British-American Oil Co., Ltd., Canada.

TOUGH FILM PENNZOIL

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

MAKES CARS GO FASTER..SAVES ON GASOLINE

Member Penn Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

There'll be Shouting in the Valley

Continued from page 36

hinting darkly of "illegal contracts, costly court procedures and the calamitous effects upon stockholders," the utility people themselves came forward and let it be understood that they would not be held responsible for "unauthorized and unwarranted propaganda." There was no evidence that the important utility companies had paid for any of this propaganda. In fact, except for formal court protest, they offered little visible opposition.

With all this to contend with—particularly the first suspicions of the mountaineers, who were listening to the whispers of the propagandists who made cunning use of the dreadful word carpetbagger—Messrs. Morgan, Morgan and Lilienthal had to use lots of tact. They were strangers bringing a strange idea into the hills. To be sure, Mr. Harcourt Morgan had been president of the University of Tennessee, but as such he had not been one of the mountaineers. Moreover he is Canadian born and the propagandists did not forget to mention this. It followed, then, just as the Judge at Loyston told us, that to win the faith and good will of the rural native was one of the first essentials.

A Comparison of Bills

This was done with a great honesty. Looking it over, one can't help thinking that had some of this tact and understanding been used in the offices of the NRA in Washington a few months ago there would have been less chiseling now and a much more cordial exchange and coöperation between industry and the Administration. A very simple, direct people, these mountaineers and valley folk. They'll treat you pretty much as they see you, as you treat them. It is wholly possible that much of the efforts of the TVA would have been mired forthwith and progress made many times as expensive, if not impossible, had the Authority failed to handle such human incidentals as the moving of those graves the Judge spoke about, with reverence and without haste.

There were 92 of these graveyards within the area that will be flooded by Norris Dam. In them were 4,200 graves. The Authority made no noisy speeches about them. And it didn't make the fatal mistake of offering the farmers money for these acres. The Authority worked through the preachers of the countryside, leaving the details of moving all to them. And under the direction of the preachers it all moved as smoothly as a summer Sunday. The aid of patriotic organizations (many of the graves being occupied by soldiers) and of civic associations backed up the preachers. Where tombstones and monuments were needed the Authority supplied them. And, as the Judge said, not a grave was touched without religious services.

Similarly the Authority went about the moving of churches, repairing them, painting them, re-roofing them. Schools that had to be moved received similar gentle treatment and where farmers had doubts about where and when to move, the Authority lent them quiet aid. Thus the beginnings were accomplished, the most delicate beginnings, and rapidly the Authority won the valley's common people. All labor was recruited from the neighborhood where it was to be done and fair wages paid. Not a single arbitrary note entered the process. And presently, with a speed that rather astonished the valley, the TVA hooked up the town of Tupelo with Wilson Dam's power. And Tupelo is still cheering.

And why not? Business men and householders discovered when they received their first bills for TVA power that they were paying from thirty to seventy-five per cent less for Muscle Shoals power than they had for electricity bought from private corporations. For example, the R. W. Reed Company saw its bill reduced from $65.14 to $23.69. A home owner, Mr. L. W. Trice, paid the Mississippi Power Company seventy-five cents instead of $2.30 for the same amount of current. The Tupelo Journal paid $41.38 for 708 kilowatt hours under the old system and $18.94 for 736 kilowatt hours in March. Mr. George Maynard's bill for electricity used in his home before the TVA arrived in Tupelo was nine dollars. Now for the same amount he pays two dollars. The Lyric Theater's bill used to be in the neighborhood of $94 a month. Now it is about $29. In some of these instances the consumer used private-company power part of the month and TVA power for the balance.

In Tupelo the average home using electricity for lighting, refrigeration, a vacuum cleaner, irons, coffee percolator, toaster and the like will pay about $1.90 a month for the power used. If the family elects to cook, heat water, use a washing machine and so on, this modest bill will be increased by about three dollars. If you have an electrified home and use power produced by private corporations you might compare your bills to this.

But we could go on like this indefinitely. Everybody in Tupelo wants to talk about it. There were, under the old régime, 1,400 consumers of electricity in Tupelo, and the utilities people seemed to have reached the limit of their possibilities. Within a week after the consumers received the March bills—the first under the TVA service—fifty new customers voluntarily signed up and it is expected that within a few months all of the town's potential electricity users will have signed up—3,300 of them. All of which is very good business. In 1932 the town of Tupelo paid $31,144 to the Mississippi Power Company. Had this energy been purchased from the TVA the bill would have been $12,370.

Bucking Big Business

The TVA sells power to the municipality on the following schedule: The first 100,000 kilowatt hours per month, four mills a kilowatt hour; the next 200,000 at three mills; the next 700,000 at 2½ mills and over 1,000,000 kilowatt hours at two mills. The residential customer pays three cents a kilowatt hour for the first fifty, two cents for the next 150, one cent for the next 200 and four mills for all over 400 kilowatt hours. The commercial consumer pays three cents a kilowatt hour for the first 250, two cents for the next 750, one cent for the next 1,000 and eight mills for over 2,000. And these rates include all the TVA's incidental power-production expenses for maintenance, operation, depreciation and the like.

All this, of course, required the building of power lines and the purchase from private corporations of old lines. Other lines will be purchased from the private companies as the electricity production is increased. The private companies have not been unwilling to sell rural lines, always a source of discomfort to the companies. But just what may happen when the power generated by the Tennessee River has reached its maximum and the larger cities demand service is something to wait for. The TVA denies vigorously that it is in competition with the private corporations; it declares it merely seeks to establish a yardstick. However, there are officials of the private companies who refer to it as a blackjack.

But let Big Business fight this rate business out in its own way—the utility companies and the government. The rural population of the valley is still amazed by the physical changes. In little groups they watch the blooming of the town of Norris, four miles from Norris Dam. It is bound to be a shock to anybody. Here the Authority, with the aid of a large corps of city-planning experts, housing and electrical engineers, architects, landscapers and what not, are erecting a rotogravure-section suburban community that would have your ordinary real estate developer shedding ecstatic tears. You come upon the town after jouncing along mountain roads that give joy to none but axle makers. The road winds upward to a high, rugged plateau between the Clinch River and the Buffalo Creek valleys and it is punctuated at every bend with the familiar mountain shacks. And there, suddenly, is Norris, very hard to believe in its groves of pine, magnolia and catalpas.

You behold three or four hundred houses on which the architects have had a free hand. They are lighted, heated and air-conditioned by electricity. You cook with electricity, heat water, clean floors, wash clothes and iron them, dispose of garbage, play music. Virtually everything but packing the children off to school (and you should see the school!) and opening the door. There are sleeping porches, cedar closets, shower baths and heaven knows what—and all for the gracious rental of from fourteen to forty-five dollars a month, depending upon the size and construction.

Such communities (there will be more) will be turned over to industrialists who move their factories into the valley. Or they will be occupied by natives whose homes will presently be under the waters of the two new dams—Norris and Wheeler. Or perhaps the town of Norris will be the abode of the permanent staff of the TVA. Anyway these pretty villas will not want for occupants. Behold the letters the Authority is receiving every day. From half the states in the Union come applications from retired merchants, students, writers, artists, business men who have decided to take it easy for a few years. The roadway is crowded with cars carrying private and public inspectors to this astonishing town of Norris. And it's worth seeing—a small hotel, a fourteen-acre public recreation park, stores, public market, theater, bus station, garages. Everything. And it has all been built with lumber and stone found on the mountainside. To build these houses the government has paid about $2,000 to $4,000. And they're even insulated against the discomforts of atmospheric changes. We had quite a lot of trouble wrenching ourselves away from Norris.

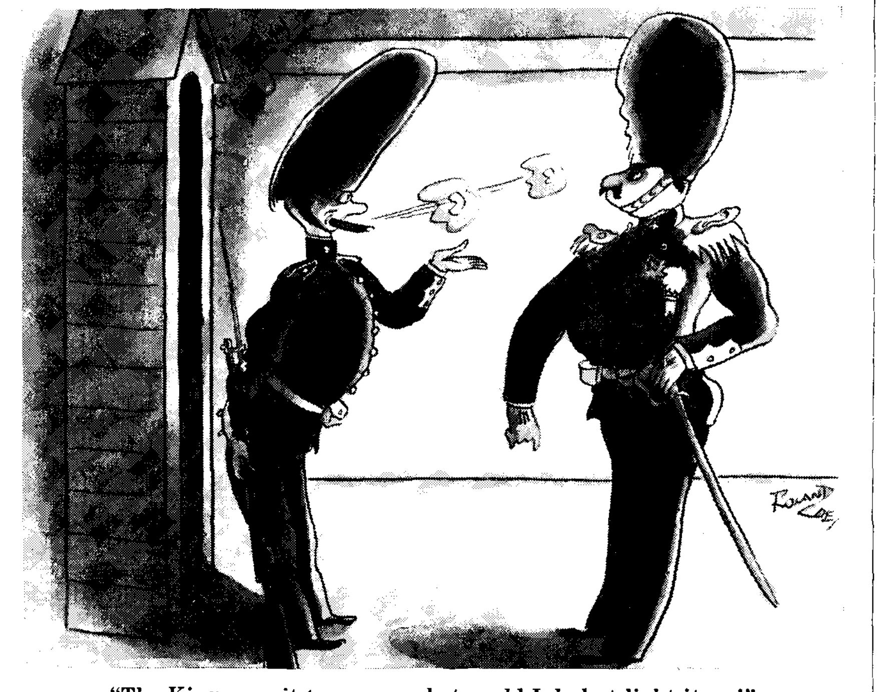
Only a Beginning

From this beautiful plateau we can see them building Norris Dam far down the valley. What we see through our binoculars as we scan the hills is not so pretty. The engineers tell us that ruthless deforestation is responsible and that of the 1,856,000 acres of the drainage area of the Clinch and Powell Rivers and Cove Creek (we watch them meandering through the hills) 445,000 acres are so eroded that all possibility of retrieving them or farming them has passed. You see the erosion control gangs at work, too. They have to do something to stop this eternal downwash of the hillsides. If they don't, it is foolish to spend $34,000,000 to build Norris Dam because in twenty-five years the huge lake would be filled up with the soil that slides into the valley.

Standing here on the rim of the plateau we can see the engineers surveying the ground over which the transmission lines will stretch from Norris Dam to Wheeler and on to Wilson Dam. The immediate plan is to produce 120,000 horse power of electric energy at Norris and 375,000 at Wheeler. These added to the 612,000 horse power already being ground out at Wilson will give you something to think about. And that's merely the beginning. At least two more dams are on paper.

We have touched merely the high spots. Of course if there is a change in the politics of our national administration, if the country swings back to the right, all this may be stopped. But not with the consent of the two million who live in the valley of the Tennessee and the six million more who dwell within the influence.

This thing has just begun.



"The King gave it to me, so what could I do but light it up!"

Roland Coe

THAT DODGE "SHOW-DOWN" OPENED MY EYES!
YES! THERE'S AN AMAZING DIFFERENCE IN LOW-PRICED TRUCKS!
I CUT SERVICE COSTS!
I SAVE GAS
I SAVE POWER
I SAVE OIL
I SAVE UP-KEEP

Sure I BOUGHT A DODGE TRUCK.. It's Priced With the Lowest

Standard Dodge 1½-Ton Stake, 6 cylinders, 136″ Wheelbase $725*
(161″ w. b. 1½-Ton Stake $785*)

½ TON CHASSIS NOW $385*

COMMERCIAL PANEL—America's handsomest truck! Built to outlast them all. Get a "Show-Down" of 18 quality features. 119″ w. b., 6-cyl...... $630*

18 FEATURES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

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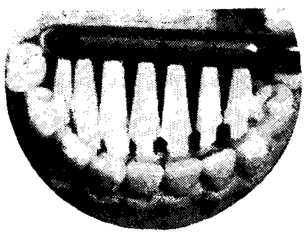

Tek
AMERICA'S Quality TOOTH BRUSH

Good Kids

Continued from page 24

were concerned it came under the head of "What of it?" And now, Johnny, tell us who was the skinny kid who looked so bad that day? Gene Tunney? That's right, Johnny, it was Gene Tunney and two years after that he was pretty favorably known in cauliflower circles. Which just goes to show that when you're looking at the young cauliflower crop the smoke, or something, must get in your eyes. So Neil and I are still shilling for Hogan.

There are any number of others whom we'll have to take a look at. Now here's a pretty little story about a young man who is making the ringside critics sit up and take notice. Two years ago Nat Fleischer, editor of the generally accepted trade magazine of the busting business, received a letter from a boy. The letter came from East Monongahela, Pennsylvania. Nat blinked at that a bit but read the letter.

The East Monongahela Kid

"I am finding it difficult to make a living down here in the coal mining district," the writer said. "I love boxing though I never had a glove on. My people cannot take care of me nor I of them unless I obtain some steady work. I feel that with some knowledge of boxing I could do well in the ring. Do you think I would have any chance if I studied the science of the game and devoted all of my time to it? Could I come and talk it over with you?" It was signed Charles Massera.

Fleischer is one of those rare souls who think that the boxing game is important enough to be kept clean and decent. The obvious sincerity of the letter touched him and he sent for the boy. He liked Massera. He liked the tall, hard leanness of him and he liked the way the kid looked at him. So he turned him over to Eddie Borden and said, "Teach this kid to box and you may have a good fighter on your hands."

Then he said to the kid, "What's the name of that town you come from?"

"East Monongahela," the kid said, not tripping over a single syllable.

"From now on you're from Pittsburgh," Fleischer said, and so we introduce Charley Massera of Pittsburgh, a pretty good country boxer, who has come a long way in the past two years.

He has had some tough breaks but they haven't discouraged him. He boxed Steve Hamas some time ago and every fight critic there thought that he won—but the verdict was a draw. Then he fought the great Levinsky, Kingfish of Chicago, just a man of a few thousand words.

The critics said that Massera had no right to be in the same ring with Levinsky, who is a tried, experienced warrior. Boxing was at a low ebb last winter and to get the Levinsky match young Massera had to guarantee the Kingfish $5,000.

Massera guaranteed the Kingfish the five thousand and then for good measure he gave him a gorgeous shellacking. One of the greatest practical jokes ever played in the ring came when the decision went to Levinsky. The verdict was so bad that the customers, instead of booing, burst forth in a roar of laughter. Even the Kingfish had to smile.

Suppose we shop around cauliflower row and ask the boys whom they like. Then we won't have to take the rap if all of our cauliflower crop withers. Francis Albertanti was once a great sports writer but he left our noble profession for a few pieces of gold (biting them first to see if they were good) and now he is the best fight press agent in the business. Albertanti has two boxing loves, Walter Neusel and Lee Ramage.

"Neusel is strictly a mauler," Francis says. "But what a mauler! He never steps back and he doesn't care who he's fighting. There's something very honest about his fighting. He doesn't feel around with a lot of silly gestures. He just aims for the other fellow, gets in close, and starts looping that right hand of his."

Neusel is the German who came here without much advance notice, without much money, but with plenty of confidence and with plenty of punch in his right arm. I saw him fight that big Ray Impelletiere and he just about looped Ray out of the heavyweight picture. Neusel is all heart and he did a lot of damage to big Ray. He looped right hand after right hand and within three rounds he had the big fellow running all over the place. He completely exploded the Impelletiere legend and came out of that fight with plenty of credit and his end of the purse, which was $3.85.

"I am still practically an amateur," he said after the fight as he looked at that check. However, he made a lot of friends, which is something he couldn't have bought even if his end of the purse had been much larger. Recently he added to his reputation by getting the decision over Loughran. But now let Colonel Albertanti tell us about Lee Ramage.

"Ramage," and Albertanti's eyes became soft and wistful and he was looking backward through the years, "is the prettiest thing with boxing gloves on I've ever seen. He's the fastest heavyweight in the ring today and he's a great defensive boxer. A year from now you will walk into my office and say very humbly, 'Colonel Albertanti, you are certainly one smart guy. You had that Ramage fellow right. Why, he is a combination of Corbett, Sullivan, Dempsey, Tunney, Carnera and—'"

"Phil Scott?" I suggested.

Albertanti looked cold. "No—not Phil Scott," he said icily. "Watch this boy come during the next year. That's all I have to say on the subject."

Well, Albertanti knows fighters, and for a press agent he is very honest with his opinions. If you were to ask me I'd say that Ramage was not quite sturdy enough to make the grade. But then again Tunney didn't look very sturdy that day he fought Soldier Jones.

Western Huskies

Now we shift the scene to the West and hear from some of the critics out there. First we make a short stop in Minnesota where the Lasky family is quite well known because Lasky, senior, raised just about the best potatoes in about the best potato-raising country in the Midwest—though I've heard votes cast for Idaho too in this connection. Anyhow Lasky, senior, raises big potatoes and big boys and one of them (his name is Art) is due to be a future heavyweight champion of the world. Says who? Says Jack Dempsey, who used to be a fighter himself; says Damon Runyon, a fancier of heavyweights and horses; says Tom Laird, San Francisco sports editor, and very shrewd when he's outside those ropes looking in; says Reddy Gallagher, Denver sports editor and a good judge of bad fighters. Say a lot of other people too—all of which makes it necessary for us to take a look at Art Lasky.

Lasky started boxing in 1930 and since then only Charley Retzlaff has been able to beat him. Two years ago Lasky went ten rounds with Carnera in a no-decision affair without hurting himself or his reputation. He came to New York and didn't look so good while winning over Hans Birkie but Dempsey and Runyon told everyone not to sell Lasky stock short on that bout. So we'll toss it out if Birkie doesn't mind.

Lasky is tall and gangling and he has a very prominent beak which still retains its svelte lines. He has a great left hand which he can bounce from any angle. Courage?

"He has all the courage in the world," Tom Laird says, "and he can take plenty of beating—although he doesn't have to very often."

Has he a good defense? Listen to Reddy Gallagher.

"Lasky has a fine two-fisted attack," Gallagher says, "which is not at all a bad defense when you come to think of it. He is going a long way—if he can keep that big lantern jaw out of the way."

A Man Who Can Hit

Does he like fighting? Step up, Mr. Runyon, talk slowly, and don't get excited.

"He loves to fight," Runyon says, "and you can't name me three other young heavyweights who really like their business. Yes, you can have all those fancy young boxers. I'll take this big apple knocker. Why? Because he can hit."

Well, maybe Lasky will be the answer to the promoters' prayers. Still he's twenty-five now and that's middle age in the busting business.

Now we're going to pull a name out of the hat that you never heard before. It's Eddie Houghton and Houghton starts his pugilistic career with one tremendous advantage. He has an honest, capable manager who really has his interest at heart, and if there seems to be an implication there that most managers are a money-grabbing, double-dealing, chiseling bunch of gentlemen, why, that's all right, because it's what we're trying to imply, in our subtle way. But Joe Smith is an ace any way you take him and Houghton is a lucky kid to have Joe handling his affairs.

Eddie's father was a railroad man in Philadelphia, but a tragic accident deprived him of both legs. He took up the teaching of the piano as a profession then and all of his children except Eddie became very adept at the business of rendering Hearts and Flowers when the neighbors dropped in of a Sunday afternoon. Eddie had other use for his hands. He was out popping the neighbors' children and then somebody told him that you could make money at this sort of thing. So he ups and goes to see Joe Smith accompanied by a letter from an undertaker who was a schoolmate of Smith's.

"Maybe he wants you to be a fighter so he can bury you," Smith said cheerfully, looking at the big kid appraisingly.

"Let me in there with that Loughran of yours and maybe we'll give that undertaker a chance to work," Houghton growled. He was then eighteen and a pretty fresh kid.

"Loughran is training for a bout with Ernie Schaaf and he can't fool around with you now, kid. Come back after the fight," Smith told him.

"Are you afraid I'll make a bum out of Tommy?" the boy said.

"Put those gloves on," Smith said shortly. He sent him in with Tommy and Tommy—meaning no harm but wholly intent upon getting in shape for Schaaf—gave the kid quite a beating, including two very black eyes. But the kid was back the next day for more—and the next day and the one after that.

"I guess he wants to be a fighter," Smith sighed. So he took Houghton in hand. He's rating him along slowly. The boy can hit pretty well. Like Hogan, he doesn't know much but, like Hogan, he wants to learn; he likes it, he can punch, and he looks as if he would be heard from. Anyhow, put his name down.

Now we come to Steve Hamas, who at this sitting stands head and shoulders over all those we've mentioned. Steve was a nice football player at Penn State until he bobbed up with a nasty knee injury which has stayed with him to this day. Steve was rated as just another willing fighter until he met Tommy Loughran. He knocked Tommy out, much to the shocked surprise of the crowd. Then he went in to see Tommy, burst into tears and said, "I wish it had been anybody but you, Tommy."

"That's all right, youngster," Tommy told him. "Take care of yourself. You're a good fighter. Lots of luck."

Later he took a decision from Tommy but in their third meeting Loughran, well along the comeback trail that finally led to his match with Carnera, gave him a good boxing lesson. Then Hamas was matched with Max Schmeling, him they called the Black Uhlan of the Rhine, and why they called him that I don't know, because the Uhlans went out of business when Max was fourteen years old; and as for that Rhine business, Max was born in Lüchow, Germany, which is nowhere near the Rhine. All of which is hardly pertinent to the fact that Hamas gave Schmeling a very bad beating. However, in that bout Schmeling's only real asset—that sharpshooting right hand—was an inaccurate weapon.

There is a strong suspicion among the boxing gentry that Hamas has reached his peak and that his bad leg will prevent him from going any farther. It is hard to visualize Steve wearing that heavyweight crown although he and his genial manager, Charley Harvey, would certainly make a fine championship combination. Steve is an intelligent, clean-cut youth, a credit to his university, and it would be very ducky indeed if he would step out and surprise us all.

Where is He Now?

We've mentioned Eddie Hogan, Charlie Massera, Walter Neusel, Lee Ramage, Art Lasky, Eddie Houghton and Steve Hamas. Will one of these some day wear the royal purple of heavyweight nobility? There are several we've missed. There's Al Ettore, Steve Dudas, Red Barry, Abe Freidman, Tony Shucco and Joe Knight if he puts on ten pounds. We think of their names now just as we thought of Stanley Poreda, Harold Mays, Charley Retzlaff, Tuffy Griffiths, Walter Cobb, Otto Von Porat and Jim Braddock a few short years back. They have all been tried and found wanting. Two years from now the youngsters we have mentioned may have met the same fate.

"I don't think there's a future champion in the whole lot," Bill Corum, the New York fight writer and radio commentator, says. "Put them all together and they don't spell champion to me. The next great champion is probably out there somewhere in the sticks riding the freight beams maybe or walking behind a plow or driving a truck. He may be some hungry kid who's fighting in the small town clubs just for coffee and doughnut money. He may be—oh, he may be anywhere, but I don't think he's been heard of yet."

Corum is probably right. This business of picking future champions is strictly a guessing game, but after all it does help pass the time away.

Tommy Loughran
"OLIVE OIL . . . there's nothing like it to fix that skin irritation!"
Joseph Smith
TRAINER OF TOMMY LOUGHRAN

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WRITES TONY WONS . . . famous radio star of Johnson programs

"Last summer my car got to looking pretty wretched after all the sloppy weather. So I got busy on it with Johnson's Cleaner and Wax—and learned how beautiful my car really is! Then I started broadcasting the Johnson Wax programs. When it came time to say a good word for the Johnson Wax Method for cars I had to hold myself in. If I said all I knew about it from my own experience, why, everybody might think I was exaggerating. It's easy to tell folks what the Johnson Wax Method does to restore a car's lost beauty. My own car proves what a grand job you get with this easy wax method."

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1 When the car is washed and dry, apply the New Johnson's Auto Cleaner—a liquid, works on an entirely different principle. Easy to apply, *dries to a white powder*, quickly removed with a cloth—taking away all dirt and dullness without scratching the surface one particle.

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Go to your dealer at once. Buy Johnson's Cleaner (75c a can) and Wax (35c a can) and try them on your car. They will save you money and hard work, and keep your car beautiful a long time. Send coupon for trial sizes.

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Clever Foot Work

Continued from page 20

But certainly, since feet have escaped into the open, women are paying much more attention to the fitting qualities and comfort of shoes than ever before. They know that the slightest discomfort means, at the very least, a corn—and maybe a fallen arch; and this new vanity of feet instead of the old vanity of shoes is reflected in the types and sizes of shoes sold. According to one manufacturer, women have become so foot-conscious that they are buying shoes a good two sizes larger; the front part of the shoe grows steadily wider and rounder of toe, heels have sunk to new lows (even one and one-eighth inches), the average daytime heel getting steadily lower with the greatest increase in sales coming in heels from one and three eighths to one and three quarters.

But even the right shoes won't cure—well, bowlegs, for instance. For that we must see—no, not a surgeon, thank fortune—but a physical culture expert, Miss Delafield, head of the physical culture salon at Elizabeth Arden's, is a past master at making women beautiful through exercise.

"Of course legs can be made beautiful, even those which have never been beautiful in their lives," she says. "There's no excuse for chunky ankles, fallen arches, knock-knees, bowlegs, all that sort of thing. These conditions can all be changed by exercise. You have only to remember this: that the position of every bone in the body is determined by the muscle which holds it. So all you have to do to correct certain types of bowlegs (not due to faulty bone structure caused by rickets—and usually they aren't) is to change the position or pull of the muscles, and back go the bones into their rightful positions. Merely a matter of exercise.

From Bowlegs to Normal

"Look—do this for bowlegs or knock-knees." The exquisite creature flops on the floor, displaying a pair of legs wherein every muscle is doing a perfect job. "Sit on the floor, legs out straight, heels together, hands behind you on the floor. What you're going to try to get is an outward rotation of the hips, the inward rotation being the cause of all the trouble. Now raise the buttocks from the floor, at the same time turning the hips and knees out as far as possible—till it hurts—and tucking the coccyx in between the legs. Pardon me, coccyx—the lowest vertebra of the spine. In good old army jargon, 'Pull your tail under.' Hold it, relax, drop to the floor, repeat—fifty times a day in all. After a few weeks, do it standing up without moving the feet, heels and toes being together. If a woman is thorough about this and tries conscientiously to maintain the position while standing and walking, she could cure her bowlegs or knock-knees in—yes, in a month or so. "Look—" she's up with a rush, holding up her skirts. "Watch—I rotate my hips inward in their sockets—I'm bow-legged. I rotate them outward—I'm normal." The lovely creature is on the floor again.

"Bowlegs—knock-knees—are often due to fallen arches, metatarsal, anterior or longitudinal. Here is the best exercise I know to restore a fallen metatarsal arch. Sit on the ground or the beach with bare feet and a little pile of sand or earth before you, heels together, toes apart. Without moving the heels, dig the toes into the sand and, using the outer side of the foot as a scraper, scrape the sand inward, trying to accumulate a little mound with both feet at once. This contracts all the muscles on the under side of the foot and stretches all those on top, thus forcing the arches back into place. Ten minutes a day."

That being taken care of, we have only to consider the blemishes which too often make the foot itself unsightly. We have one more specialist on our list, this time a podiatrist.

"Bluntly, what we want to know is how to cure corns and calluses," we put it to him.

"Bluntly—move into new shoes."

"But calluses are long and the summer is short," we explain. "We must tell women how to be beautiful in a few weeks."

Toes Out for Evening

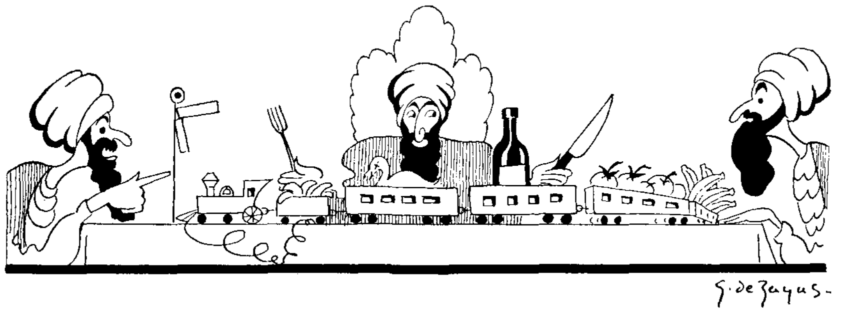
"The best way is to have corns cut—by an expert. But they'll be back again almost before you get home unless you stop and buy a new pair of shoes. As for calluses, ninety out of a hundred women have them somewhere—on the back of the heel, under the big toe, along the edge of the foot—and they're always a warning that something is *wrong with the shoe*. Calluses on the bottom of the foot are caused by a fallen metatarsal arch, which in turn is caused by an ill-fitting shoe, the cause of so many foot troubles that we podiatrists fall back, for safety, on orthopedic shoes—but that isn't really necessary if one knows where to go to have the foot fitted not only for length and width but for *shape* so as to get the correct last as well as the correct size. I know of one manufacturer of fashion shoes who is specializing in this matter of lasts, having foot specialists in all his shops throughout the country to analyze and prescribe for the feet of his customers. Feet are measured for contour as well as size, in motion as well as at rest, and X-rays are taken so that, from the many lasts available, the correct one may be selected.

"A callus can often be removed by rubbing it frequently with a piece of fine French pumice—or a podiatrist can shave it. If the callus is on the bottom of the foot, a metatarsal arch support should be worn and exercises to strengthen the arch must be practiced—such as picking up marbles with the toes.

So far, we've touched upon the bare-foot mode only for summer, only for sports. But there's more to it than that. Feet and legs, having tasted freedom, refuse, when the scene changes, to creep meekly back into captivity and obscurity. Arching their insteps, flaunting their bright nails, curling their velvety toes, they insist upon going everywhere in their proud nakedness—even into ballrooms, sometimes even on city streets.

Some feet, of course, will never go this far, but that many young and enterprising feet will is attested by the styles of shoes that have suddenly made their appearance.

Considering that prettily made-up feet will refuse to be hidden in the evening and that only the most impractical and poetic hose will display them, creams will often take the place of stockings. Many women have discovered that this make-up, applied before slipping into sheer hose, renders blemishes invisible. The sun-tan shade is used by Marilyn Miller in lieu of hundreds of pairs of expensive stockings in As Thousands Cheer—and not a soul in the audience is the wiser, not even the boy scouts in the bald-headed row.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The royal palace in Gwalior, India, contains a miniature train made of silver and operated by electricity, which travels slowly around the Maharajah's great dining table during meals with its trucks loaded with wines, condiments and fruit. Removing and replacing a dish automatically stops and starts the train.

As most states did not enforce compulsory birth registration laws until recent years, there are no birth records today for more than 40,000,000 Americans—about one third of our entire population—and consequently they cannot prove their citizenship with birth certificates.—*By Fred Ruppelius, Phoenix, Arizona.*

On the rivers of China, flocks of ducks—sometimes as many as a hundred—often take their owner to market. The owner sits in his sizable rowboat while the ducks, tied to the craft, tow him up the stream.

Sardine fishing is done at night when the shoals can be "seen" at great distances. Their locations are indicated by the bright light emitted by the microscopic, phosphorescent dinoflagellates upon which the sardines feed. On moonless nights, the glow of these large floating masses of "sardine food"—sometimes 50 acres in area—can be seen for more than five miles.

The quantity of current consumed by the average electric clock is so small that it does not register on the meter when all other electrical devices and lights are turned off. Thus about 10,000,000 of these clocks—in homes, stores and offices—operate during part of the night at the expense of the central electric stations. —*By J. K. Thomas, Ithaca, New York.*

In Asia, perfume is widely used to quiet the nerves and aid digestion. Many Oriental peoples rest after each meal, inhaling their favorite scent, in the belief that the mental state thus created induces a relaxation and contentment beneficial to assimilation.

The world's most interesting amulet is used, not as a protection against witchcraft, disease or hard luck, but as a safeguard against the allurement of women. It is worn by the Buddhist priests in the monasteries in the Kalmuck Area of Russia and its center is composed of the teeth of infants.

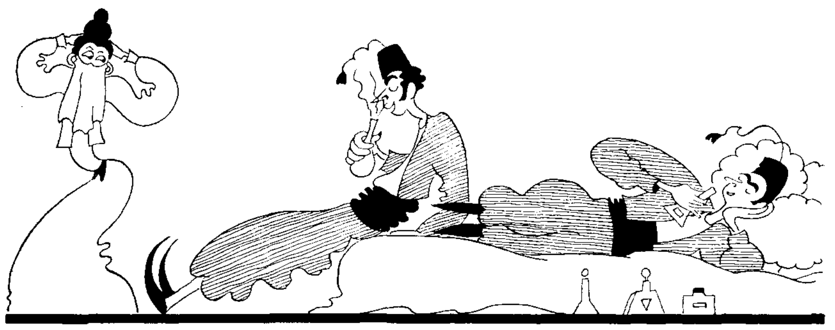
One of the most remarkable achievements of a plastic surgeon was the entire rebuilding of a girl's face after a motor car accident. In 20 operations, the surgeon made new eyelids, nostrils and ears with skin from the girl's legs; new eyebrows from her scalp; reconstructed her mouth with an abdomen graft, and then completely rebuilt her face with skin from her arms.

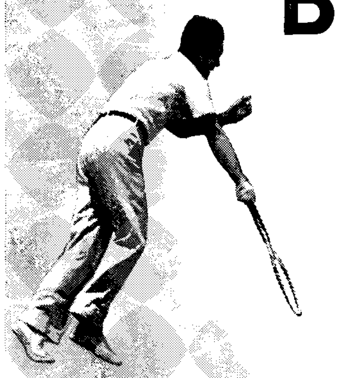
The strongest living thing, in proportion to its weight, is the beetle. In recent experiments, scientists have found that it can carry a burden 850 times heavier than itself. If man possessed proportionate strength, he could carry a load weighing 70 tons.

Japanese lacquer objects, which are ranked with the most perfect works of art ever made, are produced with infinite care. Often as many as 20 coats are applied, each being put on at sea to avoid dust, and months apart to allow for drying and polishing. Incidentally, lacquer will not dry in dry air. It only attains its maximum hardness in the presence of moisture.—*By Daniel Simon, Virginia, Minnesota.*

Today women enter the most hazardous occupations. In Europe, they alone operate several women's prisons; in Chile, they comprise the official fire-fighting unit of one large municipality; and in Russia, they form the entire crew of several sizable commercial ships — running these vessels successfully without the aid of a single man.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.





Blazing Suns dry your scalp and thin your HAIR!

Protect your Hair with VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT!

50-SECONDS TO RUB..Massage Vitalis thoroughly into your parched scalp. Tight dryness goes. Your hair has a chance.

10-SECONDS TO BRUSH . . It's manageable and it stays groomed. There's lustre in it, but no "patent-leather" look.

● The hot summer sun may tone and invigorate your system, but it certainly is hard on your hair.

You golf, and the sun that bakes green and fairway, dries out the natural nourishing oils of your scalp, leaving your hair brittle, split and dull. And your daily swim or shower completes the damage, washing away the last of the oils that your hair needs for its looks and its health.

You've got to protect your hair in summer. And you can protect it, keep it healthy and vigorous, keep it neat, manageable and handsome with Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. For massage and Vitalis' pure vegetable oils stimulate circulation and replace natural oils.

Get the Vitalis workout habit. Your hair will gain new richness and lustre, be much more responsive to comb and brush. Loose dandruff disappears. And no matter how active you are out of doors, you'll wind up the summer with a healthy scalp and vigorous, healthy hair.

ASK YOUR BARBER

A barber knows what your hair needs. When he suggests Vitalis, say "Yes!"

VITALIS KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

On their way to the happiest
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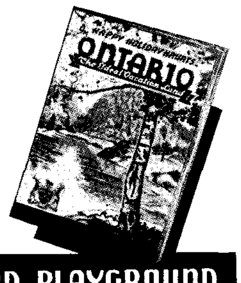

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Woman of Honor

Continued from page 19

Sac, not to appreciate an emergency? Of a surety not! The American Hospital at Neuilly. Eh bien—it is done!

The gentleman is a gentleman—obviously, drunk or not. That was evident when he argued with and dismissed the other cab in the Rue Gourin. Evident again when he demanded brandy to be brought out to him from the Café Flamboy. So—the American Hospital. It is done.

But it was not done, for presently Christophe Justine Sac looked back, and fear for his permission to conduct and his permission to circulate a taxicab smote him coldly. The gentleman behind was off the seat. Only his arms and shoulders were draped across it, and his face, turned sideways and resting negligently against the worn leather, was slack in the jaw and streaked with blood. Perhaps the gentleman was not drunk—but hurt. That is a thing. Obviously one must do something to protect oneself. It is well known that anything may happen in Paris, and when one is a taxi driver—one cannot be too careful with things as they are lately.

Christophe Justine Sac slid in to the curb and stopped.

"*M'sieur l'agent*—" he called.

The policeman came over slowly.

"What is that which is that?"

"Look you. This has happened to me, Christophe Justine Sac, who has not one superscription on his permission. This man hires me in the Rue Gourin."

"That's a thing that." The agent looked into the cab.

"Your permission?"

Sac produced his license with fumbling, dirty fingers.

"Not one superscription, you understand. I am to go to the Neuilly Hospital—"

"No," the policeman shook his head firmly. "It is not allowed. The Hôpital Saint-Roche for this district. For it is here that I take notice. You understand?"

"Of a certainty."

"He has the appearance of death. This is the permission to conduct—the permission to circulate?"

"Here, *M'sieur l'agent*—not one superscription."

"One shall telephone. It is forbidden for taxicabs in such cases. One requires the ambulance—"

"I have been correct in stopping?"

"One never knows—one shall see." The policeman shrugged and crossed to his call box. "*C'est ça.*"

The Saint-Roche ambulance took fifteen minutes to arrive. The young surgeon pinched his lower lip and frowned professionally. Professionally he shot an injection into Philip, piled him into the back and whistled between his teeth all the way back to the hospital, for he was a young man, and a mood was on him from the night before. When he whistled between his teeth, he could contrive orchestrations which reproduced in his mind the actual sound of the music. And that increased the intensity of his mood. A pleasant thing, life—and a little knowledge of the nervous systems of women. His office would be done in gray and cream with a blue Chinese rug and a very excellent desk of mahogany for him to sit behind and prescribe.

SANDRA picked up her things from the floor tiling—picked them up stupidly, mechanically and stepped back into the tiny foyer. A cut perhaps—on his hand—a scratch. She closed the door and stood leaning back against it, the smooth metallic surface of the knob and the lock plate cool against her fingers. Somehow he had gotten her things, gone back after putting her in the cab and pried them away from the Italian—bought them away perhaps or taken them by force—in order to get them back to her before they could be used in any of the ways a nefarious mind might devise.

Suddenly there was a coldness under her heart. And he had been hurt! For a moment she could not move. Terribly hurt, perhaps, but he had come all the way across Paris to her, trying to cover his injury. No—but it can't be! People don't do that. He would have said something! But maybe he couldn't—maybe he had said all he could say, "Drunk—very drunk, Sandra," and fallen back to the balustrade.

And now he was somewhere—unconscious, perhaps, with no one knowing who he was and no one to do anything for him.

SHE came back into the living-room and crossed quickly to the telephone. She thumbed the book and lifted the instrument. The deep, troubled voice of the Paris telephone system banged and jangled in her ear.

"Allo, allo," voices called and cackled across the copper meshes. A nearer voice demanded her number. She gave it. The jangling increased. She drummed furiously on the table top with her free hand. A snatch of conversation cut in through the bedlam of clicking and clacking. A buzzing came to life and drowned it. The buzzing broke off and there was Georges' voice at the other end answering from Philip's house.

"Mr. Harden—he is there?"

"No—not since six o'clock. Who is this who asks?"

"It is Madame Cleed."

"Ah, oui, Madame—it is good to hear your voice again. Madame, I am worried slightly. I am polishing the brass, when M'sieur Harden has come in from the street. He has almost fallen and I have helped him to a chair and brought him brandy. Later he has demanded a cab and gone off again. But he has not seemed to be drunk, you understand—more stunned, as one says, perhaps."

Sandra looked up at the clock on the mantelshelf. It lacked fifteen minutes of seven o'clock. "Georges," she said, "call me here, if Mr. Harden has not returned by seven-thirty. Will you do that?"

"Certainly, Madame—but of course."

She hung up and stared for a moment out of the window at the awakening city. Eric's eternal shower was still splashing loudly down the hallway.

The paper—something quite impersonal and unreal.

"—at approximately ten o'clock, M. Marcel Gion, clerk on duty at the desk, was informed by telephone from within the hotel that there were disturbing noises in the suite occupied by Mme. Sonja Bibescu and it was requested that he take action to have the noises stopped. In accordance with the custom of the hotel in such cases of complaint, he caused the chasseur to mount to the door of Mme. Bibescu's suite and listen. The chasseur reported no sounds from within—a statement corroborated by the floor waiter who had served wine and hors d'œuvres to the suite earlier and who was still on duty in his pantry a very short distance down the passage.

"At this time M. Gion had the startling recollection that suite two hundred, from which the call had come, was unoccupied. He and the chasseur mounted at once and confirmed this. The window in the bedroom of the suite which gives on a fire escape was open a few inches. They opened it further and, looking out, saw that Mme. Bibescu's window, directly above, was also open.

"M. Gion's suspicions were aroused. He called Mme. Bibescu on the telephone from the room below. She did not answer. He sent the floor waiter to knock on her door under pretext of removing the service. There was no answer to the knock.

"At this point it occurred to the clerk that he was the victim of a hoax at the hands of certain members of the hotel staff, so he sent the chasseur down and went down himself. Nothing more was done.

"At midnight when the floor waiter was about to go off duty, he knocked again and as there was no answer this time he entered. . . .

"It is the theory of the police, backed by the testimony of the medical examiner, that Mme. Bibescu was strangled just before that telephone call was made and that it was made to cause hotel attachés to enter the suite and discover the crime much earlier than it was discovered.

"Although no one had been announced to Mme. Bibescu there is evidence that she entertained someone during the early evening—someone who may still have been in the salon of the suite when she was silently murdered in the dressing-room and on whom the murderers wished to cast suspicion by having him surprised with the body—"

SANDRA tossed the paper from her and stood up. Eric was in the doorway in his dressing gown.

"Coffee?" he said.

She said, "Were you the person the paper says she was entertaining?"

"I expect I must have been," he said. "I haven't read the paper. Why?"

"Well, I should say it was rather serious. Who knows that you were there?"

"I rather hope no one," he passed a hand across his newly shaven chin, "although I expect that is a trifle too much to ask of my luck just at present. I came into the hotel through the private carriage entrance—and I walked up—because I had no intention of being seen. You see—last night I was there under orders—orders to inform the Bibescu that the play was over." He looked closely at his nails. "I don't suppose there is any use telling you that it was over in my mind several weeks ago—that, in fact, it never was in my mind except as a diversion. When I left for London, I was under the impression that she understood. Unfortunately she didn't, so she followed me. Notice was taken of it officially and I was instructed in no uncertain terms upon which side my bread was buttered. Naturally, knowing the Bibescu, I called on her last night without fanfare—because I expected a scene. My job was at stake. I did not expect a murder, however."

"One doesn't usually."

"On the contrary," he said, "in the Bibescu case, that is apparently exactly what everyone did expect, everyone including Sonja herself." He shook his head. "That must have been a rather ghastly way to live—never knowing when someone in an excess of patriotic zeal would appear before you and deftly rub you out in the sacred but somewhat distorted belief that he served his country. Patriotic murders are rather terrible. They are like religious fanaticism. There is no answer to them."

"No," Sandra said, "I discovered that yesterday. People just stand jauntily in speeding cars and fire at you as long as you are in range."

She went through and filled the percolator. She dressed. It was seven-thirty. A few minutes later the telephone was ringing. Georges again.

"M'sieur Harden has not returned, Madame."

"Thank you, Georges. I shall call you again in half an hour and after that every half hour."

"*Entendu, Madame!*"

She brought Eric his coffee.

She said, "I'll help you in any way I can. Have you any plans?"

"Practically none," he said. "The whole situation is new to me. Can you suggest anything?"

"Yes," she nodded, "I suggest you do nothing whatsoever until you are approached."

"You mean—"

"I mean exactly what I say. You had nothing to do with the death of Sonja Bibescu. Ignore it until it is brought to your attention."

"You mean deny that I was there?"

"You did, last night, by going down the fire escape. You might just as well keep on. It will be easier, I imagine, than admitting that you were there and explaining why you went down the fire escape."

"I BELIEVE you're right," he said. "I was going to call Embry and put the whole thing up to him."

"No—don't. Do as I say. Embry is nothing but a very stupid, ambulating case-encyclopedia of international law."

He sipped his coffee.

"Sandra, there is something desperately decent in you. I'm sorry I've missed it."

"I don't understand you, Eric."

"I expect not. What I mean to convey is that undoubtedly you are a very capable and a very splendid woman, but your being my wife has obscured the fact from me except at rare intervals. We have never really gotten each other, have we? And now I imagine it is much too late. We are too messed up all around to try." He reached for a cigarette. "Pity," he said, "that I happen to be such an obvious tramp and you such a delightfully refreshing purist. A little bit less of the extreme in both of our make-ups and we might have been exquisitely happy." He lit the cigarette. "Sorry," he said. "Genuinely sorry, Young Fellow."

"I wonder," she said, "if a woman isn't what her husband makes of her?"

"Perhaps."

"What, then, do you think you have made of me?"

"I don't know."

"Those two laws you spoke of yesterday on the boat—would it cause you any concern if I had spent last night with the man I told you of yesterday? Would it, Eric? Suppose I had—suppose in doing so I had become involved in a public scandal. A newspaper scandal, let us say. Suppose someone knew that I had and attempted to blackmail me? What would all that mean to you—as a man?"

"If it were true," he smiled, "which it couldn't possibly be, it would mean simply that it was all my fault, for I should never have allowed you to go back to the States—I should never have sanctioned our separation."

"You didn't allow me, Eric—I went."

"I know—but you wouldn't have gone if I'd been constitutionally able to live what is sometimes called a decent life."

She laughed. "So?—and what would you do?"

"In the face of blackmail, and all this hypothetical business of the other man? What you would expect me to do, of course—what any decent person would do—offer you the protection you are entitled to."

"And that offer wouldn't seem to you to be an insult—a damnable insult?"

"Why should it?" he said. "It's the decent thing—what are you driving at?"

"Nothing." She stood looking at him. "Oh, God," she said softly, then she laughed again, her head thrown back. "What a beastly, tinny, stinted world men make for themselves to live in! You would take me back if I had spent the night with another man and gotten caught—scandalously caught. And then—all the rest of your life you would look back upon your gentlemanly sacrifice as the one noble thing that justified the tedium of living on. It would be the decent, right thing to do. The cut and dried ideas your family pounded into your brain—that your stuffy, correct schools shaped and fostered. And all the rest of your life people would point you out, 'That is Eric Cleed. He sacrificed everything for the code of a gentleman—he resigned from the Service and took his wife back.'"

"Is there anything so terribly wrong in that? What would you expect me to do—shoot up the town?"

"Everything is wrong in it. Any motivation but the beastly one of code. Pride—honest, hot-blooded pride, Eric. Pride to hold what is yours. Anger—biting, tearing anger. Revenge—"

"Did you," Eric asked quietly, "spend last night with another man?"

Sandra was looking full at him.

"I wish to whatever gods there are that I had."

Eric stood up and pinched his cigarette out in the dregs of his coffee.

"Where are you going?"

"After him. He was here three quarters of an hour ago—injured. He has not arrived back at his home. I'm going to find him."

"May I help?"

"Please don't."

Eric bowed slightly and looked down at his spread fingers on the table top.

"So," he smiled, "one of us is hurt and the other is in jeopardy of being arrested on suspicion of murder. Haven't you picked rather a dilemma, Sandra? With your ideas of duty and loyalty, haven't you run yourself into a stone wall?"

But when he looked up, she was gone from the room and the closing of the outer door sounded through the hallway.

SHE went down the stairs and out. The sunshine was a live presence in the clean air of the morning and there was a pleasant warmth to it—the warmth of soft hands. For a moment she stood beyond the street doors, thinking. This thing is hopeless—there are thousands of doctors in Paris. If one is injured—one goes to any one of them—the nearest. No. If he had gone to a doctor, he would be back in the Rue Foyat by this time. A hospital then? There is the Saint Eleuthère—the Saint Marie de Noailles—the American Hospital at Neuilly—hundreds of hospitals and hospitals invariably know nothing, so there is no earthly use in telephoning.

There was a taxi swinging in to the curb. She raised her hand for it and a gloved hand from the window answered her.

"Sandra!" Georgia Crail.

"Sandra—please—I didn't dare talk to you on the telephone—I had to see you. Get in—" Georgia opened the door and took hold of her, almost yanking her inside the cab.

She motioned the driver to remain there and shut the glass panel between them.

"Sandra—something terrible has happened!"

(To be concluded next week)

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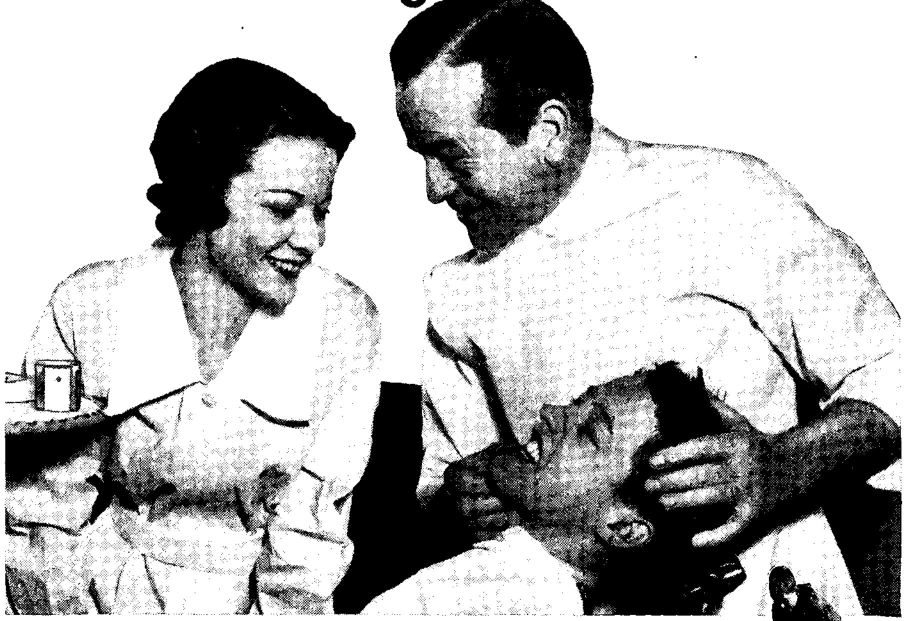

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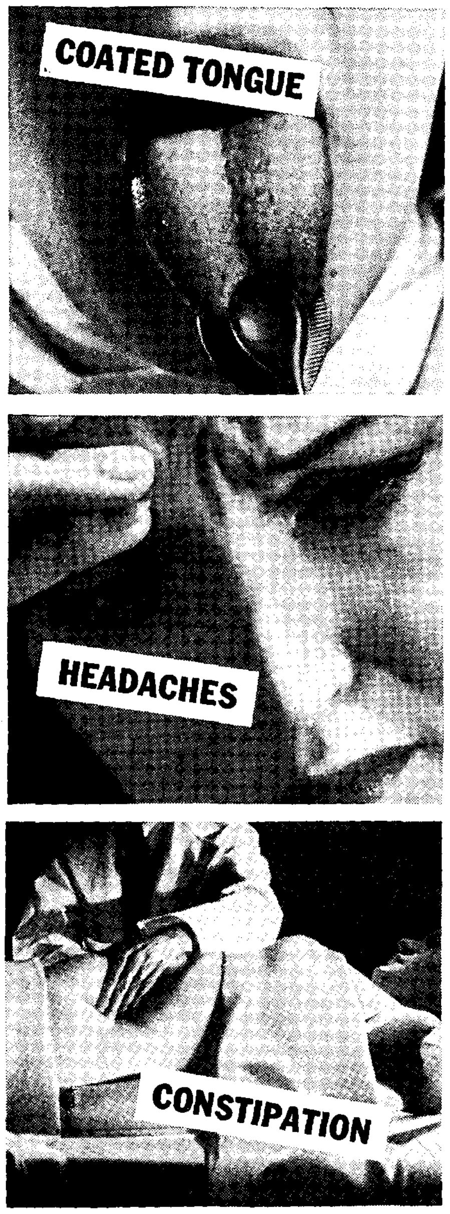

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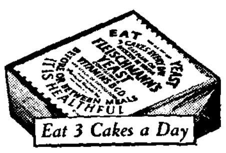

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The Man who couldn't Spell

Continued from page 17

I read in the afternoon and then took a swim and then read some more and had another swim. After supper I read till eleven and fell asleep and at a little past one Bill was off on the Indian Love Call again. The crowd cut up until quite late. It made me pretty sore, but in the morning I forgot about being sore and put in a good three hours' work, though it was hard without the dictionary.

Bess turned up at a little before twelve in a white turtle-neck and a pair of man's gray flannels. I don't like women in pants, but she had a shape that could stand them. She carried a sack and dumped out an avocado, a jar of wet-pack shrimp and a couple of apple dumplings.

"Brother," I said, "can you spare a dime now?"

"I thought you'd like a few luxuries. Shall we have luncheon at the usual time?"

We did. She burned the toast and the coffee was terrible.

"Was it bad last night?" she asked.

"Pretty bad."

"I'm sorry, Sam."

"Bill went back to the Indian motif."

"That wasn't Bill last night," she said. "That was my uncle." A funny expression came over her face, kind of hunted and desperate.

"How many's over there now?" I asked.

She reeled off about ten names.

I said, "Nice and quiet and all, huh? Doesn't your boy friend get sore about you coming over here?"

"What boy friend?"

I shrugged and mumbled something about safety in numbers.

We washed the dishes and then I lit a pipe and we went out for a walk. We followed a path, this way and that way through the woods, to a rickety old wharf. We sat down on the wharf and watched a sailboat kicking along, far out.

"How old are you, Sam?"

"Me? Thirty-one. How old are *you?*"

"Twenty-two."

She was lying on her back, her hands behind her head, her knees up, touching, and her sandaled feet flat on the planks. I was lounging on one elbow, and then, I don't know how it happened, I was leaning over and kissing her. She didn't take her hands from behind her head. She didn't close her eyes. I could look into her eyes as I kissed her and there wasn't anything in her eyes at all. I walked to the end of the wharf.

She got up and brushed the splinters from her trousers.

"See if we can find our way back," she said.

It was easy.

I HAD a worse time next day without the dictionary. I was doing a piece about a mug notorious for rabbit-punching and I couldn't spell the word rabbit and of course there was no other word I could use in its place. I was pretty sore about that book.

Bess didn't show up, and that night, late, the crowd on the point cut loose with the hi-de-ho again, only this time they had what sounded like a whole jazz band. I didn't get to sleep until two-thirty, and didn't wake up until nine. Then I had to rush through my daily column, and what with no dictionary I barely made the R. F. D. out. I was lying on the rock that afternoon and saw Bess swim out from the cement wharf. I followed her course and saw her go out to the middle and then swim back to the wharf again. She was certainly giving me the go-by.

I chewed on this a couple of days more, but what really was getting me hot was not having the dictionary. It seemed that every other word I used I wasn't sure of the spelling, and it began to get worse and worse until I could hardly write at all. So when they woke me up at about one—this was about ten days after I'd made the pass at Bess—I got up and put my pants on and pulled a sweater over my head and shoved my feet into a pair of sneakers. I'd never been madder about the dictionary, until right then and I figured it was the best time to get it back. Everybody over there would be high-tailing around and I could slip in the back way, probably find a servant still up and ask him to ask Bess to send the book out.

IT WAS a walk of about ten minutes. I went in by way of a high back porch, a pantry with two big electric ice boxes in it, and then I landed in a kitchen bigger than my whole shack thrown together. A fat little young fellow in flannels and a polo shirt was standing on his toes trying to neck a tall, dark girl who kept saying:

"Not here, Bunny. Bill may bust in—"

Then she saw me and broke away from the little fat boy and cried, "Oh, look!"

The little fellow looked. He demanded, "Who are you? What do you want?"

I said, "I want my dictionary."

"Your dictionary! What dictionary?"

"The dictionary you people borrowed."

" 'The dictionary you people borrowed.' Listen to the man! Who borrowed a dictionary?"

"You borrowed a dictionary."

The girl said, "He's probably a gangster, Bunny. We just surprised him."

"Who surprised who?" I said. I didn't like her and I liked the little fat guy less. I said, "Never mind arguing—"

"That had the earmarks of a dirty crack," she broke in.

A swing door whipped open and a big young fellow in shorts and a sweat-shirt came in and the fat boy yelled:

"Bill, grab that man!"

Bill dived at me but I just stepped aside—he was plenty loaded—and he hit the wall and brought down about three dishpans. The girl screamed. I went past them and knocked open the swing door and walked down a passageway, through a dining-room and into a living-room big enough and high enough to throw a basket-ball game.

A tall woman with reddish hair, about fifty, was standing spread-legged in my way. She'd probably heard the tall brunette scream, for she looked startled and angry too and she demanded:

"Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"Madam," I said, "I've come for my—"

But she didn't listen. She cried out, "Popsy! Eddie! Bill! Ralph!"

I guessed she was Bess' aunt.

Up at the other end of the room two guys jumped down from a piano which a straw-blonde was mooning over lazily. A fellow was standing on his head and three girls, two in swim suits and one in pajamas, were dancing around him and holding highballs up in the air. A bald-headed big man with a fat stomach set down his glass and came down the room toward us, but the two fellows who had jumped down from the piano outstripped him. Two more fellows came hiking in from the veranda.

"Now wait a minute," I said.

The nearest guy feinted, and I didn't want to fight, but I saw these fellows were bent on taking me apart, so I let the nearest have one between the eyes. A hooked rug gave way beneath me and I went down with the others piling on.

"It's Sam!" Eddie yelled. "Good old hermit Sam! Hey, guys, leggo him. He's a pal!"

The red-headed woman, who'd been looking stricken and indignant for the past minute or two, did a wing-over and swooped down, beaming.

"Our neighbor," Eddie was saying. "Our li'l old neighbor, Aunty."

She cried, "But why didn't you say so? We're just too delighted to have you drop in!"

She was sober but she looked like the kind of woman who can get high on nothing at all.

In a minute we were all standing up again, and looking excited but calming down.

"Popsy!" she called, beckoning. "Our neighbor, Popsy!"

The big bald-headed man thrust out a pink, plump hand. Rosebuds came out on his big round cheeks. "I'm delighted, sir," he said, smacking his hand into mine.

Aunty was waving, yelling, "Oh, Eddie, fix Mr. Edwards a drink, Eddie."

"Thanks, no," I said, turning to her. "I'm on the wagon."

"Come, come," Popsy put in. "You're young. Enjoy life. I don't touch it much myself and neither does my wife, but we insist on young folks enjoying themselves."

Eddie came up with a tall one and nudged me. "Come on, pal. Down it. It's not bad."

"No, thanks, Eddie. I'm on the wagon. I just dropped by for that dictionary you borrowed."

"Ah, but the cup that cheers!" chided the old man, wagging a big pink finger at me.

EDDIE said, "I'll get that dictionary, Sam. In a minute. I've been meaning to bring it back but it seems a man doesn't get a chance to do anything around here. Here—have a drink first."

"No, Eddie. If I took one now I'd take a dozen and then where would I be?"

He was still holding the drink out and teetering back on his heels. "Sam, you got to have a drink. No drink—no dictionary."

Popsy grinned broadly, waved his pink index finger like a baton and began chanting, "No drink—no dictionary," and the others joined in, stamping their feet and clapping their hands.

I saw there was no use, so I turned and headed for the door but three fellows fell on me at once, all in fun, I suppose, but you know how drunks can be rough without meaning to be. They were pretty big and strong, so I didn't struggle, I just said:

"So what?"

Eddie asked, "You want the dictionary, don't you?"

"Of course," I said.

"Well, are you going to let a li'l drink stand in the way of your dictionary?"

Then I saw Bess running down the stairway from the balcony that hung above the living-room. She had the dictionary in her hand and she came swiftly across the living-room, her nice lips set and a flush of embarrassment on her face.

"Here is your dictionary, Mr. Edwards," she said.

But Eddie grabbed it just as I got my hand on it. I made another pass at it and accidentally clipped him on the jaw. The drink flew out of his hand and hit me in the face and I felt my eyes sting and this and all the other cockeyed clowning made me mad and when some other guy tried to grab me I just swung, wild, and it was the little fat boy who went down.

Popsy roared, "*Mis*ter Edwards, after all!"

Aunty said in a taut voice, "That's gratitude for you. We were good enough to invite him in—"

I dodged Eddie and he hit the floor flat on his face.

"Stop! Oh, stop, stop!" pleaded Bess.

I SPUN and made for the door; all I wanted was to get out. The little fat boy tripped me and my head slammed against the door frame and Bill tried to stop me from getting the door open and I buried a hard one against his belt. He wabbled to the floor. I got the door open and took a running broad jump off the veranda. The pine needles were slippery and I slid and wound up against a tree, but I stumbled away and found the path and in a little while I reached my shack.

I was winded. My eyes still stung and my head ached and my face was quite cut up, with some blood on it. I washed it off and lay down. I wasn't very angry—I was disgusted.

In a little while I heard something down in the bushes among the trees, and then I was sure it was footsteps. I picked up a little milking stool, hefting it, and walked to the screened door. But it was Bess. She had on a dark suit and a hat and she carried a suitcase in one hand and my dictionary in the other. I opened the screened door and she came in with a very purposeful walk and handed me the dictionary.

"Thanks," I said. "It was a present from my Aunt Rose."

She was a knockout in a one-piece, but so was she dressed.

"Did—did they hurt you very much?"

"Oh, no," I said. "You know what drunks are. They were just having a good time."

"You poor thing!" she cried.

"Oh, I'm all right."

She eyed me gravely, earnestly. "What do you think of them? The whole crowd, I mean, generally?"

"Well," I said, "they might be fun to read about but I don't think I'd like to live around them."

She gripped my arm. "I'm running away!" she whispered.

"Well, you're twenty-two and you ought to know."

She set down her bag and I saw she was trying hard to keep a grimace off her face.

"I've stood it as long as I can," she said in a low, desperate voice. "Every summer it's like this and in the winter it's the same in Florida. Ever since my parents died, five years ago. I can't stick it any longer."

"Your aunt and uncle looked sober," I said.

"Oh, they were. They usually are. But they like to have a gang around all the time. For me, they say—for me." She pointed into the darkness. "They built that place for me. They built a place in Florida." She pressed a fist hard against her breast. "For me—*me!* When God knows I'd rather get off with somebody I liked, somebody who didn't paw me like Bill and Eddie and that obnoxious little Bunny."

It's funny how in a few words sometimes somebody can give you the whole set-up. I got the whole set-up. With the little I'd seen and heard, I had the whole set-up. Bess was just an odd number. Kind of like me.

"Where you going?" I asked.

"Back to the apartment, in New York. If Popsy comes down after me, I'll just skin out and hide. I can't stand it any more. I'm full up. It was nice to come over here with you and sit around and cook and talk and—and—"

"Walk," I said.

She colored a bit. "Oh, I'm not a pill, Sam. But I'd had so much pawing, so much necking that never meant anything, that—well, when you did it, it just seemed to spoil things—"

"You're taking too much for granted."

"What do you mean?"

"That it meant nothing."

I didn't remember it meaning anything particular when I kissed her, but since then, and now, it was different. I wasn't very straight about how it was different, but it was different. I could feel it was. You get a hunch and you follow it, that's all. I had a hunch there was something doing between us.

She was saying, "I thought maybe you'd let me sit here till about five, then I could walk to town and get the first bus out to Boston, at six-fifteen."

I guess there was a funny look on my face when I said, "If you hang around here, sugar, I'll make another pass at you. I'm a weak sister."

She put her hands on my shoulders and hung her head and kind of whimpered, "That's what I'd hoped."

I kept my hands in my pockets. "I don't mean just to pass the time away," I told her.

She nodded. "That's what I'd hoped, too. I—I kept the dictionary on purpose. Hid it. Thinking you'd come over for it."

"I did, didn't I?"

"I didn't mean it to happen that way."

"It couldn't have happened better."

"Oh, Sam," she sobbed, laying her cheek against my chest.

I said, "Here, sit down."

THEN I went inside and got dressed and packed the grip and the portable and when I brought the bags out to the porch she was still sitting where I'd left her, smiling and looking woebegone at the same time.

"Sam," she said.

"Huh?"

"I—can't cook worth a darn."

"I'm not marrying a cook," I told her.

"Oh, Sam, you're wonderful!"

I was beginning to feel I was.

"Can you spell?" I asked her.

"Pretty well."

"Spell rabbit," I said.

She spelled it.

"Spell tranquillity," I said.

She spelled that too.

"Now try exaggerated."

She spelled it out fast, but being not so sure on that one myself I had to look it up in the dictionary. She was right.

Then I turned out all the lights, locked the doors and hid the key under the porch, where the owner usually hid it.

"There's a three-ten mixed train stops in town. If we snap into it, we can make it."

She carried the portable and I carried her grip and mine and she walked ahead of me, using the flashlight. As we went along the old tote road, we could see the fireflies and hear a whippoorwill. After a while I said:

"Wait a minute."

She stopped and turned and I dropped my bags and grabbed hold of her. I meant to kiss her only once, a good long one, but it's much the same as liquor—you take one and you want more.

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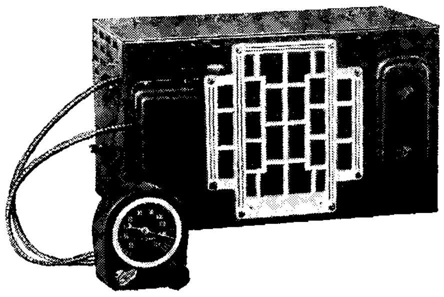

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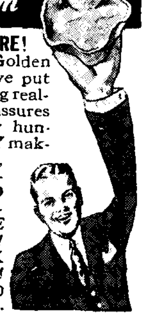

In Chinatown

Continued from page 13

have stones added to his burden by any member of the Wong clan."

After a moment, "This is a heavy stone," Wong Lok began. "First of all, the Russian woman is dead."

"Saratov?"

Wong Lok nodded. "Olga Saratov is dead. I have to stay under cover for a while. In the meantime the local police are holding Frank Russell for her murder. You remember, I worked for him down the peninsula while I was over here on those airplane purchases."

"I know him. His last two cooks have been Japanese Foreign Office men. What have the police got on him?"

"Plenty. The Russian woman was shot with his gun—the pistol he carried in the Army. They can prove that he was the last man who saw her alive."

"Where were you?"

Wong Lok's eyes narrowed. "Let us say that after I served her breakfast this morning I went out marketing."

"She had no other servants. If you were out how did Frank Russell get into her apartment?"

"The police assume that she let him in. They have an airtight case against him. They assume, perhaps, that I faded out in a cloud of fear—or discretion. They may think it was a lovers' quarrel."

James Lee smiled thinly at Wong Lok. "You'd do well to stay faded out for a while," he suggested. "Why did Russell come to see Olga Saratov?"

"She invited him. She telephoned him this morning while I was removing her breakfast tray."

"What did she say?"

"She said, 'I want to see you as soon as you can get here.' Then she asked, 'Is Hans Ritter still a friend of yours?' Then she gave Russell her address."

"Had Hans Ritter been up to see her?"

"Not that I know of. I think she visited him at his office several times."

"And had accomplished nothing?"

"I think she was about to accomplish—everything."

JAMES LEE looked straight at Wong Lok for thirty seconds. Presently, "I think we have the motive," he said.

Wong Lok nodded. "We have the motive." Then, after a moment, smiling broadly, "We have the motive," Wong Lok repeated. "All we need now is—the man."

"You would not like to hang at San Quentin?" James Lee inquired.

"I prefer to live for a while yet," Wong Lok answered. "You are busy in the service of the State Department—I too have quite a lot of work to do for my country."

James Lee ground his cigarette into an ash tray that lay on the table. "Where did Russell keep this gun that the police found? Did he carry it? Was it out in the open?"

"He kept it with the rest of his war stuff in a little army trunk that he had in France."

"Was the trunk locked? Some of those locks aren't so simple."

"The trunk was locked but the key that opened it lay on top of his dresser in his bedroom. He had a lot of keys. He carried three or four on his key ring, but there must have been fifty others in a copper tray on his dresser."

James Lee lighted another cigarette. "You know," he said, "this is going to be a tough spot for you if Russell gets a lawyer with any brains."

Wong Lok closed his eyes for a moment. "This is a tough spot for me," he amended. Then, qualifying his statement, "It's a tough spot for me if Hans Ritter has sold out to the opposition."

James Lee got to his feet. "I'll see what I can do," he promised. "Stay under cover. I'll let you know what happens."

AT THE Hall of Justice it required the impact of James Lee's association with the federal Department of Justice to batter down the barrier that lay between Frank Russell and the outer world.

"They may hold you this way—incommunicado—for a week or so," James Lee informed Russell. "In the meantime if you will trust me perhaps I can help you."

Russell scowled at his visitor. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am James Lee Wong. For the moment let us say that I am a friend of a Chinese man who cooked for you—Wong Lok."

"If you're that killer's friend I do not care to talk with you. Why did he murder Olga Saratov? Why did he steal my gun and frame me? The whole layout is clear enough to me. Get out of here. I don't want to see you."

Patiently, "Perhaps Wong Lok did not kill the woman," James Lee suggested. "He isn't a killer. He was a classmate of mine at Yale. I don't think he killed her. Maybe he was guarding her."

"A hell of a job he made of it. It's all too horrible. I don't want to talk about it."

"You have my deep sympathy. If you will forgive me, the police department has you convicted now. I would like to help you. I believe that you are innocent."

"If you believe I am innocent, then get me a lawyer. This police outfit won't even let me talk to—"

"They have permitted me to see you," James Lee said evenly. "If you will let me discuss your problem with you perhaps I can help you."

"I'll talk to no stool pigeons. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you'll get Morgan Lombardi in here to see me. He's my lawyer."

"There's no charge against you yet. No one can see you unless—"

"It's an outrage!" Russell fumed. "It's inhuman! It's absolutely against the law to hold me this way."

"So it is," James Lee agreed. Then, quickly, "Tell me about Olga Saratov. How long have you known her? What were your common interests?"

Surrendering to the will of his inquisitor, "I have known her eight or ten years," Russell said wearily. "I knew her first through our common interest in Scythian art and Han pottery. We explored some of the graves on the Kuban River together. We did some digging in Kansu—Neolithic stuff. She traveled a great deal. In the past five years I have seen her only two or three times. I quit traveling."

"Why?"

"I got tired. I've stayed in California for the past six years. The only traveling I've done has been in the California gold country."

"Scythian art, Neolithic China, Han pottery, jade—"

"How did you know about that?"

James Lee smiled. "I read your book on jade," he said. "All of these things are diversions of yesterday. Is that true?"

"They were yesterday's hobbies," Russell admitted. "California history has engaged me to the exclusion of every other interest."

"Was Olga Saratov interested in California?"

"I was her friend. She saw California through my eyes."

"Her own interest was awakened by no special scene—no single element of the California picture?"

After a moment, "The only California story that really interested her was the Red Mountain affair. She knew every angle of that web of fraud from start to finish."

"Red Mountain—you mean the big cinnabar mine?"

Russell nodded. "Discovered a hundred years ago and still a big producer."

Abruptly, "Is Hans Ritter a friend of yours?"

Russell's eyes widened. "Of course he is a friend of mine. He's the president of Cinnabar Limited. They own the Red Mountain properties. He is a good friend of mine. He turned over all the old Red Mountain records to me."

"Did Olga Saratov know Hans Ritter?"

"She met him. I introduced him to her three years ago."

"You really think that Ritter is a good friend of yours?"

"He was a good friend when I was digging into the Red Mountain records. He's more than a good friend now. He is one of the closest friends I have."

"Cinnabar Limited controls nearly all the quicksilver mines in the United States, doesn't it?"

"All the quicksilver in the United States and then some," Russell answered. "Cinnabar Limited is the biggest quicksilver outfit in the world."

"After Wong Lok left your employ, Mr. Russell, who cooked for you?"

"Two or three cooks followed him. There was a Polish woman, and then there was a Japanese boy, Sugi Matsuta, and then—"

"HOW long did Matsuta work for you?"

"He worked for me two years or so. He went back to Japan. When he left me he got me another Japanese man—the one who works for me now."

"Was Matsuta a good cook?"

"He was good at everything. His cooking was cosmopolitan in its flavor, to say the least."

"Did that ever strike you as being a bit unusual?"

"Of course. I was in luck. There are lots of unusual cooks in the world. A friend of mine in Palo Alto has a Russian admiral cooking for him."

"Do you ever hear from Sugi Matsuta?"

"I had one letter from him after he got back to Japan. I haven't heard from him since then."

"You may hear from him again within the next few days." James Lee held out his hand to Frank Russell. "I'll see you again before long, Mr. Russell. This affair is less complex than you think. I know that you are under a frightful strain. It sounds a bit absurd—but for the next few hours let me do the worrying for you. Get some sleep."

At this, conscious of a sudden overwhelming undefined sense of relief, "Who the hell are you?" Russell asked.

James Lee smiled at Russell. "Let us say that I am one of the Wong family," he suggested.

Facing Hans Ritter, president of Cinnabar Limited, across the wide desk in the executive's office, "I have called to discuss a problem that confronts a friend of yours," James Lee announced directly after he had introduced himself to Ritter. "His name is Frank Russell. He is a friend of yours?"

"A pal of mine," Ritter declared. "What about him?"

"He's in jail."

"Jail! What's he done?"

"He's guilty of knowing Olga Saratov."

"I don't get you."

"Pardon me. Of course you know Miss Saratov?"

Ritter's eyes narrowed. "I'm not supposed to know her. She was to— How does she come into the picture?"

"Olga Saratov was murdered this morning. The police are holding Frank Russell. They accuse him of the murder."

"Olga Saratov murdered! Why—she was to— Why do they think Frank did it?"

"Forgive me, Mr. Ritter. Will you complete your statement about Miss Saratov? She was to—what?"

"She was to meet me in this office at four o'clock this afternoon."

"SHE is dead, Mr. Ritter. They are holding your friend Frank Russell for her murder."

"It's absurd! He's no more guilty than I am! What evidence have they?"

"There is some interesting evidence. Some of it is very embarrassing to Mr. Russell. Will you answer one question in strictest confidence?"

"What's the question?"

"Within the past month, Mr. Ritter, have you had any business contacts with a Japanese gentleman by the name of Sugi Matsuta?"

Hans Ritter hesitated a moment and then, "I'll answer your question. The answer is yes. What of it?"

For an instant two hard lines appeared at the corners of James Lee's mouth. "Thank you," he said. "It has been a sort of poker game—a race between Matsuta and Olga Saratov. Am I correct?"

"You're correct. But what has Frank Russell got to do with the game?"

"My guess is that Miss Saratov desired his aid—his friendly influence with you. Your company controls half of the world's supply of quicksilver. A war cannot be fought without quicksilver. Even a war chest has a bottom to it. Playing against Matsuta the lady was playing in a no-limit game."

James Lee smiled. Then, "Another player will take Miss Saratov's place in the game this afternoon," he said. "Mr. Ritter, the Russian government will have an authorized representative in your office at four o'clock this afternoon to complete Miss Saratov's work. It will probably be to your advantage, and to the world's advantage, to sign a contract with Russia for your quicksilver."

"Well, if it's of the slightest interest to you, I have decided to play ball with Russia."

James Lee reached for his hat. Rising, he held out his hand to Hans Ritter. "Thank you," he said. "As a minor consequence of your decision I think your friend Frank Russell will be out of jail before midnight. There appears to be an honorable suicide in Mr. Sugi Matsuta's immediate future. I will do what I can to facilitate his departure from life."

AT 5:20 Pacific Time Mr. Sugi Matsuta arrived at the Cave of Harmony. He was forcibly escorted by James Lee. In a secluded apartment in the Cave of Harmony, at James Lee's dictation, Mr. Matsuta began to write his confession.

Writing in clear and beautiful English script, "This confession is written of my own free will," he began. "I killed Olga Saratov. I shot her with a .45 caliber automatic pistol. The pistol belonged to Frank Russell, of Sunnymount, California. I obtained the weapon through one of my aides who is now employed by Mr. Russell."

"I will permit you to say that theft was the motive for Miss Saratov's murder," James Lee conceded. "It will clear your name in the records of your Foreign Office."

Sugi Matsuta bowed to James Lee. "I thank you," he said. "You are very considerate."

Thereafter, to the end of his confession, Mr. Matsuta continued writing in clear and beautiful script. Near the bottom of the page, "That, I think, is complete," he said. He handed the unsigned document to James Lee.

The Chinese reached for a telephone that sat on the table in front of him. Into the instrument a moment later, "Send three men down here," he ordered. "I want them to witness a signature. They must be citizens of the United States." He hung up the telephone. From a long and narrow ebony box inlaid with gold that lay on the table at his left he removed a smaller box, an ancient lacquered affair wherein, wrapped in silk, there lay a Japanese dagger-sword.

With due ceremony James Lee passed the sword to Sugi Matsuta. The Japanese received it reverently in both hands, holding his palms upward. "I have permission to inspect the blade?"

James Lee bowed without speaking.

Slowly drawing the sword from its sheath, the Japanese inspected the steel inch by inch as it appeared. Following the ancient ritual he held the edge of the sword toward himself. When the point of the blade was nearly exposed, bowing again to James Lee, "May I inspect the point?" he asked. "Etiquette does not permit drawing a sword in the house of a friend, even for hari-kari."

There was a quick light of enjoyment in Sugi Matsuta's eyes. "This is a jewel by Muramasa!" he said. "A *tanto* by Muramasa! Fourteenth century! I am not worthy of its blade. It is . . ."

Interrupting Sugi Matsuta's words, three men came into the room. Addressing them, "This gentleman is going on a long journey," James Lee announced. "Observe him while he signs that document on the table. Each of you will witness his signature."

AT 6:20 Pacific Time Frank Russell was released from the custody of the San Francisco police department. Inspector Coyne had accompanied James Lee to Frank Russell's cell.

Now, bidding farewell to Russell, the inspector looked admiringly at James Lee. "In all the records of the department there has never been a slicker piece of work!" the inspector said. "Never a slicker piece of work—nor a quicker piece of work! I'll have to hand it to you, Lee, for making a bull's-eye with your first shot."

"Thank you very much, Inspector." James Lee smiled at the police officer. Then, to Frank Russell. "I have your car outside for you," he said. "Incidentally, I have taken the liberty of hiring a new cook for you Your Japanese servant found it necessary to leave your employ. Your new cook is a Chinese friend of mine. I hope that he will be satisfactory. Wong Lok has coached him a bit."

When they were alone, to James Lee, "I will not attempt to express my gratitude," Russell said. "I can't—"

"Thank you," James Lee said. "Let's call it a closed incident. The books are balanced."

"I can't understand why Matsuta—"

"Please do not try to understand Matsuta," James Lee suggested. "He was always too sure of himself. You know, Mr. Russell, sooner or later even a monkey falls out of a tree."

Could she wait for him to grow up

AND TAKE CARE OF THE FAMILY?

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The Hard Guy

Continued from page 9

its border of frame houses and dusty maple trees.

"In the same way," she insisted quietly.

"Not at all," Justin said impatiently. "You may have all those things and not be able to live happily in another environment. Because you have not been trained for it. Living as I live, as Bartley lives, is a highly specialized existence."

"It seems to me," Susan said thoughtfully, "that the same qualities succeed in any environment."

"That's theory," Justin said. "Can you imagine Bartley taking over your father's business?"

"No," said Susan. "No, I can't."

"Then why should you suppose that you are better equipped to assume the responsibilities his wife will have?"

"It's entirely different," Susan said. "Bart wouldn't be satisfied in my father's place. But as Bartley's wife I'd be happy. His life would be mine."

Justin arose, taking his hat and gloves.

"You don't understand," he said. "And that's the reason it would fail."

Susan turned suddenly, her eyes glowing, and thrust the ruddy hair back from her face with a gesture confident and eager.

"Wait," she said. "I do understand. You are talking about yourself, not Bartley or me. How can you tell if what you think is important really matters to us?"

"I know Bartley."

"Does he feel the same way about this?"

Justin hesitated, frowning, drawing his gloves slowly between his fingers.

"No," he said finally.

Susan smiled. There was a wild singing in her heart, a quick longing.

"You're the one who's afraid," she said. "Bartley's not. I'm not. I've never been afraid of money, either too much or too little. Or of things. Nothing that Bartley could be or have matters to me. Not as long . . ."

"Ah," said Justin ironically. "As long as . . . ?"

Susan looked directly at him. The soft curve of her mouth was no longer wistful. It had become firm and unyielding as Carter Justin's own mouth.

"A lifetime," she said.

"That's very long," he said slowly. "A long, long time."

"It seems very short to me," Susan said.

"Many things can happen," said Justin. "Will happen."

She was not listening. He stood for a moment, looking at her, ardent and young and sure. Then he turned away, went down the walk and entered the waiting car. Dust spurted from under the broad tires, eddied and settled on the heavy air.

BART lay on his back on a bench in the dressing-room at the rear of the wooden boathouse. The junior crew had launched their shell and gone. The room seemed strangely empty and quiet. At the far end the seven oarsmen and the coxswain of the Varsity undressed in silence. Where Bart lay he was alone.

The moment, so long planned, had come, and nothing was as he had expected. Yet *he could not* have *done* differently. Where Susan was concerned there was no choice. For her he could oppose his father. Against all the world, he told himself. The words were bright and blinding across his mind. He put his hands over his eyes and saw them glowing in the darkness under his closed lids. Where was she? At this *moment?* Somewhere along the broad river; the faint wind holding her light dress close to her warm young body; sun upon her upturned face; her eyes watching the deep-flowing water. She didn't care about races won or lost. But his father did. He would be watching, also; reliving in him those three similar vanished spring afternoons. Sixty minutes of splendor out of a lifetime; become, by some miraculous alchemy of memory, more precious than all the rest.

A slow, cold anger grew in Bart. He was impervious to the muddle-headed Joe Armstrongs of this world, their conventions and hatreds, but he realized clearly that they could hurt his father, that he was vulnerable by reason of his pride, his ambition that Bart should succeed where he had. . . . The defeat would not be his, it was his father who would be defeated.

All at once Bart knew why he wanted to strike back. The vague impulses of the past few weeks crystallized. This was no longer merely a crew race. It was a fight for what he believed. He confronted them alone, the friends and kind of Joe Armstrong, for himself, and Susan, and his father.

He lifted his head slightly and stared at the group at the other end of the room. When he spoke his voice was even and dispassionate.

"Today," he said, "I'm going to show you up."

Their heads jerked toward him. He could see their faces tighten with rage.

Bart raised himself on one elbow. His face was brown and bleak like stone.

"You've wrecked this boat. Out of petty spite. We haven't a chance this afternoon. As a crew we're a disgrace. To ourselves . . . and everyone."

"Yeah?" said the coxswain. "Who's to blame for that? Where do you get any right bawling us out—after what you did to Joe."

Bart got up, tall and broad in the long bathrobe, and stood facing them, his glance somber and remote.

"You know the truth about that by this time. You only used it as an excuse. To get me thrown out." He paused, his hands thrust into the pockets of the robe. "Well, you failed. But you've ruined everything else. Now *I'm going to finish it.*"

"You and who else, hard guy?" said a voice.

"No one," Bart said. "I don't have a pack at my heels. We're out of the race. So we can settle this private battle. Right in the boat, since that's where you started it. I'll row you lousy kids off your slides. I'm going to put you all flat on the bottom, and listen to you squawk. We'll finish last, only you'll be finished before then. . . ."

MORGAN came into the room and gazed in astonishment at the scene.

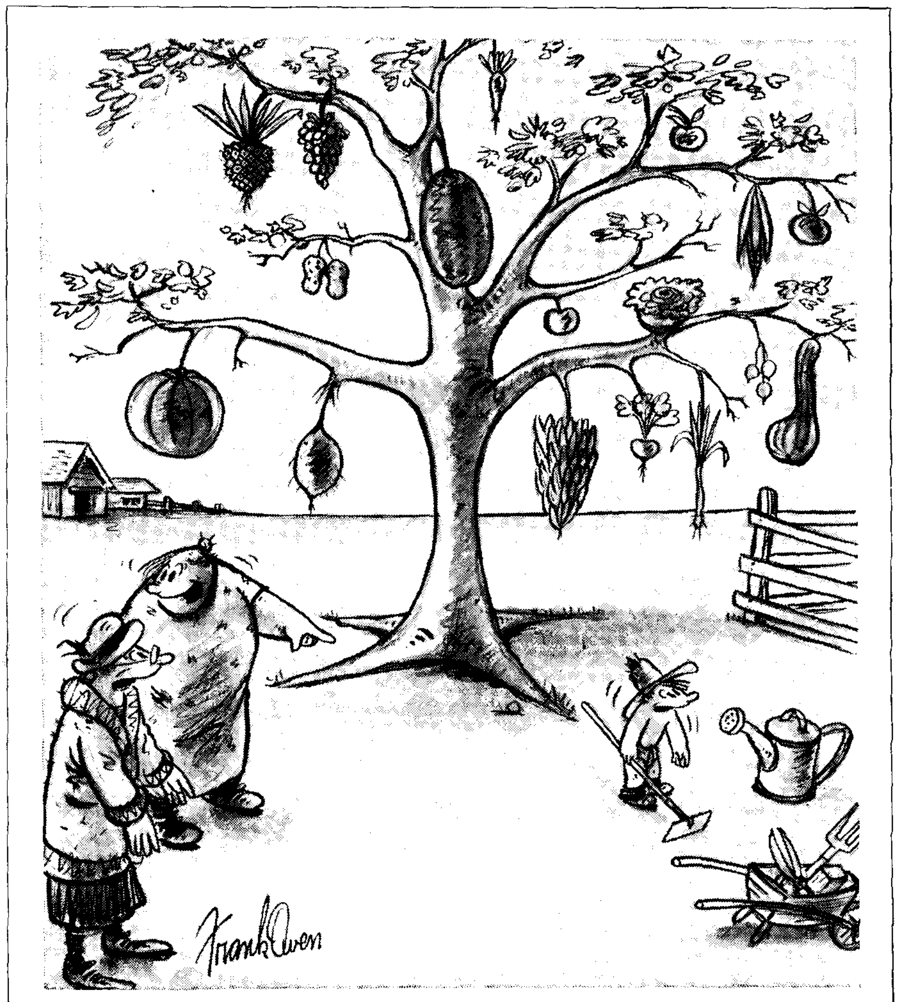
"What's this?" he asked. "What's going on here?"

"Nothing much," Bart said. "Yet."

"You fellows get your togs on," said the assistant coach. "The Jay Vees finished sixth. The Old Man's depending on you."

"That's tough," Bart said. He saw that the failure of the junior boat, with Armstrong stroking it, had added to the crew's hatred.

They paddled up to the line in silence. The start was late, as usual, and already the river was swathed in shadow. They had drawn the outside lane. The other six crews lay between them and the western shore. There was an interminable wait before the gun sounded.



"We just read him a little about Burbank an' then he started to gettin' ideas of his own!"

Frank Owen

The blades went chop, chop, chop. They hacked the shell loose from the water in those three strokes. Then the slides came forward and Bart reached far out to catch in the first full drive. He made no attempt to hold the usual starting sprint, but dropped the stroke at once to an easy thirty. The whole plan was perfectly clear in his mind. He would put on the pressure gradually, forcing the beat up, stroke by stroke, until they cracked.

The other crews had gone away from them almost at once. Bart noticed vaguely the long rear deck of the Navy shell sliding rapidly out of his vision. For an instant a curious pang struck through him, but he turned his mind deliberately away. That was ended. Long ago.

At the first half-mile he moved the stroke to thirty-two. The boat slid along as though on rails. It was casual, like an early spring workout, except for the continuous jeering from the men behind him. "Is this the best you can do?" "I thought this was going to be tough." "Not tired already?" "Are you off your slide, Bill?" "Anybody in the bottom of the boat?" "Who's rowing who off whose slide?"

Bart smiled grimly. The mile went by and he increased the pace. The river, in the gathering darkness, flowed dull and heavy, like gun metal. The oars sundered the dark water into ribbons of foam that spun together, boiled astern and vanished. The oarlocks clicked monotonously, a little faster, sharper. Two miles!

THE talk died away. Bart sensed the crew tightening, but they did not falter. He could not see them but in the sardonic eyes of the coxswain watching him from under the headband of the megaphone their mood was reflected. In them he could see the mocking glance of the whole crew. Like a mirror, Bart thought.

"How do you feel?" the megaphone asked softly.

"Swell," said Bart.

They were well into the third mile, when Bart began a series of sprints. The others responded and the shell leaped. The crew was working with and at the same time trying to overpower him, generating a fury of effort that fought back and forth within itself. It kept mounting and mounting, reaching to the point where it could no longer be controlled . . . ended suddenly with the boat rolling and twisting like a whale under the barbed harpoon. Bart heard an oar thresh and someone grunt. A crab!

"Got 'em," he thought exultantly, and eased the stroke at once, then raised it slowly. At forty he held steady again, seeking some sign of weakness in the men behind him, an intangible tremor in the run of the boat, in the return of the slides. Ah, there it was, a sag, scarcely noticeable, an interval when the eight blades thrust unevenly against the water. The recovery was instant. But he could hear, over the splash of water the harsh breathing of Number Seven.

He was beginning to breathe hard himself. The oar had grown unaccountably heavier. It seemed twice as long and came out of the water reluctantly. Bart refused to admit these ominous signs. The crew *was* slower in responding; he knew it. They couldn't last to the finish. No one could stand the pace he had set. The words floated clear in his mind. No one! The muscles along his jaw ached. His body had a curious hollow feeling. . . .

The bridge passed overhead like a deeper shadow in the gathering night. Now was the time!

A throbbing began at the base of his skull, and a pain that was unlike any other flowed into his empty body. With each breath his lungs seemed to burst in that pain-filled space. Well, they were feeling the same thing. He grinned in a twisted fashion at the coxswain.

"They're folding up," he grunted.

The megaphone sneered, "Yeah?"

It had been silent, but now a shrill voice like a whip came out, encouraging the crew, jeering at Bart. The coxswain was pounding the stroke on the hull with the wooden handles of the tiller rope. The sound was a savage primitive drumming. The voice was the wild piping of the hunt as the pack closed in.

Bart lunged forward. His face was pale and lined, like a mask hardened with agony and the will to conquer. His eyeballs were bedded in flame. Ten more, and they'd quit. Ten! Another ten! It was dark. The darkness had weight and pressed down upon him. He fought it off. He fought the oar, threshing wildly, beyond his sight; the water, solid and inert, the shell, the megaphone, obscuring the heavens. Through them all he fought the crew. They must break: they must . . . must. . . .

Something cracked inside his head; no, above his head. He swung out to the catch and knew that the crew was not reaching with him; knew a moment of triumph. They had quit! Then he realized the truth, let his oar trail in the water, straightened his aching back and glanced over his shoulder. He looked at the seven oarsmen sitting erect over their motionless oars and they stared back at him, the disbelief in their faces struggling with some emotion beyond their comprehension. From the corner of his eye he saw the puff of smoke from the finish gun dissolving on the dark air. It was like a dream, or waking from a dream. He awoke completely to a hysterical yell from the coxswain's megaphone.

"We . . . won!"

The shout was a trumpet, releasing them from their enchantment, destroying utterly the hatred, the fury of the past minutes. Bart sat gazing at the faces of the crew. They were young and triumphant and friendly, and all at once he felt triumphant and friendly and young. Number Seven leaned over and slapped Bart's shoulder.

"Boy!" he said.

A launch circled out of the gloom. The Old Man stood in the bow waving his clasped hands at them in the familiar gesture of the prize ring.

"Seven lengths," he called. "I thought you were going right on down to New York."

BART came out of the boathouse and saw Susan standing on the high embankment. She leaned down to meet him, putting her cheek against his cheek, clasping her hands behind his head.

"I nearly burst," she said.

"You wanted us to win?" Bart asked incredulously.

"Not for me," Susan said. "You're enough, win or lose. Still, I'm glad. . . ."

They went up the road toward the ferryhouse. In the darkness Bart did not see his father, but the elder Justin saw them. He started to follow, stopped abruptly, and stood tapping absently with his cane. Later. When he could meet them casually. But his harsh face was tranquil. He felt confident of them, of their future. A long, long time. And yet very short. . . . They would not be destroyed. They are both hard, he thought. No, that wasn't the word, really. Secure; yes, secure in their love, in the courage with which they acknowledged it above and beyond the claims of all else, the threat of the things that might happen, that would happen. . . . He leaned forward, watching them walking away into the night . . . into the world.

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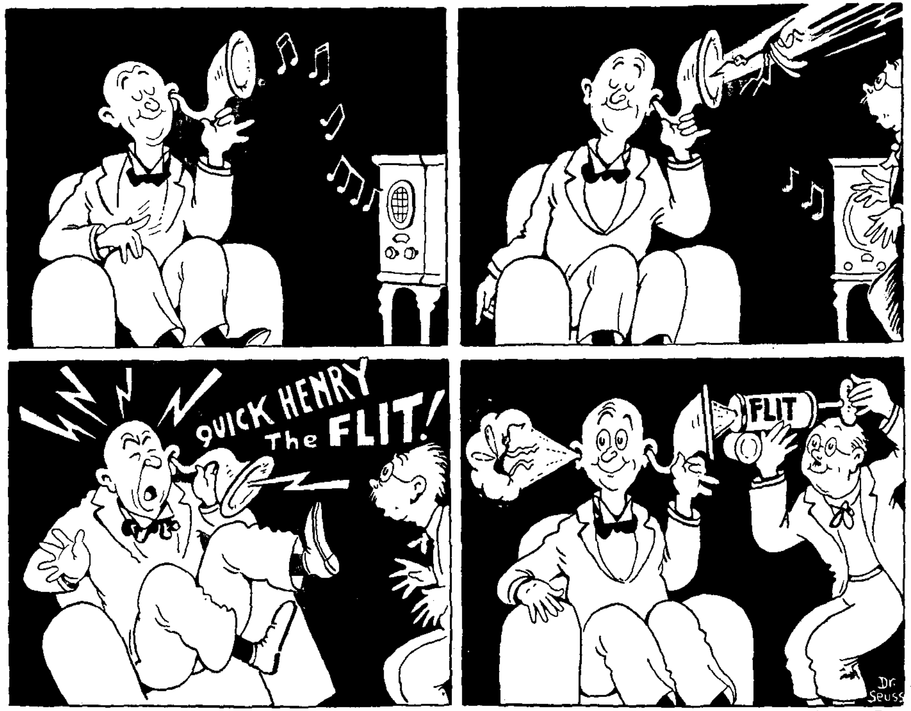

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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

A Piece for the Paper

Continued from page 14

"One of the boys said: 'You better bump him off now, Papa, so we can be getting back to the ranch in time for supper.' These monstrosities always *called Squaw 'Papa'; they were taught* to do that by their Indian mother, who thought it was more like white folks.

"'I don't need no advice from you, you flop-eared so-and-so,' said the Squaw to his son, giving him a worse and more accurate designation than I ever did in the columns of the Clarion. 'Besides, I want to see what he's goin' to say about me this time. Let him write it.' He added: 'I reckon we can burn down this office afore it gets into the paper, anyhow.'

"'Papa,' said the cub, 'I think you're making a big mistake.'

"*But Squaw overruled him; and he* has been sitting in here reading every paragraph as I wrote it. How much of it he understands I can't tell. He is stewed and stupid; but I think his vanity has a lot to do with it, too. All these years I have been cussing Squaw Potter, he has been at the boiling point time and again. But in a queer kind of way he has got some satisfaction out of being in print so often, too. It has made him feel important.

"And, in a way, he has been important. He has been one of the most persistent and insistent forces for evil in this part of the state.

"You all know when and how I came West. I was a kid in the twenties when I set up my little printing plant here fifty years ago; and I set my own type by hand, and ran the paper off myself on a little flat-bed hand-press, and folded it and toted it to the post office. I saw the passing of the older, rougher West, and the newer thing starting up; and I think I had something to do with starting the new era.

"THIS is a great country—cattle, minerals, water-power. It was nearly twenty years after I got here and started the Clarion that Squaw Potter—I named him that myself—began to make his influence felt.

"There were cattle rustlers in those days, and he built up his big herd by methods that there is no need to particularize now.

"Squaw Potter and his rough-neck gang were behind, or somehow connected with, every crooked deal that was put across in Peak County. They stole cattle, and got away with it. They stole land, and got away with it. They jumped mineral claims, and got away with it. They stole water holes and water rights, and got away with it. Iniquity has prospered, in a mundane way, with Squaw Potter and his crooked outfit. As they prospered, Squaw Potter got more and stronger political connections.

"During all these years, I have, in my humble way, and diligently, done what I could towards exposing and putting before the people of the county the details of every crooked deal that has ever been attempted. I am saying nothing more in this obituary, with regard to that, than anyone else would have to say if he were writing it instead of me. I've been in trouble before this; I've been shot at, and I've been shot, but I got well again and went back on the job.

"I probably haven't got very long to live anyhow, and, believe it or not, I get a kind of thrill out of the idea of dying in harness—while I am actually writing my last piece. They don't often get credit for it, but there are a lot of newspaper-men like that, on big city papers and country papers also.

"But there's one thing I would like to have happen, after Squaw Potter throws down on me and bumps me off in a few minutes—I would like to have *my death mean something,* do something, count for something; for I think my life has amounted to something, even if it has been spent in this obscure Western community. I would like to have my death awaken the people of this community to such an extent that they take it as a signal, and clean up this county politically, once and for all; and the Potter outfit with it. And if Bob Allen gets this stuff into type before we are bumped off, and gets it into the form, I don't doubt that this final issue of the Clarion will be run off and that it may have the effect I hope for. *Unless Potter and his nit-wit sons really* carry into effect their idea of burning my little plant and everything in it. They might even get away with that; and it wouldn't be any miracle, the way things are in Peak County right now.

"Anyhow, I'm going to keep on writing, until Squaw Potter shoots. I've been in some ticklish places as a newsgatherer and editor before this, and got out of them, but I'm damned if I can see any way out of this.

"There's a lot I could write, but I feel a little pushed for time. I could say something about the old rough West passing away, and getting tame; and then getting rough again the last fifteen years. But the whole country got rough during the bootlegging era which is just passing, and took to guns. I think the West followed the East and the Middle West this time, in the gun-toting phase.

"But I haven't got time to write a history of the county, or even a history of my own infinitesimal part in helping to build it up. Squaw Potter over there is in a queer mental condition, evidently.

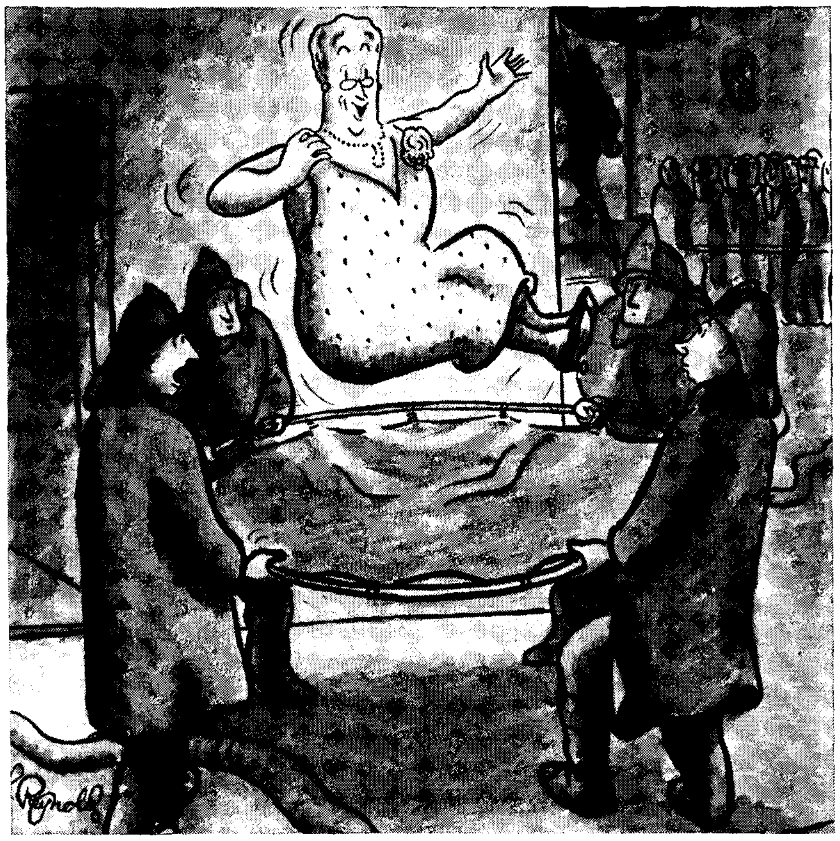
"He has been nodding once or twice . . . halfway into a drunken slumber; and then pulling himself out of it with a jerk, and glaring indignantly at me, and fiddling with his gun. About two more dozes and jerks into wakefulness like that, and he'll let fly at me. And just now one of the morons stuck his head in from the composing room and said: 'Papa, listen—it's time we were starting back home, or Mamma will be awful cross with all of us.'

"Hello, who's that looking in at the front window, it's"—

THE rest of the notice is by Bob Allen, the printer, who took Mr. Waters' story up and carried it to its completion, and it came out in the next issue of the Clarion, as follows:

"It was Mr. Henry Jones, our genial city marshal, was looking in at the front window, and what he had with him was one of these pump guns, and just as Mr. Squaw Potter snorted and cut loose at Mr. Waters, Mr. Jones he cut loose at Mr. Squaw Potter, which disturbed his aim somewhat, and Mr. Waters he got it only in the shoulder, but Mr. Squaw Potter he was considerably scattered by the pump gun which was loaded with buckshot, and the two Potter boys did not wait but went on home quite fast without their Papa, and Mr. Waters is doing quite nicely at present writing, but this obituary notice turns out to be Mr. Squaw Potter's obituary notice, there was quite a large and well attended funeral for Mr. Squaw Potter yesterday, and Old Mrs. Potter wore a black dress, with these here black sequins sewed onto it, a full report of said funeral will appear in next week's issue of the Clarion.

"Squaw Potter was quite a prominent citizen, but the boss will be back on the job next week and will do full justice to his funeral; I never saw a better attended funeral, considering that what they could pick up and put together of the deceased was not so much."



"Watch and see if she runs back into the building again. I've got a feeling that we've caught her before"

Laurence Reynolds

Limelight Blues

Continued from page 15

lead. They wanted a tough guy for the part but they found that Mr. Tone was playing him so tough there was danger that he might get shot by the audience in self-defense. Would Mr. Tone pipe down slightly and let a few of the gentler human traits seep in? It seemed, however, that Mr. Tone had only one idea of being tough. That was to be tough. The management had further words with him. Would Mr. Tone like to take a little less important part in the cast or would he like to get to hell out of the opera house before he got socked, tough or not tough?

"Me, a small part!" cried our hero, and went up to Broadway and sat around again in agents' offices until the very furniture got sick of him. Whereupon he swallowed his pride and went back down to The Belt and took a part so small he had to convince the doorman anew every night that he belonged in the company.

Before this there had been a few months in stock in Buffalo. You'll never guess what happened there. It's opening night and the curtain is about to go up when a messenger rushes in to say that the juvenile has been taken down with a severe attack of beri-beri. The director tears his hair. The actors stand around in a panic. It is a panic. It is then that a young fellow named Franchot Tone steps forward.

"I allow as how I mought play that there part," says the young fellow in the quaint drawl of western New York state.

"You mean you really can!" shouts the astonished director, who has known for some time that beri-beri runs in the juvenile's family and has been rehearsing Tone in the part for two weeks.

"I allow as how I mought," says young Franchot, pirouetting slightly on the left foot.

The overture ends, the curtain rises and there is our hero—self-possessed, brilliant, scintillating. They raise his salary to eight dollars a week and allow him to help with the scenery.

Romance by Telephone

After two more productions at the New Playwrights' Theater, Tone went uptown and was with Katharine Cornell for a year in The Age of Innocence. From that came his connection with the Theater Guild in Red Rust, Meteor, Hotel Universe and Green Grow the Lilacs. The latter play gave Tone his first starring rôle.

In the Guild at this time were various younger members of the cast who had their own notions about acting. They formed the Group Theater and went off to the woods to rehearse their first production, The House of Connelly.

The Group was operated on the plan of European acting companies and in particular followed the theories of Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theater. Mr. Tone followed Stanislavsky and Mr. Tone. In the early rehearsals he managed to get a great deal of homework done by the simple device of holding a copy of his part in one hand and a mystery novel in the other. The fear in this was not that Mr. Tone would fail to learn his part but that he would learn the mystery story as well. He has a photographic memory, never forgets anything he is told and has an amazing store of information about nothing at all.

When the company got back to New York, rehearsals for The House of Connelly continued. Mr. Tone was accustomed to lean gently against the Connelly barn, quoting his lines and whittling diligently at the foundations of the structure with a penknife.

"It's going to be a great opening night," said the cast, watching him with fascination. "The play is going to open and the barn is going to collapse almost simultaneously."

They were wrong. The barn stood up but the play collapsed.

Mr. Tone was sold on the Group idea but a bit of poison began to seep in. It came through a young lady named Judith Wood, who had been lured from the Group by Hollywood. It wasn't that Miss Wood was in Hollywood; it was that Miss Wood was anywhere but in the Tone car with Mr. Tone. As for Hollywood itself, Mr. Tone had been reliably informed that Hollywood was exactly like Terre Haute, Indiana, when the glamour wore off. For many months he telephoned Miss Wood every night from his dressing-room in New York. This occasioned some distress in the Group business office because the Tone salary never quite covered the Tone phone bills, but it was worked out amicably enough on the basis of romance. It was discovered that even a company manager could be swayed by Luf.

No Wonder

Then Mr. Tone appeared in another Group play, Success Story. It was a hit and he was a hit and Hollywood decided that they had been debating about the young man long enough. The salary offered was high and Mr. Tone was in a different mood. Miss Wood had evidently been in a different mood for a long time.

When Franchot arrived at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles, he was met by sundry gentlemen who were under the misapprehension that he was a younger cousin of M. Chevalier. Mr. Tone countered with his Buffalo and Lake Erie accent, referred constantly to the days when he played second base for the Niagara Bulldogs, looked blank when the French accents flowed about him and finally convinced everybody that he was so Ammurrican that breakfast without pie was the same to him as Burns without Allen.

After playing in Today We Live, he was featured in such lulus as Gabriel Over the White House, Midnight Mary and Dancing Lady. He became almost immediately a screen star in his own right and he was also the fellow who was seen at night clubs with Joan Crawford.

Mr. Tone is said to be set on some day coming back to his first love, the Group Theater. Last year when they were rehearsing their play, Men in White, which later won the Pulitzer Prize, he forwarded the money from California which kept them from starving to death. Coming East later in the year he went to see the play. He had a nice quiet evening in the theater, accompanied by Miss Crawford, eighteen camera-men, two sound-news men, a retired flatfoot acting as bodyguard and a press agent.

The reporters were rather insistent on pointing his good luck out to him.

"It's all pretty wonderful, isn't it?" said the sob sister, "being a star in Hollywood and going around with Joan Crawford?"

"Ladies," said Mr. Tone gallantly, "what you say is true. It is all quite thrilling. But you must remember that wonders are no novelty to me. I've practically lived on top of Niagara Falls all my life."

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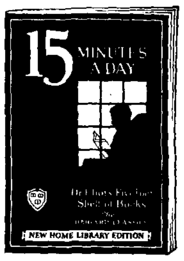


Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

What's Your Hurry?

MOTOR accidents have been increasing since January. Last year's record was shocking. It begins to look as though collectively we lacked the brains or the character to use safely the marvelous machines we possess.

There is nothing wrong with the motor car. The overwhelming proportion of cars involved in accidents are in good condition at the time of the mishap. The trouble is with us at the wheel.

Most cars are capable of tremendous speed. Manufacturing ingenuity has made it possible for us to rush along at eighty miles an hour or faster. Properly controlled, there is reason in the great power put at our disposal. We don't have to run wild.

Most of us fail to realize the tremendous force exerted by a motor car at high speed. At sixty miles an hour a motor car travels as fast as though it had been dropped from the top of a twelve-story building. Neither human flesh and bone nor steel cars can absorb such a blow.

Millions of us are constantly driving and much of the time we are driving too fast. At night on unlighted roads the motorist can see plainly with his headlights about one hundred feet ahead. This means that if he expects to be able to meet any emergency which may arise he should not drive more than thirty-five miles an hour.

If anything can persuade us to use more caution, the records of death and injury should. The 1933 figures collected by the Travelers Insurance Company are almost unbelievable.

Last year 29,900 people were killed and 850,700 were injured in motor accidents. Within the past four years nearly 125,000 were killed and about 4,000,000 were injured.

Two thirds of the accidents which resulted in personal injuries were due to driving errors. One third of all the deaths were caused by blunders. Excessive driving speed was the largest factor.

Not all the blunderers were drivers. More than 800 pedestrians were killed crossing intersections against the red light. More than 3,300 others were killed crossing streets between intersections. Darting out into streets brought death to 1,460, and 2,250 were fatally injured while walking along rural highways. Altogether, 1,680 children were killed playing in the streets. The records indicate that the most dangerous thing a pedestrian can do is to walk along a country highway.

The cost of this waste of human life is prodigious. Insurance figures show, for example, that during the past ten years six times as many Americans were killed by motor accidents as by battle in the World War and fifty times as many were injured.

The American Automobile Association has suggested four ways of halting this rising tide of death and injury. These are:

1. Sound and uniform motor legislation, including a strong Driver's License Law and a Safety Responsibility Law.
2. Comprehensive and fundamental traffic engineering to keep the facilities for motor transport abreast of its needs.
3. Vigorous enforcement of all motor laws and regulations.
4. Systematic education of motorists and pedestrians, adults as well as children.

A few states have adequate laws governing the licensing of drivers but many do not. The privilege of using high-speed vehicles on public highways should be restricted to those fit to exercise it. More than that, every driver should be compelled to buy insurance to establish his responsibility to pay for the injuries he may inflict. Too often now the innocent victim sustains the loss of an accident.

The surest way of preventing accidents is by intelligent engineering design. Accidents on the New York to Philadelphia highroad became so numerous at an intersection near Princeton, New Jersey, that the local hospital board petitioned the highway officials to provide some safety device. A traffic circle was built, and immediately accidents were fewer.

Engineering rearrangement is the ideal solution but because of the costs it is not everywhere practicable.

Moreover, a sufficiently reckless driver can destroy himself and others on the finest road that engineers can devise. So finally responsibility for safety must rest on the individual.

Sensible traffic laws must be vigorously enforced and obeyed. Traffic laws are now widely disregarded because the laws are foolish. Most cities and towns have ordinances which limit driving speeds to not more than twenty-five miles an hour.

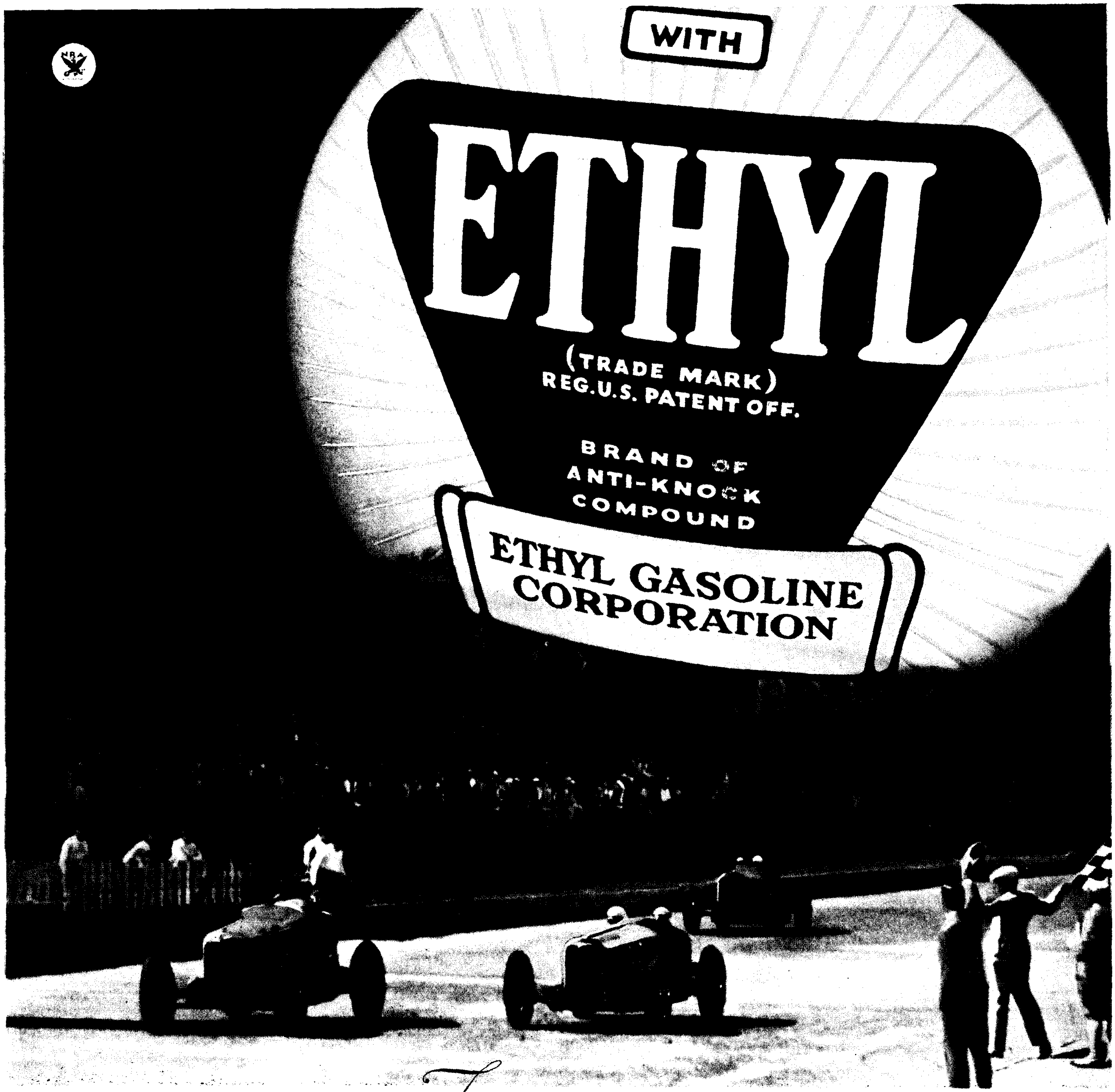
In congested areas twenty-five miles an hour may be dangerously fast. On boulevards such as Chicago's outer drive fifty miles may be safe. We retain ordinances which we do not enforce and do not intend to enforce. The result is a general disregard for traffic laws.

The only rule which can be reasonably enforced is that which compels the driver to proceed with due caution at all times and all places.

Anybody fit to operate a motor car knows when he is exercising due consideration for the rights of others. When he is endangering other motorists or pedestrians or himself, he should, if seen, be arrested and punished.

At the moment accident rates are increasing at such a pace that plainly drastic remedies must be undertaken. The burden of injury is too heavy longer to be borne. We can build safer roads and by licensing eliminate the conspicuously unfit. We can compel all drivers to provide insurance to compensate those they injure. We can arrest, fine and imprison surviving offenders.

But the only ultimate hope of safety lies in the individual exercise of reasonable care. This we must do for ourselves.



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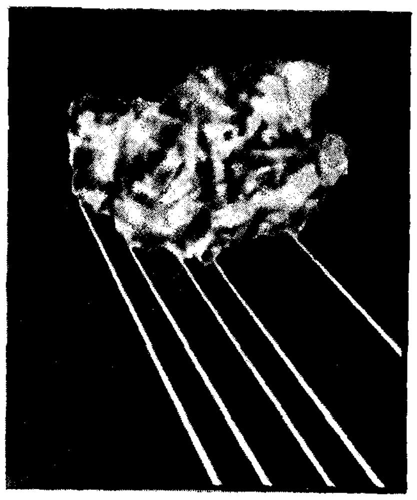

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